

Shakespeare

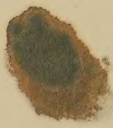
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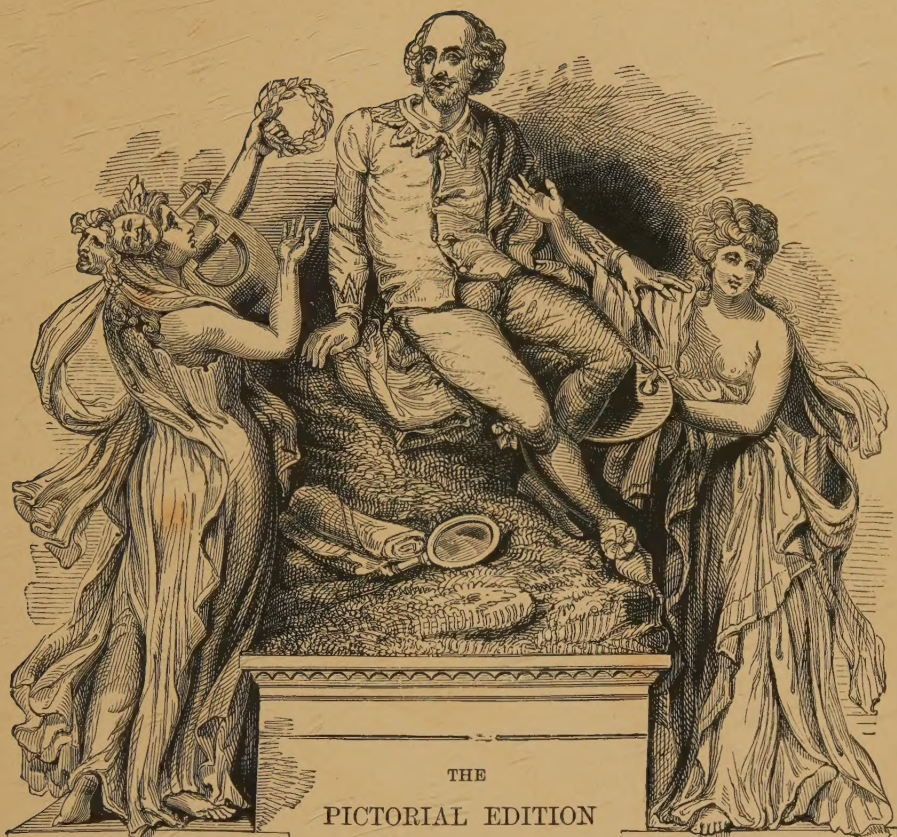


1847



SHAKSPERE.

From his Monument in the Church at Stratford-upon-Avon.



THE
PICTORIAL EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF
SHAKSPERE.

—
EDITED BY
CHARLES KNIGHT.
—

TRAGEDIES.—VOL. I.

NEW YORK :
P. F. COLLIER, PUBLISHER.

96 Liberty St.

1881.

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL EDITION.

THE WORKS

OF

 *William*  *Shakespeare*

EDITED

BY

CHARLES KNIGHT.

TRAGEDIES.

 TWO VOLUMES IN ONE. 

 *etc* 

NEW YORK:
P. F. COLLIER.

1880.

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Shakspeare seated between the Dramatic Muse and the Genius of Painting. From an Alto-Relievo by Banks in the front of the British Institution, formerly the Shakspeare Gallery, Pall Mall.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

ROMEO and JULIET was first printed in the year 1597, under the following title:—"An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants." This edition, a copy of which is of great rarity and value, was reprinted by Steevens, in his collection of twenty of the plays of Shakspeare.

The second edition of Romeo and Juliet was printed in 1599, under the following title:—"The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants." This edition is also rare; but we have had the advantage of using a copy in the British Museum.

The subsequent original editions are,—an undated quarto; a quarto in 1607; a quarto in 1609, which has also been reprinted by Steevens; and the folio of 1623. All these editions are founded upon the quarto of 1599, from which they differ very slightly.

We have taken the folio of 1623 as the basis of our text, indicating the differences between that text and the quartos subsequent to that of 1597, whenever any occur. But we have not attempted to make up a text, as was done by Pope, and subsequently by Steevens, out of the amended quarto of 1599 and the original of 1597. In some instances, indeed, the quarto of 1597 is of importance in the formation of a text, for the correction of typographical errors, which have run through the subsequent editions. Wherever our text differs from that commonly received, we state the difference and the reasons for that difference. Our general reasons for founding the text upon the folio of 1623 which is, in truth, to found it upon the quarto of 1599, are as follows:—

The quarto of 1599 was declared to be "Newly corrected, augmented, and amended." There can be no doubt whatever that the corrections, augmentations, and emendations were those of the author. There are typographical errors in this edition, and in all the editions, and occasional confusions of the metrical arrangement, which render it more than probable that Shakspeare did not see the proofs of his printed works. But that the *copy*, both of the first edition and of the second, was derived from him, is, to our minds, perfectly certain. We know of nothing in literary history more curious or more instructive than the example of minute attention, as well as consummate skill, exhibited by Shakspeare in correcting, augmenting, and amending the first copy of this play. We would ask, then, upon what canon of criticism can an editor be justified in foisting into a copy

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so corrected, passages of the original copy, which the matured judgment of the author had rejected? Essentially the question ought not to be determined by any arbitrement whatever other than the judgment of the author. Even if his corrections did not appear, in every case, to be improvements, we should be still bound to receive them with respect and deference. We would not, indeed, attempt to establish it as a rule implicitly to be followed, that an author's last corrections are to be invariably adopted; for, as in the case of Cowper's *Homer*, and Tasso's *Jerusalem*, the corrections which these poets made in their first productions, when their faculties were in a great degree clouded and worn out, are properly considered as not entitled to supersede what they produced in brighter and happier hours. Mr. Southey has admirably stated the reason for this in the advertisement to his edition of Cowper's *Homer*. But in the case of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, the corrections and augmentations were made by him at that epoch of his life when he exhibited "all the graces and facilities of a genius in full possession and habitual exercise of power."* The *augmentations*, with one or two very trifling exceptions, are amongst the most masterly passages in the whole play, and include many of the lines that are invariably turned to, as some of the highest examples of poetical beauty. These augmentations, further, are so large in their amount, that, in Steevens' reprint, the first edition occupies only *seventy-three* pages; while the edition of 1609, in the same volume, printed in the same type as the first edition, occupies *ninety-nine* pages. The *corrections* are made with such exceeding judgment, such marvellous tact, that of themselves they completely overthrow the theory, so long submitted to, that Shakspeare was a careless writer. Such being the case, we consider ourselves justified in treating the labour of Steevens and other editors, in making a patchwork text out of the author's first and second copies, as utterly worthless. We most readily acknowledge our own particular obligations to them; for, unless they had collected a great mass of materials, no modern edition could have been properly undertaken.

In attempting to settle the **CHRONOLOGY** of Shakspeare's plays, there are, as in every other case of literary history, two species of evidence to be regarded—the extrinsic and the intrinsic. Of the former species of evidence we have the one important fact that a *Romeo and Juliet* by Shakspeare, however wanting in the completeness of the *Romeo and Juliet* which we now possess, was published in 1597. The enumeration of this play, therefore, in the list by Francis Meres, in 1598, adds nothing to our previous information. In the same manner, the mention of this play by Marston, in his tenth satire, first published in 1599, only shows us how popular it was:—

* Luscus, what's play'd to-day? i' faith, now I know;
I see thy lips abroad, from whence doth flow
Naught but pure Juliet and Romeo."

The "corrected, amended, and augmented" copy of *Romeo and Juliet* was printed in 1599; and as Marston's tenth satire did not appear in his "Three Books of Satires," first printed in 1598, it is by no means improbable that his mention of the play referred to the improved copy which was in that year being acted by "The Lord Chamberlain his servants." We might here dismiss the extrinsic evidence; but Malone thinks, contrary to his original opinion of the date of the play, that the statement in the title-page of the original quarto, "that it had been often (with great applause) plaid publicly by the right honourable Lord Hunsdon his servants," decides that it was first played in 1596. His reasons are these:—Henry Lord Hunsdon, and George Lord Hunsdon, his son, each filled the office of Lord Chamberlain under Elizabeth. Henry, the father, died on the 22nd July, 1596. Shakspeare's company, during the life of this lord, were called the "Lord Chamberlain's men;" but, according to Malone, they bore this designation, not as being attached to the Lord Chamberlain officially, but as the servants of Lord Hunsdon, whose title, as a nobleman, was merged in that of his office. George Lord Hunsdon was not appointed Lord Chamberlain till April, 1597; and in the interval after the death of his father his company of comedians were not the Lord Chamberlain's servants, but Lord Hunsdon's servants. This, no doubt, is decisive as to the play being performed before George Lord Hunsdon; but it is not in any degree decisive as to the play not having been performed without the advantage of this nobleman's patronage. The first date of the printing of any play of Shakspeare goes a very short way to determine the date of its theatrical production. We are very much in the dark as to the mode in which a play passed from one form of publication,

* Coleridge's *Literary Remains*.

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that of the theatre, into another form of publication, that of the press. It is no evidence, therefore, to our minds, that, because the *Romeo and Juliet* first printed in 1597 is stated to have been publicly acted by the Lord Hunsdon his servants, it was not publicly acted long before, under circumstances that would appear less attractive in the bookseller's title-page.

Of the *positive intrinsic* evidence of the date of *Romeo and Juliet*, the play, as it appears to us, only furnishes one passage. The Nurse, describing the time when Juliet was weaned, says,

" On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
* * * * *
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
* * * * *
Shake, quoth the dove-house; 't was no need I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years."

All this particularity with reference to the earthquake,

" ————— I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year"—

was for the audience. The poet had to exhibit the minuteness with which unlettered people, and old people in particular, establish a date, by reference to some circumstance which has made a particular impression upon their imagination; but in this case he chose a circumstance which would be familiar to his audience, and would have produced a corresponding impression upon themselves. Tyrwhitt was the first to point out that this passage had, in all probability, a reference to the great earthquake which happened in England in 1580. Stow has described this earthquake minutely in his *Chronicle*, and so has Holinshed. "On the 6th of April, 1580, being Wednesday in Easter week, about six o'clock toward evening, a sudden earthquake happening in London, and almost generally throughout all England, caused such an amazedness among the people as was wonderful for the time, and caused them to make their earnest prayers to Almighty God!" The circumstances attendant upon this earthquake show that the remembrance of it would not have easily passed away from the minds of the people. The great clock in the palace at Westminster, and divers other clocks and bells, struck of themselves against the hammers with the shaking of the earth. The lawyers supping in the Temple "ran from the tables, and out of their halls, with their knives in their hands." The people assembled at the theatres rushed forth into the fields lest the galleries should fall. The roof of Christ Church near to Newgate-market was so shaken, that a large stone dropped out of it, killing one person, and mortally wounding another, it being sermon-time. Chimneys toppled down, houses were shattered. Shakspeare, therefore, could not have mentioned an earthquake with the minuteness of the passage in the Nurse's speech without immediately calling up some associations in the minds of his audience. He knew the double world in which an excited audience lives,—the half belief in the world of poetry amongst which they are placed during a theatrical representation, and the half consciousness of the external world of their ordinary life. The ready disposition of every audience to make a transition from the scene before them to the scene in which they ordinarily move,—to assimilate what is shadowy and distant with what is distinct and at hand,—is perfectly well known to all who are acquainted with the machinery of the drama. Actors seize upon the principle to perpetrate the grossest violations of good taste; and authors who write for present applause invariably do the same when they offer us, in their dialogue, a passing allusion, which is technically called a clap-trap. In the case before us, even if Shakspeare had not this principle in view, the association of the English earthquake must have been strongly in his mind when he made the Nurse date from an earthquake. Without reference to the circumstance of Juliet's age,

" Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen; "

he would naturally, dating from the earthquake, have made the date refer to the period of his

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writing the passage instead of the period of Juliet's being weaned :—"Then she could stand alone." But, according to the Nurse's chronology, Juliet had not arrived at that epoch in the lives of children till she was three years old. The very contradiction shows that Shakspeare had another object in view than that of making the Nurse's chronology tally with the age of her nursing. Had he written—

"T is since the earthquake now *just thirteen years,*"

we should not have been so ready to believe that Romeo and Juliet was written in 1593; but as he has written—

"T is since the earthquake now *eleven years,*"

in defiance of a very obvious calculation on the part of the Nurse, we have no doubt that he wrote the passage eleven years after the earthquake of 1580, and that the passage being also meant to fix the attention of an audience, the play was produced, as well as written, in 1591.

Reasoning such as this would, we acknowledge, be very weak if it were unsupported by evidence deduced from the general character of the performance, with reference to the maturity of the author's powers. But, taken in connexion with that evidence, it becomes important. Now, we have no hesitation in believing, although it would be exceedingly difficult to communicate the grounds of our belief fully to our readers, that the alterations made by Shakspeare upon his first copy of Romeo and Juliet, as printed in 1597 (which alterations are shown in his second copy as printed in 1599), exhibit differences as to the quality of his mind—differences in judgment—differences in the cast of thought—differences in poetical power—which cannot be accounted for by the growth of his mind during two years only. If the first Romeo and Juliet were produced in 1591, and the second in 1599, we have an interval of eight years, in which some of his most finished works had been given to the world. During this period his richness, as well as his sweetness, had been developed; and it is this development which is so remarkable in the superadded passages in Romeo and Juliet. We almost fancy that the "Queen Mab" speech will of itself furnish an example of what we mean.

" Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner Squirrel, or old Grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers."

These lines are not in the first copy; but how beautifully they fit in after the description of the spokes—the cover—the traces—the collars—the whip—and the waggoner; while, in their peculiarly rich and picturesque effect, they stand out before all the rest of the passage. Then, the "I have seen the day—* * * 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone," of old Capulet, seems to speak more of the middle-aged than of the youthful poet, of whom all the passages by which it is surrounded are characteristic. Again, the lines in the friar's soliloquy, beginning

" The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb,"

look like the work of one who had been reading and thinking more deeply of nature's mysteries than in his first delineation of the benevolent philosophy of this good old man. But, as we advance in the play, the development of the writer's powers is more and more displayed in his additions. The examples are far too numerous for us to particularize many of them. The critical reader may trace what has been added by our foot-notes. We would especially direct attention to the soliloquy of Juliet in the fifth Scene of Act II.;—to her soliloquy, also, in the second Scene of Act III.;—and to her great soliloquy, before taking the draught, in the fourth Act. We have given this last passage as it stood in the original copy; and we confidently believe that whoever peruses it with attention will entertain little doubt that the original sketch was the work of a much younger man than the perfect composition which we now possess. The whole of the magnificent speech of Romeo in the tomb may be said to be re-written: and it produces in us precisely the same impression, that it was the work of a genius much more mature than that which is exhibited in the original copy.

Tieck, who, as a translator of Shakspeare, and as a profound and beautiful critic, has done very much for cultivating the knowledge, built upon love, which the Germans possess of our poet, has not

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been trammelled by Malone and Chalmers, but has placed *Romeo and Juliet* amongst Shakspeare's early plays. We have no exact statements on this subject by Tieck; but, in a very delightful imaginary scene between Marlowe and Greene, he has made Marlowe describe to his brother dramatist the first performance of *Romeo and Juliet* to which he had been witness.* Tieck has made this imaginary conversation a vehicle for the most enthusiastic praise of this play. Marlowe describes the performance as taking place at the palace of the Lord Hunsdon. He had expected, he says, that one of his own plays would have been performed; but he found that it was "that old poem, which we have all long known, worked up into a tragedy." After Marlowe has run through the general characteristics of the play, with an eloquent admiration, mingled with deep regret that he himself had been able to approach so distantly the excellence of that "out-sounding mouth, which a god-like muse has herself inspired with the sweetest of her kisses," he thus replies to Greene's inquiry as to who was the poet:—"Wilt thou believe?—one of Henslowe's common comedians, who has already served him many years on very low wages." "And now, if thy fever has passed," said Greene, "let us look on this thing in the broad light. This is merely such a passing apparition as we have seen many of before—admired, gaped at, praised without limit,—but full of faults and imperfections, and soon to be altogether forgotten." "The same thing," said Marlowe, "the same words were whispered to me by my base envy, when I observed the universal delight, the deep emotion, of every spectator. I endeavoured to comfort myself therewith, and again to recover my lost honours in this miserable manner. I fled from the company; and the house-steward, who had acted as an assistant, gave me the manuscript of the play. In my lonely chamber I sat and read the whole night, and read again,—and each time admired the more; for much that had appeared to me episodical or superfluous, acquired, on more exact examination, a significance and needful fulness. The good house-steward gave me also another poem, which the author has not yet quite completed, *Venus and Adonis*, that I might read it in my nightly leisure. My friend, even here, even in this sweet narrative,—even in this soft speech and voluptuous imagery,—in this intoxicating realm, where I, till now, only looked upon likenesses of myself,—I am completely, completely, beaten. O this man, this more than mortal, to him (I feel as if my life depends on it) I must become the most intimate friend or the most bitter enemy. Either I will yet find my way to him, or I will succumb to this Apollo, and he may then speak over my outstretched corpse the last words of praise or blame." Tieck has thus decidedly placed the date of its performance before 1592,—for Greene died in that year, and Marlowe in the year following. The *Venus and Adonis*, which is here mentioned as not quite completed, was published in 1593. Tieck built his opinion, no doubt, upon internal evidence; and upon this evidence we must be content to let the question rest.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

When Dante reproaches the Emperor Albert for neglect of Italy,—

"—— Thy sire and thou have suffer'd thus,
Through greediness of yonder realms detain'd,
The garden of the empire to run waste,"—

He adds,—

"Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,
The Filippeschi and Monaldi, men
Who car'st for nought! those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion rack'd."†

The Capulets and Montagues were amongst the fierce spirits who, according to the poet, had rendered Italy "savage and unmanageable." The Emperor Albert was murdered in 1308; and

* *Dichterleben*, von Tieck. Berlin, 1828, p. 128, &c.

† *Purgatory*, Canto 6 *Caro's translation*.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

the Veronese, who believe the story of Romeo and Juliet to be historically true, fix the date of this tragedy as 1303. At that period the Scalas, or Scaligers, ruled over Verona.

If the records of history tell us little of the fair Capulet and her loved Montague, whom Shakspeare has made immortal, the novelists have seized upon the subject, as might be expected, from its interest and its obscurity. Massuccio, a Neapolitan, who lived about 1470, was, it is supposed, the writer who first gave a somewhat similar story the clothing of a connected fiction. He places the scene at Sienna, and, of course, there is no mention of the Montagues and Capulets. The story, too, of Massuccio varies in its catastrophe; the bride recovering from her lethargy, produced by the same means as in the case of Juliet; and the husband being executed for a murder which had caused him to flee from his country. Mr. Douce has endeavoured to trace back the groundwork of the tale to a Greek romance by Xenophon Ephesius. Luigi da Porto, of Vicenza, gave a connected form to the legend of Romeo and Juliet, in a novel, under the title of "*La Giuletta*," which was published after his death in 1535. Luigi, in an epistle which is prefixed to this work, states that the story was told him by "an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker." Bandello, in 1554, published a novel on the same subject, the ninth of his second collection. It begins "when the Scaligers were lords of Verona," and goes on to say that these events happened "under Bartholomew Scaliger" (Bartolomeo della Scala). The various materials to be found in these sources were embodied in a French novel by Pierre Boisteau, a translation of which was published by Painter in his *Palace of Pleasure*, in 1567; and upon this French story was founded the English poem by Arthur Brooke, published in 1562, under the title of "*The tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*," written first in Italian by Bandell, and now in Englishe by Ar. Br." It appears highly probable that an English play upon the same subject had appeared previous to Brooke's poem; for a copy of that poem, which was in the possession of the Rev. H. White, of Lichfield, contains the following passage, in an address to the reader:—"Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for: being there much better set forth than I have or can dooe, yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes, to consider it, which hath the more encouraged me to publish it. suche as it is." We thus see that Shakspeare had materials enough to work upon. But, in addition to these sources, there is a play by Lope de Vega in which the incidents are very similar; and an Italian tragedy also by Luigi Groto which Mr. Walker, in his historical memoir of Italian tragedy, thinks that the English bard read with profit. Mr. Walker gives us passages in support of his assertion, such as a description of a nightingale when the lovers are parting, which appear to confirm this opinion.

To attempt to show, as many have attempted, what Shakspeare took from the poem of the *Romeus and Juliet*, and what from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*—how he was "wretchedly misled in his catastrophe," as Mr. Dunlop has it, because he had not read Luigi da Porto—and how he invented only one incident throughout the play, that of the death of Paris, and created only one character, that of Mercutio, according to the sagacious Mrs. Lenox—appears to us somewhat idle work.

PERIOD OF THE ACTION. AND MANNERS.

THE slight foundation of historical truth which can be established in the legend of Romeo and Juliet—that of the "civil broils" of the two rival houses of Verona—would place the period of the action about the time of Dante. But this one circumstance ought not, as it appears to us, very strictly to limit this period. The legend is so obscure, that we may be justified in carrying its date forward or backward, to the extent even of a century, if anything may be gained by such a freedom. In this case, we may venture to associate the story with the period which followed the times of Petrarch and Boccaccio—verging towards the close of the fourteenth century—a period full of rich associations. Then, the literary treasures of the ancient world had been rescued out of the dust

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and darkness of ages,—the language of Italy had been formed, in great part, by the marvellous "Visions" of her greatest poet; painting had been revived by Giotto and Cimabue; architecture had put on a character of beauty and majesty, and the first necessities of shelter and defence had been associated with the higher demands of comfort and taste; sculpture had displayed itself in many beautiful productions, both in marble and bronze; and music had been cultivated as a science. All these were the growth of the freedom which prevailed in the Italian republics, and of the wealth which had been acquired by commercial enterprise, under the impulses of freedom. To date the period of the action of *Romeo and Juliet* before this revival of learning and the arts, would be to make its accessories out of harmony with the exceeding beauty of Shakspeare's drama. Even if a slight portion of historical accuracy be sacrificed, his poetry must be surrounded with an appropriate atmosphere of grace and richness.

Of the *Manners* of this play we have occasionally spoken in our Illustrations. With the exception of a few English allusions, which are introduced for a particular object, they are thoroughly Italian. Mrs. Jameson has noticed the "sunny brilliance of effect" with which the whole of this drama is lighted up; and she adds, with equal truth and elegance, "the blue sky of Italy bends over all."

COSTUME.

ASSUMING, as we have done, that the incidents of this tragedy took place (at least traditionally) at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the costume of the personages represented would be that exhibited to us in the paintings of Giotto and his pupils or contemporaries.

From a drawing of the former, now in the British Museum (Payne Knight's Collect.), and presumed to have been executed by him at Avignon, in 1315, we give the accompanying engraving, and our readers will perceive that it interferes sadly with all popular notions of the dress of this play.



The long robes of the male personages, so magisterial or senatorial in their appearance, would, perhaps, when composed of rich materials, be not unsuitable to the gravity and station of the elder Montague and Capulet, and of the Prince, or Podesta, of Verona himself: but, for the younger and lighter characters, the love-lorn Romeo, the fiery Tybalt, the gallant gay Mercutio, &c., some very different habit would be expected by the million, and, indeed, desired by the artist. Cæsar Vecellio, in his "*Habiti Antichi e Moderni*," presents us with a dress of this time, which he distinctly describes as that of a young nobleman on a love-making expedition.

"*Habito Antico di giovani nobile ornato per far l'amore.*"

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He assigns no particular date to it, but the pointed cowl, or hood, depending from the shoulders, the closely-set buttons down the front of the super-tunic, and up the arms of the under-garment, from the wrist to the elbow, with the peculiar lappet to the sleeve of the super-tunic, are all distinctive marks of the European costume of the early part of the fourteenth century, and to be found in any illuminated French or English MS. of the time of our Edward II., 1307-27, and still earlier, of course, in Italy, from whence the fashions travelled northward, through Paris to London.

The coverings for the head were, at this time, besides the capuchon, or cowl here seen, caps and hats of various fantastic shapes, and the chaperon, or turban-shaped hood, began to make its appearance (*vide* second male figure in the engraving after Giotto). No plumes, however, adorned them till near the close of the century, when a single feather, generally ostrich, appears placed upright in front of the cap, or chaperon. The hose were richly fretted and embroidered with gold, and the toes of the shoes long and pointed.

The female costume of the same period consisted of a robe, or super-tunic, flowing in graceful folds to the feet, coming high up in the neck, where it was sometimes met by the wimple, or gorget, of white linen, giving a nun-like appearance to the wearer; the sleeves terminating at the elbow, in short lappets, like those of the men, and showing the sleeve of the under-garment (the kirtle, which fitted the body tightly), buttoned from the wrist to the elbow also, as in the male costume.

The hair was gathered up into a sort of club behind, braided in front, and covered, wholly or partially, with a caul of golden net-work. Garlands of flowers, natural, or imitated in goldsmiths' work, and plain filets of gold, or even ribbon, were worn by very young females. We shall say no more respecting the costume of this play, as the introduction of such a masquerade as is indispensable to the plot would be inconsistent with the dressing of the other characters correctly. Artists of every description are, in our opinion, perfectly justified in clothing the *dramatis personæ* of this tragedy in the habits of the time in which it was written, by which means all serious anachronisms would be avoided.



PERSONS REPRESENTED

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*
MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses, at variance with*
CAPULET, } *each other.*
An old Man, uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, *son to Montague.*
MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*
BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*
TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*
FRIAR LAURENCE, *a franciscan.*
FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*
BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*
SAMPSON, } *servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }
ABRAM, *servant to Montague.*
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Chorus.
Bou.
Page to Paris.
PETER.
An Officer.

Lady MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*
Lady CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*
JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations
to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and
Attendants



PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 Which, but their children's end, nought could
 remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
 The which if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
 mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with
 swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry
 coals.¹

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out
 of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves
 me.

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is

to stand;^a therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou
 run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to
 stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid
 of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the
 weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the
 weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—
 therefore I will push Montague's men from the
 wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and
 us their men.

^a The first quarto of 1597 which we mark as (A), "Stand
 to it."

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be civil^a with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids ?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads ; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it sense,^b that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand : and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.^c Draw thy tool ; here comes^d of the house of the Montagues.^e

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out ; quarrel, I will back thee ?

Gre. How ? turn thy back, and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry : I fear thee !

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides ; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by : and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.^f

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay ?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better ; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.^g [They fight.]

Ben. Part, fools ; put up your swords ; you know not what you do.

[Beats down their swords.]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, draw^a and talk of peace ? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee :

Have at thee, coward. [They fight.]

Enter several partisans of both houses, who join the fray ; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans !^b strike ! beat them down !

Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

Enter CAPULET, in his gown ; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this ?—Give me my long sword, ho !

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch !—Why call you for a sword ?

Cap. My sword, I say !—Old Montague is come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet !—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot^b to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear ?—what ho ! you men, you
beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins !
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils,^c bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets ;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate :
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

^a The undated quarto, which we mark as (D), *crutch*.

^b (D), *In-sense*.

^c *Poor John*. Hake, dried and salted.

^d (A), *two of the house*.

^a The quarto of 1609, which we mark as (C), *drawn*.

^b (C), *one foot*.

^c (C), *broils*.

For this time, all the rest depart away :
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther^a pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE and Attendants ; CAPULET,
Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and
Servants.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new
abroach ?—

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?
Bene. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :
I drew to part them ; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo !—saw you him
to-day ?

Right glad am I,^b he was not at this fray.

Bene. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd
sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,^c
That westward rooteth from this city's side,
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most
alone,^c—

Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been
seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,

And makes himself an artificial night :^a
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Bene. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Bene. Have you importun'd him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself, and many others, friends :

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.^b
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Bene. See, where he comes : So please you, step
aside ;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE and Lady.

Bene. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Bene. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me ! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Bene. It was :—What sadness lengthens Ro-
meo's hours ?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes
them short.

Bene. In love ?

Rom. Out—

Bene. Of love ?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Bene. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled
still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will !
Where shall we dine ?—O me !—What fray was
here ?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with
love :—

Why then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !⁷

^a So (A). The folio and (C), *father's*. ^b (A), *I am*.

^c So (A). The folio and (C) have

"By my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour."

The restoration of the first reading is clearly an improvement.

^a The first ten beautiful lines of Montague's speech are not in the original quarto ; neither is Benvolio's question, "Have you importun'd him ?" nor the answer. We find them in (B), the quarto of 1599.

^b The folio and (C) read *same*. Theobald gave us *sun* ; and we could scarcely wish to restore the old reading, even if the probability of a typographical error, *same* for *sunne*, were not so obvious.

O anything, of nothing first created!^a
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
 health!

Sill-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
 Grievings of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
 With more of thine: this love, that thou hast
 shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke made^b with the fume of sighs;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving^c tears:
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gill, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz. [Going.]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that^d you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
 But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his
 will:—^e

Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin. I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'dsc near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's
 fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not
 be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives un-
 harm'd.^f

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
 O, she is rich in beauty; only poor

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her
 store.^a

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still
 live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes
 huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
 Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;^g

He that is strucken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And^b Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
 And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long,
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit.

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
 My child is yet a stranger in the world,
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers
 made

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
 made.

Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth.^c

^a The scene ends here in (A); and the three first lines in the next scene are also wanting. (B) has them.

^b So (D). The folio omits *And*.

^c *Lady of my earth*. Fille de terre being the French phrase for an heiress, Stevens thinks that Capulet speaks of Juliet in this sense, but Shakspeare uses earth for the mortal part, as in the 146th Sonnet:—

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,"
 and in this play,

"— Turn back, dull earth."

^d (A), *rais'd*.

^e (A), *raging with a lover's tears*.

^f (A), *whom she is*.

^g So (A). The folio and (C), "*A sick man in sadness makes*."

^h So (A). The folio and (C), *uncharm'd*.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent^a is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,^b
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number
more.

At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars,^b that make dark heaven
light:

Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads,¹⁰ even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which on more^c view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*gives a paper.*]
and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written
here? It is written—that the shoemaker should
meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his
last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter
with his nets; but I am sent to find those per-
sons, whose names are writ, and can never find
what names the writing person hath here writ.
I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's
burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's lan-
guish:

^a *My will to her consent.* In proportion to, or with re-
ference to, her consent.

^b *Earth-treading stars, &c.* Warburton calls this line non-
sense, and would read,

"Earth-treading stars that make dark even light."

Monck Mason would read,

"Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven's light,"

that is, stars that make the light of heaven appear dark in
comparison with them. It appears to us unnecessary to
alter the original reading, and especially as passages in the
masquerade scene would seem to indicate that the ban-
queting-room opened into a garden—a,

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night."

^c So the folio and (C), with the exception of one for on.
(A), *Such, amongst view of many.*

TRAGEDIES.—VOL. I C

Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.¹¹

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-
man is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good
fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you
read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without
book:

But I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the lan-
guage.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow: I can read. [*Reads.*]

*Signor Martino, and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the
lady widow of Vitruvio; Signor Placentio, and
his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Va-
lentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and
daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia;
Signor Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio,
and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither
should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither to supper?¹²

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that
before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My
master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be
not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come
and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

[*Exit.*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall
show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires!

^a So all the early editions. Theobald gives "*To supper*"
to the servant

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales,^a let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—

God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.

Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen^b be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen.—How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse.^c Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;^d
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:^e—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I
throw,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man!—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more
wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay.
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; Wilt thou not, Jule?
quoth he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted,^h and said—Ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay:
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous^e knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to
age;

Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—Ay.

^a *Bear a brain.* Have a memory—a common expression.
^b *It stinted.* It stopped. Thus Gascoigne,—

"Then stinted she as if her song were done."

To stint is used in an active signification for *to stop*. Thus in those fine lines in *Titus Andronicus*, which it is difficult to believe any other than Shakspeare wrote,

"The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He can at pleasure *stint* their melody."

What a picture of a despot in his intervals of self-satisfying forbearance.

^c *Parlous.* A corruption of the word *perilous*.

^a *Scales*—used as a singular noun.

^b *Teen.* Sorrow.

^c The speeches of the Nurse, from hence, are given as prose in all the early editions. Capell had the great merit of first printing them as verse; and not "erroneously," as B. & W. appears to think, for there is not in all Shakspeare a passage in which the rhythm is more happily characteristic



Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee
to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only
nurse,

I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was a mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very
flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the
gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,¹³
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several^a lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 't is much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow
by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'
love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

^a So (A). The folio and (C) have *hour*, both in Juliet's and the Nurse's speeches.

^b The next seventeen lines are wanting in (A).

^c (B), *married*; which reading has been adopted by Steevens and Malone, in preference to *several*, in the folio and (C).

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with Five or Six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such proximity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,¹⁴
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:^a
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure,¹⁵ and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,¹⁶—I am not for this
ambling;

Being but heavy I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you
dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing
shoes,

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,^b
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
love:

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough
with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[Putting on a Mask.]

^a These two lines in (A) are omitted in the subsequent old editions.

^b So bound, in (C); *to bound*, in folio.

A visor for a visor!—what care I
What curious eye doth quote ^a deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner
in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of
heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels; ¹⁷

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, ¹⁸ the constable's
own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Of this, sir reverence, ¹⁹ love, ^b wherein thou
stick'st

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by
day. ^c

Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits

Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream
things true.

Mer. O, then, I see queen Mab hath been
with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies ^d

Athwart ^e men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

Her traces of the smallest spider's web;

Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams;

Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film:

Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid: ^f

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

^a Quote. Observe.

^b Thus (A).

^c This is the reading of the folio. Johnson reads "like lights by day." Capell's reading is generally adopted (though not literally) from the early copies:—

"We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day."

^d (A), *atomy*.

^e Thus (A). (C) and folio, *over*.

^f (A), *maid*; folio and (C), *man*,—clearly an error in the latter.

Time out o' mind the fairies' coach makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream o'
love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight:

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit: ^a

And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night; ²⁰

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,

That presses them, and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage.

This is she—^b

^a A suit. A court solicitation was called a suit;—a process, a suit at law.

^b It is desirable to exhibit the first draft of a performance so exquisitely finished as this celebrated description, in which every word is a study. And yet it is curious, that in the quarto of 1609, and in the folio (from which we print), and in both of which the corrections of the author are apparent, the whole speech is given as if it were *prose*. The original quarto of 1597 gives the passage as follows:—

"Ah then I see queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and doth come

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the forefinger of a burgomaster,

Drawne with a team of little atomy,

Athwart men's noses when they lie asleep.

Her waggon spokes are made of spinners' webs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

The traces are the moon-shine watery beams,

The collars cricket bones, the lash of films.

Her waggoner is a small gray-coated fly

Not half so big as is a little worm,

Picked from the lazy finger of a maid.

And in this sort she gallops up and down

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.

O'er courtiers' knees, who strait on court'sies dream;

O'er ladies' lips who dream on kisses strait,

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;

And sometimes comes she with a tythe pig's tail

Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleep

And then dreams he of another benefice.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a soldier's nose,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermine,

Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face^a to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from
ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind mis-
gives

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steedge of my course,
Direct my sail!^b—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a
trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all^o in
one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too,
't is a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove
the court-cupboard,^a look to the plate:—good
thou, save me a piece of marchpane;^d and, as
thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan
Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan;

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for,
asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—
Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer
liver take all. [They retire behind.

And swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again:
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs,
And proves them women of good carriage.
This is the very Mab,
That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
And plaits the elfe locks in foul slutish hair,
Which once untangled much misfortune breeds."

^a Thus (A). (C) and the folio, *side*.

^b Thus (A). (C) and the folio, *suit*.

^c Thus (C). Folio omits all.

^d *Marchpane*. A kind of sweet cake or biscuit, some-
times called almond-cake. Our maccaroons are diminutive
marchpanes.

*Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the
Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have
their toes

Unplagued with corns, will have^a a bout with
you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen!^b I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is
gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musi-
cians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too
hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin^c Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 't is not so much, 't is
not so much:

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we
mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder,
sir;

His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich
the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

Her beauty^d hangs upon the cheek of night

^a Thus (A). (C) and folio, *walk about*.

^b This passage, to "More light, ye knaves," is wanting
in (A).

^c *Good cousin Capulet*. The word *cousin*, in Shakspeare,
was applied to any collateral relation of whatever degree; thus
we have in this play "Tybalt, my cousin, Oh my brother's
child." Richard the Third calls his nephew York, cousin,
while the boy calls Richard, uncle. In the same play York's
grandmother calls him cousin, while he replies grandam.

^d *Her beauty hangs*. All the ancient editions which can be
considered authorities—the four quartos and the first folio—
read *It seems she hangs*. The reading of *her beauty* is from

As^a a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear :
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And touching hers, make blessed^b my rude
 hand.

Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, sight !
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague :—

Fetch me my rapier, boy :—What ! dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?
 Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman ? wherefore storm you so ?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;
 A villain, that is hither come in spite,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is 't ?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,

He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth :
 I would not for the wealth of all this town,
 Here in my house do him disparagement :
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
 It is my will ; the which if thou respect,
 Show a fair presence, and put off those frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest ;
 I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd.
 What, Goodman boy !—I say, he shall ;—Go to ;—

Am I the master here, or you ? go to.

You'll not endure him !—God shall mend my soul—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests !

the second folio. Why then, it may be asked, do we depart from our usual principle, and reject an undoubted ancient reading ? Because the reading which we give has become familiar,—has passed into common use wherever our language is spoken,—is quoted in books as frequently as any of the other passages of Shakspeare which constantly present themselves as examples of his exquisite power of description. Here, it appears to us, is a higher law to be observed than that of adherence to the ancient copies. It is the same with the celebrated passage,

"Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."

All the ancient copies read the same. We believe this to be a misprint ; but, even if that could not be alleged, we should feel ourselves justified in retaining the *sun*. Such instances, of course, present but very rare exceptions to a general rule.

^a *A*, Like.

^b So (C) and folio. (*A*), happy.

You will set cock-a-hoop !^a you'll be the man !

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to,
 You are a saucy boy :—Is 't so indeed ?

This trick may chance to scath^b you ;—I know what.

You must contrary^c me !—marry, 't is time—
 Well said, my hearts !—You are a princex ;^d go :—
 Be quiet, or—More light, more light.—For shame !—

I'll make you quiet ; What !—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Erit.*]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
 [To JULIET.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine^e is this,—
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine^f my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly urg'd !
 Give me my sin again.

^a *Set cock-a-hoop.* The origin of this phrase, which appears always to be used in the sense of hasty and violent excess, is very doubtful. The received opinion is, that on some festive occasions the *cock*, or spigot, was taken out of the barrel and laid on the *hoop*, and that the uninterrupted flow of the ale naturally led to intemperance.

^b *To scath.* To injure.

^c *Contrary.* Sir Philip Sidney, and many other old writers use this as a verb.

^d *Princex.* Coxcomb.

^e *Sin* in all the old copies. Warburton changed *sin* to *fine*.

^f (*A*), yours.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.*

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on then; let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*]

* Towards. Ready; at hand.

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is you gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known to late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? What's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal.

[*One calls within, JULIET.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved anywhere:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*]



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VERONA, the city of Italy, where, next to Rome, the antiquary most luxuriates;—where, blended with the remains of theatres, and amphitheatres, and triumphal arches, are the palaces of the factious nobles, and the tombs of the despotic princes of the Gothic ages;—Verona, so rich in the associations of real *history*, has even a greater charm for those who would live in the *poetry* of the past:—

“Are these the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the masque
Saw her lov’d Montague, and now sleeps by him?”

So felt our tender and graceful poet, Rogers. He adds, in a note, “The old palace of the Cappelletti, with its uncouth balcony and irregular windows, is still standing in a lane near the market-place; and what Englishman can behold it with indifference? When we enter Verona, we forget ourselves, and are almost inclined to say with Dante,

“Vieni à veder Montecchi, e Cappelletti.”

¹ SCENE I.—“*Gregory, o’ my word, we’ll not carry coals.*”

To carry coals was to submit to servile offices. Gifford has a note upon a passage in Ben Jonson’s “Every Man out of his Humour,” where Puntarvolo, wanting his dog held, exclaims, “Here comes one that will carry coals,” in which note he clearly enough shows the origin of the reproach of carrying coals:—“In all great houses, but particularly in the royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependants, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest deep there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people, in derision, gave the name of black guards, a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never properly explained.” In the passage here quoted from Ben Jonson, we find the primary meaning of the expression—that of being fit for servile offices; but in a subsequent passage of the same play we also have the secondary meaning—that of tamely submitting to an affront. Puntarvolo, having lost his dog, insults Shift, who he supposes has taken it; upon which another character exclaims,—“Take heed, Sir Puntarvolo, what you do, he’ll bear no coals, I can tell you.” Gifford has given a

quotation in illustration of this meaning (which is the sense in which Shakspeare here uses it), worth all the long list of similar passages in the Shaksperian commentators:—“It remaineth now that I take notice of Jaspas’s arryvall, and of those letters with which the queen was exceedingly well satisfied: saying that you were too like some body in the world, to whom she is afraide you are a little kin, to be content to carry coales at any Frenchman’s hand.”—Secretary Cecyll to Sir Henry Neville, March 2, 1559.

² SCENE I.—“*Here comes of the house of the Montagues.*”

How are the Montagues known from the Capulets? naturally occurs to us. They wore badges, which, in all countries, have been the outward manifestations of party spirit. Gascoigne, in “a device of a masque,” written in 1575, has,

“And for a further proof he shewed in hys hat
Thys token which the Mountacutes did beare alwaies,
for that
They covet to be knowne from Capels.”

³ SCENE I.—“*I will bite my thumb at them.*”

Douce has bestowed much laborious investigation upon this difficult, and somewhat worthless subject. The practice of biting the thumb was naturalized amongst us in Shakspeare’s time; and the lazy and licentious groups that frequented “Paul’s” are thus described by Decker, in 1608:—“What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels.”

⁴ SCENE I.—“*Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.*”

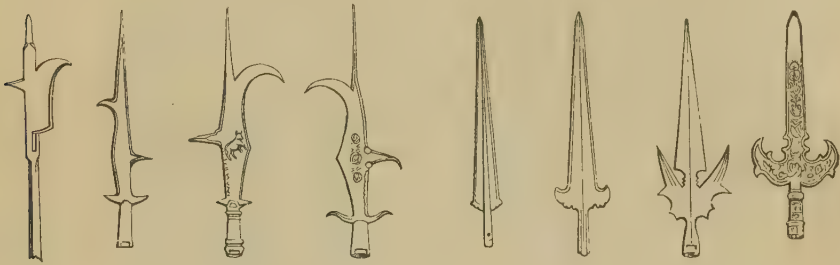
Sampson and Gregory are described as armed with swords and bucklers. The swashing blow is a blow upon the buckler; the blow accompanied with a noise; and thus a swasher came to be synonymous with a quarrelsome fellow, a braggart. In Henry V., Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym are called by the boy three “swashers.” Holinshed has—“a man may see how many bloody quarrels a brawling swash-buckler may pick out of a bottle of hay;” and Fuller, in his “Worthies,” after describing a swaggerer as one that endeavours to make that side to swagger, or weigh down, whereon he engages, tells us that a swash-buckler is so called from swashing, or making a noise on bucklers.

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5 SCENE I.—“*Clubs, bills, and partisans.*”

The cry of “clubs” is as thoroughly of English origin as the “bite my thumb” is of Italian. Scott has made the cry familiar to us in “The Fortunes of Nigel;” and when the citizens of Verona here raise it, we involuntarily think of the old watch-maker’s hatch-door in Fleet-street, and Jin Vin and Tunstall darting off for the affray. “The great long club,” as described by Stow, on the necks of the London apprentices, was as characteristic as the flat cap of the same quarrelsome body, in the days of Elizabeth and James. The use by Shakspeare of

home phrases, in the mouths of foreign characters, was a part of his art. It is the same thing as rendering Sancho’s Spanish proverbs into the corresponding English proverbs instead of literally translating them. The cry of “clubs” by the citizens of Verona expressed an idea of popular movement, which could not have been conveyed half so emphatically in a foreign phrase. We have given a group of ancient bills and partisans, viz., a very early form of bill, from a specimen preserved in the Town Hall of Canterbury;—bills of the times of Henry VI., VII., and VIII.;—and partisans of the time of Edward IV., Henry VII., and James I



‘SCENE I.—“*Underneath the grove of sycamore.*”

When Shakspeare has to deal with descriptions of natural scenery, he almost invariably localizes

himself with the utmost distinctness. He never mistakes the sycamore groves of the south for the birch woods of the north. In such cases he was not required to employ familiar and conventional



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

images for the sake of presenting an idea more distinctly to his audience than a rigid adherence to the laws of costume (we employ the word in its larger sense of manners) would have allowed. The grove of sycamore,

"That westward rooteth from this city's side,"

takes us at once to a scene entirely different from one presented by Shakspeare's own experience. The sycamore is the oriental plane (little known in England, though sometimes found), spreading its *broad* branches—from which its name, *platanus*—to supply the most delightful of shades under the sun of Syria or of Italy. Shakspeare might have found the sycamore in Chaucer's exquisite tale of the "Flower and the Leaf," where the hedge that

—"Closed in allé the green arbere,
With sycamore was set and eglantere."

7 SCENE I.—"O brawling love! O loving hate!"

This antithetical combination of contraries originated in the Provençal poetry, and was assiduously cultivated by Petrarch. Shakspeare, in this passage, may be distinctly traced to Chaucer's translation of the "Romaunt of the Rose," where we have love described as a hateful peace—a truth full of falsehood—a despairing hope—a void reason—a sick heal, &c.

8 SCENE I.—"These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows, Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair."

Steevens says that the masks here meant were those worn by female spectators of the play; but it appears scarcely necessary so to limit the use of a lady's mask. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have the "sun-expelling mask." In *Love's Labour's Lost* the ladies wear masks in the first



interview between the king and the princess:—"Now fair befall your mask," says Biron to Rosa-

line. We subjoin a representation of an Italian lady in her black mask. The figure (without the mask) is in Vicellio's *Habiti Antichi e Moderni*.

9 SCENE II.—"This night I hold an old accustom'd feast."

In the poem of "Romeus and Juliet" the season of Capulet's feast is winter:—

"The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games
And now the season doth invite to banquet townish dames.
And fyrst in Cappel's house, the chief of all the kyn
Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin."

Shakspeare had, perhaps, this in his mind when, at the ball, old Capulet cries out—

"And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot;"

but in every other instance the season is unquestionably summer. "The day is hot," says Ben-
volio. The Friar is up in his garden,

"Now ere the sun advance his burning eye."

Juliet hears the nightingale sing from the pomegranate-tree. During the whole course of the poem, the action appears to move under the "vaulty heaven" of Italy, with a soft moon

"That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,"

and "day's pathway" made lustrous by

"——Titan's fiery wheels."

10 SCENE II.—"Such comfort us do lusty young men feel," &c.

Dr. Johnson would read *yeomen*, and make Capulet compare the delight of Paris "among fresh female buds" to the joy of the farmer on the return of spring. But the spirit of Italian poetry was upon Shakspeare when he wrote these lines; and he thought not of the lusty yeoman in his fields,

"While the plow-man near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,"

but of such gay groups as Boccaccio has painted, who

"Sat down in the high grass, and in the shade
Of many a tree sun proof."

Shakspeare has, indeed, explained his own idea of "well-apparell'd April" in that beautiful sonnet beginning

"From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything."

Douce has well observed, that, in this passage of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare might "have had in view the decorations which accompany the above month in some of the manuscript and printed calendars, where the young folks are represented as sitting together on the grass; the men ornamenting the girls with chaplets of flowers." We have adapted one of these representations from a drawing in the beautiful manuscript of the "*Roman de la Rose*" in the British Museum.



¹¹ SCENE II.—“Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.”

The leaf of the broad-leaved plantain was used as a blood-stancher. Of course, Shakspeare did not allude to the tropical fruit-bearing plant, but to the common plantain of our English marshy grounds and ditches. The plantain was also considered as a preventive of poison; and to this supposed virtue Romeo first alludes.



¹² SCENE III.—“’Tis since the earthquake now eleven years.”

We have shown in our Introductory Notice the importance of this line, as affording a probable date for the composition of *Romeo and Juliet*. The earthquake that was within the recollection of Shakspeare's audience happened in the year 1580. The principle of dating from an earthquake, or from any other remarkable phenomenon, is a very obvious one. We have an example as old as the days of the prophet Amos:—“The words of Amos, who was among the herdmen of Tekoa, which he saw concerning Israel in the days of Uzziah king of Judah, and in the days of Jeroboam, the son of Joash king of Israel, two years before the earthquake.” Tyrwhitt says, “But how comes the Nurse to talk of an earthquake upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story.” But it appears to us by no means improbable that Shakspeare might have been acquainted with some description of the great earthquake which happened at Verona in 1348, when Petrarch was sojourning in that city; and that with something like historical propriety, therefore, he made the Nurse date from that event, while at the same time the supposed allusion to the earthquake in England of 1580 would be relished by his audience.

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13 SCENE III.—*"Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face."*

This passage furnishes a very remarkable example of the correctness of the principle laid down in Mr. Whiter's very able tract—"An Attempt to explain and illustrate various Passages of Shakspeare, on a new Principle of Criticism, derived from Mr. Locke's Doctrine of the Association of Ideas." Mr. Whiter's most ingenious theory would lose much in being presented in any other than his own words. We may just mention that his leading doctrine, as applied to Shakspeare, is, that the exceeding warmth of his imagination often supplied him, by the power of association, with words, and with ideas, suggested to the mind by a principle of union unperceived by himself, and independent of the subject to which they are applied. We readily agree with Mr. Whiter that "this propensity in the mind to associate subjects so remote in their meaning, and so heterogeneous in their nature, must, of necessity, sometimes deceive the ardour of the writer into whimsical or ridiculous combinations. As the reader, however, is not blinded by this fascinating principle, which, while it creates the association, conceals likewise its effects, he is instantly impressed with the quaintness or the absurdity of the imagery, and is inclined to charge the writer with the intention of a foolish quibble, or an impertinent allusion." It is in this spirit of a cold and literal criticism, here so well described, that Mr. Monck Mason pronounces upon the passage before us—"this ridiculous speech is full of abstruse quibbles." But the principle of association, as explained by Mr. Whiter, at once reconciles us to the quibbles. The "volume" of

young Paris' face suggests the "beauty's pen" which hath "writ" there. Then, the obscurities of the fair "volume" are written in the "margin of his eyes," as comments of ancient books are always printed in the margin. Lastly, this "book of love" lacks "a cover"—the "golden story" must be locked in with "golden clasps." The ingenious management of the vein of imagery is at least as remarkable as its "abstruse quibbles."

14 SCENE IV.—*"We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf," &c.*

The masque of ladies, or amazons, in Shakspeare's *Timon*, is preceded by a Cupid, who addresses the company in a speech. This "device" was a practice of courtly life, before and during the time of Shakspeare. But here he says,

"The date is out of such prolixity."

The "Tartar's painted bow of lath" is the bow of the Asiatic nations, with a double curve; and Shakspeare employed the epithet to distinguish the bow of Cupid from the old English long bow. The "crow-keeper," who scares the ladies, had also a bow:—he is the shuffle or mawkin—the scarecrow of rags and straw, with a bow and arrow in his hand. "That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper," says Lear. The "without-book prologue, faintly spoke after the prompter," is supposed by Warton to allude to the boy-actors that we afterwards find so fully noticed in *Hamlet*.

15 SCENE IV.—*"We'll measure them a measure."*

The "measure" was the courtly dance of the



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days of Elizabeth; not so solemn as the pavan—the “doleful pavan,” as Davenant calls it, in which princes in their mantles, and lawyers in their long robes, and courtly dames with enormous trains, swept the rushes like the tails of peacocks. From this circumstance came its name, the pavan—the dance of the peacock. The “measure” may be best described in Shakspeare’s own words, in the mouth of the lively Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—“The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a *measure*, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical: the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.”

16 SCENE IV.—“Give me a torch.”

Romeo declares that he will not dance:

“I am not for this ambling.”

He subsequently says,

“I’ll be a candle-holder, and look on.”

Anciently, all rooms of state were lighted by waxen torches borne in the hands of attendants. Froissart thus describes the feasting of Gaston de Foix:—“At midnight when he came out of his chamber into the hall to supper, he had ever before him twelve torches brennyng, borne by twelve varlettes standing before his table all supper.” To hold the torch was not, however, a degrading office in England; for the gentlemen pensioners of Elizabeth held torches while a play was acted before her in the chapel of King’s College, Cambridge.

17 SCENE IV.—“Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.”

Carpets, though known in Italy, were not adapted to the English habits in the time of Elizabeth; and even the presence-chamber of that queen was, according to Hentzner, strewn with hay, by which he meant rushes. The impurities which gathered on the floor were easily removed with the rushes. But the custom of strewing rushes, although very general in England, was not peculiar to it. Mr. Brown, in his work on Shakspeare’s autobiographical poems, has this observation: “An objection has been made, imputing an error, in Grumio’s question, ‘Are the rushes strewed?’ But the custom of strewing rushes in England belonged also to Italy; this may be seen in old authors, and their very word, *giuncare*, now out of use, is a proof of it.”

18 SCENE IV.—“Tut! dun’s the mouse.”

We have a string of sayings here which have much puzzled the commentators. When Romeo exclaims, “I am done,” Mercutio, playing upon the word, cries “dun’s the mouse.” This is a proverbial phrase, constantly occurring in the old comedies. It is probably something like the other

cant phrase that occurs in *Lear*, “the cat is grey.” The following line,

“If thou art dun, we’ll draw thee from the mire,”

was fully as puzzling, till Gifford gave us a solution. —“*Dun is in the mire!* then, is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room: this is *dun* (the cart-horse), and a cry is raised, that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance.—The game continues till all the company take part in it, when *dun* is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another’s toes. This will not be thought a very exquisite amusement; and yet I have seen much honest mirth at it, and have been far more entertained with the ludicrous contortions of pretended struggles, than with the real writhing, the dark scowl of avarice and envy exhibited by the same description of persons, in the genteeler amusement of cards, the universal substitute for all our ancient sports.”—(Ben Jonson’s Works, vol. vii. page 282.)

19 SCENE IV.—“Sir reverence.”

This was the old mode of apology for the introduction of a free expression. Mercutio says, he will draw Romeo from the “mire of this love,” and uses, parenthetically, the ordinary form of apology for speaking so profanely of love. Gifford has given us a quotation from an old tract on the origin of tobacco, which is exactly in point:—“The time hath been when if we did speak of this loathsome stuff, tobacco, we used to put a ‘Sir reverence’ before, but we forget our good manners.” In another note on the same word, Gifford says, “There is much filthy stuff on this simple interjection, of which neither Steevens nor Malone appears to have known the import, in the notes to *Romeo and Juliet*.”—(Ben Jonson’s Works, vol. vi. page 149; vol. vii. page 337.)

20 SCENE IV.—“This is that very Mab That plats the manes of horses in the night.”

We extract the following amusing note from Douce’s Illustrations:—

“This line alludes to a very singular superstition, not yet forgotten in some parts of the country. It was believed that certain malignant spirits, whose delight was to wander in groves and pleasant places assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night-time, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses’ manes, thereby plaiting them in inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and the vexation of their masters. These hags are mentioned in the works of William Auvergne, Bishop of Paris, in the thirteenth century. There is a very uncommon old print by Hans Burgmair, relating to this subject. A witch enters the stable with a lighted torch; and pre-

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

viously to the operation of entangling the horse's mane, practises her enchantments on the groom, who is lying asleep on his back, and apparently influenced by the night-mare. The belemnites, or elf-stones, were regarded as charms against the last-mentioned disease, and against evil spirits of all kinds; but the ceraunice, or botuli, and all perforated flint-stones, were not only used for the same purpose, but more particularly for the protection of horses and other cattle, by suspending them in stables, or tying them round the necks of the animals."

The next line,

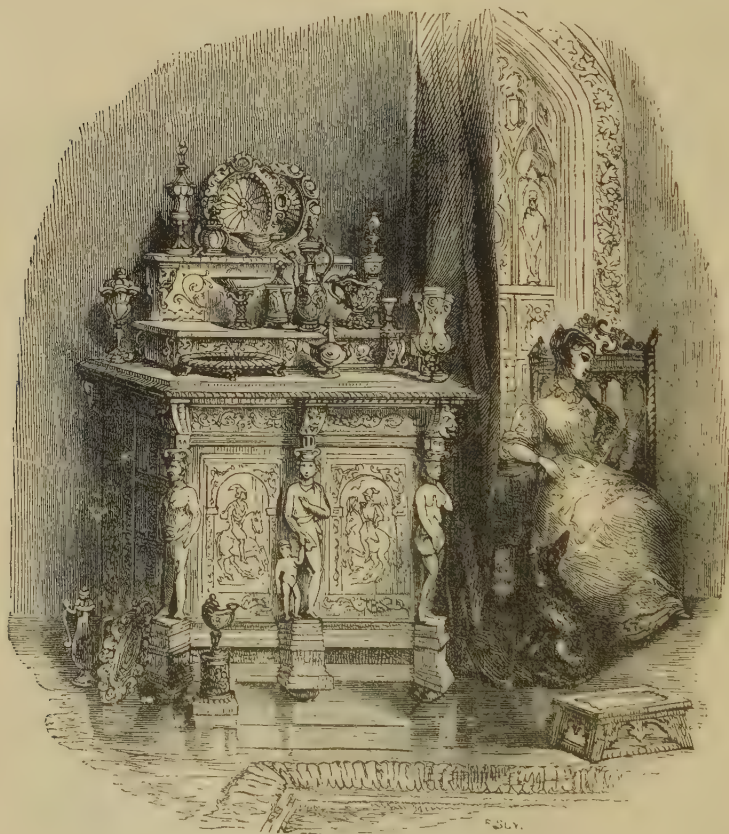
"And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,"

seems to be unconnected with the preceding, and to mark a superstition, which, as Dr. Warburton has observed, may have originated from the *plica Polonica*, which was supposed to be the operation

of the wicked elves, whence the clotted hair was called elf-locks, and elf-knots. Thus Edgar talks of "elfing all his hair in knots."

21 SCENE V.—"Remove the court cupboard"

The court cupboard was the ornamental side-board, set out with salvers and beakers on days of festivity. We have in a play of 1599, "accomplished the court cupboard;" and in another by Chapman, in 1606, "Here shall stand my court cupboard with its furniture of plate." In Italy, the art of Benvenuto Cellini was lavished upon the exquisite ornaments of the court cupboard. In the following engraving is exhibited one of the rich court cupboards of the period of Elizabeth, set out with many of those vessels of antique Italian workmanship which had found their way into this country.





ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise; And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce^a but love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham^b Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.¹—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape^a is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous^b night:

word "trim," which is the reading of the first quarto (the subsequent editions giving us "*true*"), is distinctly derived from the "Ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid."

"The blinded boy, that shoots so *trim*,
From heaven down did he,
He drew a dart, and shot at him,
In place where he did lie."

With all submission to the opinion of Percy, who adopts the reading of Upton, we think that the change of Abraham into Adam was uncalled for. Abraham conveys another idea than that of Cupid's archery, which is strongly enough conveyed. The "Abraham" Cupid is the cheat—the "Abraham man"—of our old statutes.

^a The *ape*—an expression of kindly familiarity, applied to a young man.

^b Humorous, dewy,—vaporous.

^a (*A*) has *pronounce*; the subsequent quartos and the first folio, *provaunt*; the second folio, *couple*. Steevens desired to retain *provaunt*, to provide, from the noun *provaunt*, provision.

^b All the old copies have "*Abraham*." Upton changed it to "*Adam*," which modern editors have adopted, supposing the allusion, "he that shot so trim," was to the Adam Bell of the old Ballad, to whom Shakspeare has also alluded in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam." But the

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh
alone.^a—

Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;³
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain.
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid,^b since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady: O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:

^a There are two lines here omitted in the text of Steevens' edition, which Malone has restored to the text. The lines are gross,—but the grossness is obscure, and, if it were understood, could scarcely be called corrupting. The freedoms of Mercutio arise out of his dramatic character;—his exuberant spirits betray him into levities which are constantly opposed to the intellectual refinement which rises above such baser matter. But Pope rejected these lines—Pope, who, in the Rape of the Lock, has introduced one couplet, at least, that would have disgraced the age of Elizabeth. We do not print the two lines of Shakspeare, for they can only interest the verbal critic. But we distinctly record their omission. As far as we have been able to trace—and we have gone through the old editions with an especial reference to this matter—these two lines constitute the only passage in the original editions which has been omitted by modern editors. With this exception, there is not a passage in Shakspeare which is not reprinted in every edition except that of Mr. Bowdler. And yet the writer in Lardner's Cyclopædia (*Lives of Literary and Scientific Men*), has ventured to make the following assertion: "Whoever has looked into the original editions of his dramas will be disgusted with the obscenity of his allusions. They absolutely teem with the obscenity of his allusions—more gross by far than can be found in any contemporary dramatist." The insinuation that the original editions contain improprieties that are not to be found in modern editions, is difficult to characterise without using expressions that had better be avoided.

^b Be not a votary to Diana,—the

"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair."

of Ben Jonson's beautiful hymn.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not
night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ah me!

Rom.

She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing^a clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*]

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;—

Thou art thyself, though^b not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!^c

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,

By any other name^d would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,

Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;

And for thy^e name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom.

I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd
in night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom.

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am;

^a So (A). The folio and (C), *puffing*.

^b Juliet places his personal qualities in opposition to what she thought evil of his family.

^c There is a confusion in the folio and (C), which Malone here appears to have put right, by making out a line, with the aid of (A). The folio omits "O, be some other name."

^d So (A). The folio and (C), *word*.

^e So (C) and folio. (A), *that*.

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of thy tongue's uttering,^a yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid,^b if either thee dislike.^c

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop^d to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;^e

And, but thou love me,^f let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would^g adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!^h
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
That those that have more cunning^a to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,^b
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear:^c although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

^a The folio and (C), *thy tongue's uttering*. (A), *that tongue's utterance*.

^b In (A), *saint*.

^c *Dislike*—displease. ^d In (A), *let*. ^e In (A), *sight*.

^f *But thou love me*.—So thou do but love me.

^g So (A). In folio and (C), *should*.

^h *Farewell compliment*—farewell respect for forms.

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^a So (A). In folio and (C), *cov'ring*.

^b So (A). In folio and (C), *vow*.

The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good
night, indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not
well,

I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—

To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want
thy light—

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their
books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [Retiring slowly.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!^a

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;

Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo.^a

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo.

Rom. My—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. What o'clock to-morrow^b

Shall I send to thee?

^a In (A), my Romeo's name.

^b This passage is ordinarily printed thus:—

Jul. Romeo.

Rom. My sweet.

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow—

My sweet was substituted by the editor of the second folio

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remem'bring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still
forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning, I would have thee
gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
thy breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close^a cell;

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light;

And flecked^b darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels:^c

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

for My *niece*, which is the reading of the first folio, and of the second and third quartos. In the first quarto we have *Madam*, which Malone adopts. But in the first quarto there is no interruption at all by the Nurse; whilst in the second quarto she has twice before used the word *Madam*;—and, consequently, the poet, in his amended copy, avoided the use by Romeo of a title which had just been used by the Nurse. We believe that the word *Niece* is altogether a mistake.—that the word *Nurse* was written, as denoting a third interruption by her—and that *Madam*, the use of which was the form of the interruption, was omitted accidentally, or was supposed to be implied by the word *Nurse*. As we have printed the passage the metre is correct; and it is to be observed that in the second quarto and the subsequent copies, at before "what o'clock," which was in the first quarto, is omitted, showing that a word of two syllables was wanted after *my* when *at* was rejected. Zachary Jackson, instead of *niece*, would read *novice*.

^a (A). "ghostly father's cell."

^b Flecked—dappled.

^c So (A). It is remarkable that in the folio and (C) these four lines, with a slight alteration, are also introduced before the two last lines of Romeo's previous speech. It appears to us that the poet was making experiments upon the margin

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;^a
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find:
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair
 use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this weak^b flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
 part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings^c encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude
 will;

And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But were unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
 reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature,
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was
 mine.

of the first copy of the change of a word or so, and leaving the MS. upon the page, without obliterating the original passage, it came to be inserted twice. The lines, as given to Romeo, stand thus in the quarto of 1609, and in the folio:—

"The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And darkness fleckel'd, like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels."

^a Six lines, ending with this line, are not in (A).

^b In (A), small.

^c In (A), foes. In the other ancient editions, kings. Opposed foes has not the propriety of opposed kings—a thoroughly Shakspearian phrase.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies;^d
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
 is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
 We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is
 here!

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence
 then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in
 men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave
 To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I
 love now,

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
 The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—

Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin^a of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,^b I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song^c keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist;⁷ a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the puncto reverso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lipping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!—Why, is not this a lament-

The centre of the target, where the pin fastened the clout.

^b Tybert is the name given to the cat in the story of Reynard the Fox.

^c Prick-song, music pricked, or noted, down, so as to read according to rule; in contradistinction to music learnt by the ear, or sung from memory.

able thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardon-mes*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so,^a but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeited fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;^a Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.^b

Mer. Sure wit.^c Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase,^a I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

^a The grey eye—the blue eye—was the most beautiful. In the *Venus* and *Adonis*, *Venus* says, "Thine eyes are grey."

^b The pump was the shoe. We retain the word. The ribbons in the pump were shaped as flowers.

^c In (*A*), *Well said*.

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;^a it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,^b that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?¹⁰ now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole ^{cept}h of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.¹¹

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?¹²

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was

when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant¹³ was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

^a The name of an apple.

^b Kid leather—from *chevreuil*—a roebuck.

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence's cell

Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair:

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—

Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 't was a little prating thing,—O, there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog.¹⁴ No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.¹⁵

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Before, and apace. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,¹⁶

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,¹⁷

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit PETER.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while:—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, What haste? can you not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

¹⁴ All this dialogue, from "Commend me to thy mistress," is not in (A)

¹⁵ In (A), Juliet's soliloquy ends here.

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou
hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo!
no, not he; though his face be better than any
man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a
hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be
not to be talked on, yet they are past compare:
He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll
warrant him, as gentle as a lamb,—Go thy ways,
wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at
home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a
head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces,
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my
back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and
down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not
well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says
my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentle-
man,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your
mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is
within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:
Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultrice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil,—Come, what says
Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift
to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence's
cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse,
farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.**

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow
can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest
honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady;—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for
us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too
much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in
words,

Bragg of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;

* This scene was entirely re-written, after the first copy.

Act II.]

ROMEO AND JULIET.

[SCENE VI.]

But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come, with me, and we will make
short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE I.—“*When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.*”

THE ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid was amongst the most popular of old English ballads, allusions to which were familiar to Shakspeare's audience. Upon the authority of learned Master “Moth” in *Love's Labour's Lost*, it was an ancient ballad in Shakspeare's day:—

Armado. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but, I think, now 't is not to be found, or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er.”

We have two versions of this ballad:—the one published in “*A Collection of Old Ballads*,” quoted by Grey, in 1754; the other in *Percy's Reliques*. Both of these compositions appear as if they had been “newly writ o'er” not long before, or perhaps after, Shakspeare's time: we subjoin a stanza of each:—

FROM PERCY'S RELIQUES.

‘ I read that once in Africa
A princely wight did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did feign:
From nature's laws he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for womankind,
But did them all disdain.
But mark, what happened on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in grey,
The which did cause him pain.
The blinded boy, that shoot so trim,
From heaven down did lie,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lie.”

FROM A COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS.

“ A king once reigned beyond the seas,
As we in ancient stories find,
Whom no fair face could ever please,
He cared not for womankind.
He despis'd the sweetest beauty,
And the greatest fortune too;
At length he married to a beggar;
See what Cupid's dart can do. *
The blind boy that shoots so trim,
Did to his closet window steal,
And made him soon his power feel.
He that never cared for women,
But did females ever hate,
At length was smitten, wounded, swooned,
For a beggar at his gate.”



² SCENE I.—“*I'll to my truckle-bed.*”

The original quarto has, “I'll to my *trundle-bed*.” It appears somewhat strange that Mercutio should speak of sleeping in a truckle-bed, or a trundle-bed, both which words explain the sort of bed—a running-bed. The furniture of a sleeping-chamber in Shakspeare's time consisted of a standing-bed, and a truckle-bed. “There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed,” says mine host of the Garter, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The standing-bed was for the master; the truckle-bed, which ran under it, for the servant. It may seem strange, therefore, that Mercutio should talk of sleeping in the bed of his page; but the next words will solve the difficulty:—

“ This *field-bed* is too cold for me to sleep.”

The field-bed, in this case, was the ground; but the field-bed properly so called, was the travelling-bed; the *lit de champ*, called, in old English, the “trussing-bedde.” The bed next beyond the luxury of the trussing-bed was the truckle-bed; and therefore Shakspeare naturally takes that in preference to the standing-bed.

³ SCENE II.—“*Well, do not swear,*” &c.

Coleridge has a beautiful remark on this passage, and on the whole of the scene, which we extract:—
“With love, pure love, there is always an anxiety for the safety of the object, a disinterestedness, by which it is distinguished from the counterfeit of its name. Compare this scene with Act III. Scene I.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

of the *Tempest*. I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakspeare's mastery in playing a distinctly rememberable variety on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love confessions of Romeo and Juliet, and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other."

4 SCENE II.—"O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!"

The falconer's voice was the voice which the hawk was constrained by long habit to obey. Gervase Markham, in his "Country Contentments," has picturesquely described the process of training hawks to this obedience, "by watching and keeping them from sleep, by a continual carrying them upon your fist, and by a most familiar stroking and playing with them, with the wing of a dead fowl, or such like, and by often gazing and looking them in the face, with a loving and gentle countenance." A hawk so "manned" was brought to the lure "by easy degrees, and at last was taught to know the voice and lure so perfectly, that either upon the sound of the one, or sight of the other, she will presently come in, and be most obedient." There is a peculiar propriety in Juliet calling Romeo her tassel-gentle; for this species was amongst the most beautiful and elegant of hawks, and was especially appropriated to the use of a prince. Our poet always uses the images which have been derived from his own experience, with exquisite propriety. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff's page is the *eyas-musket*, the smallest unfledged hawk. Othello fears that Desdemona is *haggard*—that is, the wild hawk

which "checks at every feather." The sport with a tassel-gentle is spiritedly described by Massinger:—

"—— Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but wanting breath, is forced
To cancelier; then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry."

5 SCENE III.—"The earth, that's nature's mother, is
her tomb."

Milton, in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, has the same idea:—

"The womb of nature, and, perhaps, her grave."

The editors of Milton have given a parallel passage in Lucretius:—

"Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum."

We would ask, did Shakspeare and Milton go to the same common source? Farmer has not solved this question in his "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare."

6 SCENE III.—"——— Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies."

"This," says Monck Mason, "is one of the passages in which the author has sacrificed grammar to rhyme." Mr. Monck Mason's observation is made in the same spirit in which he calls Romeo's impassioned language "quaint jargon." Before Shakspeare was accused of sacrificing grammar, it ought to have been shown that his idiom was essentially different from that of his predecessors and his contemporaries. Dr. Percy, who brought to the stu-



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citation of our old authors the knowledge of an antiquary and the feeling of a poet, has observed, that "in very old English the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth* as well as the singular, and often familiarly in *es*;" and it has been further explained by Mr. Tollet, that "the third person plural of the Anglo-Saxon present tense endeth in *eth*, and of the Dano-Saxon in *es*." Malone, we think, has rightly stated the principle upon which such idioms, which appear false concords to us, should be corrected,—that is, "to substitute the modern idiom in all places except where either the metre or rhyme renders it impossible." But to those who can feel the value of a slight sprinkling of our antique phraseology, it is pleasant to drop upon the instances in which correction is impossible. We would not part with the exquisite bit of false concord, as we must now term it, in the last word of the four following lines, for all that Shakspeare's grammar-correctors have ever written :—

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise.
His steeds to water at those springs
On challic'd flowers that lies."

7 SCENE IV.—"A duellist, a duellist."

George Wither, in his obsequies upon the death of Prince Henry, thus introduces Britannia lamenting :—

"Alas! who now shalt grace my tournaments,
Or honour me with deeds of chivalrie?"

The tournaments and the chivalrie were then, however, but "an insubstantial pageant faded." Men had learnt to revenge their private wrongs, without the paraphernalia of heralds and warders. In the old chivalrous times they might suppress any outbreak of hatred or passion, and cherish their malice against each other until it could be legally gratified; so that, according to the phrase of Richard Cour-de-Lion in his ordinance for permitting tournaments, "the peace of our land be not broken, nor justice hindred, nor damage done to our forests." The private contests of two knights was a violation of the laws of chivalry. Chaucer has a remarkable exemplification of this in his "Knight's Tale," where the duke, coming to the plain, saw Arcite and Palamon fighting like two bulls :—

"This duke his courser with his spurrés smote,
And at a start he was betwixt them two,
And pulled out a sword and cried,—'Ho!
No more, up pain of losing of your head;
By mighty Mars, he shall anon be dead
That smiteth any stroke that I may see!
But telleth me what mistere men ye been,
That be so hardy for to fighten here
Withouten any judge or other officer,
As though it were in listés really'" (royally).

That duels were frequent in England in the reign of Elizabeth, we might collect, if there were no other evidence, from Shakspeare alone. The matter had been reduced to a science. Tybalt is the "courageous captain of compliments,"—a perfect master of

punctilio, one who kills his adversary by rule—"one, two, and the third in your bosom." The gentleman of the "first and second cause" is a gentleman who will quarrel upon the very slightest offences. The degrees in quarrelling were called the causes; and these have been most happily ridiculed by Shakspeare in *As You Like It* :—

"Jaques. But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?"

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed; as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort courtious*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest*. If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the *Reply churlish*. If, again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof valiant*. If, again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; and so to the *Lie circumstantial* and the *Lie direct*."

When Touchstone adds, "O sir! we quarrel in print by the book," he alludes to the works of Saviolo and Caranza, who laid down laws for the duello. The wit of Shakspeare is the best commentary upon the philosophy of Montaigne: "Inquire why that man hazards his life and honour upon the fortune of his rapier and dagger; let him acquaint you with the occasion of the quarrel he cannot do it without blushing, 'tis so idle and frivolous."—(Essays, book iii. ch. 10.) But philosophy and wit were equally unavailing to put down the quarrelsome spirit of the times, and Henry IV. of France in vain declared all duellists guilty of lese-majesté, and punishable with death; and James I. of England as vainly denounced them in the Star-chamber.

The practice of duelling went on with us till the civil wars came to merge private quarrels in public ones. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," has a bitter satire against the nobility, when he says, they are "like our modern Frenchmen, that had rather lose a pound of blood in a single combat, than a drop of sweat in any honest labour."

8 SCENE IV.—"What counterfeit did I give you? The slip, sir, the slip."

A counterfeit piece of money and a slip were synonymous; and in many old dramas we have the same play upon words as here. In Robert Green's "Thieves falling out," the word slip is defined as in a dictionary: "and therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips."

9 SCENE IV.—"The wild-geese chase."

Horse racing, and the wild-geese chase, were amongst the "disports of great men" in the time of Elizabeth. It is scarcely necessary to describe a sport, if sport it can be called, which is still used amongst us. When the "wits run the wild-geese chase," we have a type of its folly; as the "switch and spurs, switch and spurs," is descriptive of its brutality.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

10 SCENE IV.—“*Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?*”

Coleridge invites us to compare, in this scene, “Romeo’s half-excited, and half-real ease of mind, with his first manner when in love with Rosaline! His will had come to the clenching point.” Romeo had not only recovered the natural tone of his mind, but he had come back to the conventional gaiety—the five-play of witty words—which was the tone of the best society in Shakspeare’s time. “Now art thou what thou art,” says Mercutio, “by art as well as by nature.”

11 SCENE IV.—“*My fan, Peter.*”

The fan which Peter had to bear is exhibited in the woodcut at the end of this Act. It does not appear quite so ridiculous, therefore, when we look at the size of the machine, to believe the Nurse should have a servant to bear it. Shakspeare has given the same office to Armado in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*—

“Oh! a most dainty man,
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.”

12 SCENE IV.—“*Is it good den?*”

According to Mercutio’s answer, the time was noon when the evening salutation “good den” began. But Shakspeare had here English manners in his eye. The Italian custom of commencing the day half an hour after sunset, and reckoning through the twenty-four hours, is inconsistent with such a division of time as this.

13 SCENE IV.—“*Saucy merchant.*”

Steevens pointed out that the term *merchant* was anciently used in contradistinction to *gentleman*; as we still use the word *chap* as an abbreviation of *chapman*. Douce has quoted a passage from Whetstone’s “*Mirour for Magistrates of Cyties*” (1534),

in which he speaks of the usurious practices of the citizens of London, which is conclusive upon this point:—“The extremity of these men’s dealings hath been and is so cruell as there is a natural malice generally impressed in the hearts of the gentlemen of England towards the citizens of London, insomuch as if they odiously name a man, they forthwith call him a *trimme merchant*. In like despite the citizen calleth every rascal a *joly gentleman*.”

14 SCENE IV.—“*R is for the dog.*”

R was called the dog’s letter. In his English Grammar, Ben Jonson says, “R is the dog’s letter and hirreth in the sound.” In our old writers we have a verb formed from the noise of a dog. Thus, in Nashe (1600),

“They *arre* and bark at night against the moon;”

and in Holland’s translation of Plutarch’s *Morals*, “a dog is, by nature, fell and quarrelsome, given to *arre* and war upon a very small occasion.” Erasmus has a meaning for R being the dog’s letter, which is not derived from the sound:—“R, *litera quæ in Rixando prima est, canina vocatur.*”

15 SCENE V.—“*Therefore do nimble-pinion’d doves draw love.*”

The “love” thus drawn was the queen of love; for “the wind-swift Cupid” had “wings.” Shakspeare had here the same idea which suggested his own beautiful description at the close of the *Venus* and *Adonis*:—

“Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey’d,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.”





ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad.
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps
me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send
me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the
second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, in-
deed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved
to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the
other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a
man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his
beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a
man for cracking nuts, having no other reason
but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but
such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel?
Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full
of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as

addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast
quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street,
because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain
asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a
tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?
with another, for tying his new shoes with old
riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quar-
relling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,
any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for
an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to
them.

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us?
Couple it with something; make it a word and
a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir,
an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion with-
out giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us min

strels! an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw unto some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love^a I bear thee can afford No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting:—Villain am I none; Therefore, farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee; But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! *Alla stoccata*^b carries it away. [*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher^c by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage; Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold Tybalt—good Mercutio^a—

[*Exit TYBALT and his Partisans.*

Mer. I am hurt—

A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage man: the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses, They have made worm's meat of me: I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses.

[*Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my cousin.^b—O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soft'en'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive!^c in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,

^a (A), hate.

^b *Alla stoccata*—the Italian term of art for the thrust with a rapier.

^c Scabboard.

^a We have restored the metrical arrangement of the preceding five lines, from (C) and the folio.

^b (A), kinsman.

^c So (A). (C) and folio, he gone.

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. Oh! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
child!

O prince,—O cousin,—husband,^a—the blood is
spill'd

Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice^b the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,—

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and swifter than
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false,¹ he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give,
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's^a proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence his body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging;^b such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.^c—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night

^a So (C) and folio. (D), "*unhappy sight, ah me,*" and in that copy, "*O cousin, cousin!*" in the third line beyond, is omitted. Some modern editors, in this and in other passages, have adopted the arbitrary course of *making up a text* out of the first quarto and the quarto of 1599, without regard to the important circumstance that this later edition was "*newly corrected, augmented, and amended,*"—and that the folio, in nearly every essential particular, follows it.

^b Slight.

^c (A), *hates*. (C), *hears*.

^d (A), *mansion*.

^e Juliet's soliloquy ends here in the first quarto

That, runaway's^a eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd^b blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,

Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day
in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords

^a This reading is that of all the old copies. The passage has been a perpetual source of contention to the commentators. Their difficulties are well represented by Warburton's question—"What runaways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopp'd?" Warburton says *Phæbus* is the runaway. Stevens proves that *Night* is the runaway. Douce thinks that *Juliet* is the runaway. It has been suggested to us that in several early poems Cupid is styled *Runaway*. Monck Mason is confident that the passage ought to be "That *fi-ronomy's* eyes may wink," *Renomy* being a new personage, created out of the French *Renommée*, and answering, we suppose, to the "Rumour" of Spenser. Zachary Jackson suggests that *runaways* is a misprint for *unawares*. The word *unawares*, in the old orthography, is *unawayres* (it is so spelt in the Third Part of Henry VI.), and the *r*, having been misplaced, produced this word of puzzle, *runawayres*. Mr. Collier adopts this reading. But Mr. Dyce objects: "That *ways* (the last syllable of run-aways) ought to be *Day's*, I feel next to certain; but what word originally preceded it I do not pretend to determine.

rude
soon } *Day's eyes may wink.*

Compare Macbeth:

"Come seeling night
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day."

There is much force in this objection. One more conjecture: *change a letter*; and put a comma instead of the genitive:—

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run away, eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!"

^b *Unmann'd*. A term of falconry. To man a hawk is to accustom her to the falconer who trains her.

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords
[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou
wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's
dead!—

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Whoever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;

Or those eyes shut, that make the answer, *I*.

If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes,—

God save the mark!²—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrout,³
break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;

And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I
had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?

My dearest⁴ cousin, and my dearest lord!

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Ty-
balt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring
face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

^a It is here necessary to retain the old spelling of the affirmative particle *I* (ay).

^b *Bankrout*. We restore the old poetical *bankrout*, in preference to the modern *bankrupt*.

^c (*d*), dear-lov'd.

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
 Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned^a saint, an honourable villain!—
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all nought, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*:—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make
 me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
 For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
 your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my
 husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth
 thy name,

When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled
 it?—

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my
 cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my hus-
 band:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
 And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my
 husband:

All this is comfort: Wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
 But, O! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
 That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
 But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe
 sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's
 corpse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine
 shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are be-
 guil'd,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cord; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding
 bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Lie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true
 knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou
 fearful man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
 doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
 Is my dear son with such sour company:
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
 doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—
 death.

For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

^a Thus (D). (C), *dimme*.

Fri. Here^a from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death :—then banished
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy : heaven is
here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly—
(And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death)—
But Romeo may not, he is banished.^b
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me ; banished ?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banished ?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little
speak.^c

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that
word ;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished ?—Hang up philosophy !
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

^a (A). Hence.

^b We have restored this passage to the reading of the folio. The lines were transposed by Steevens, without regard to any copy. In the first quarto the passage is altogether different. In that of 1609 it runs thus :—

“ This may flies do, when I from this must fly :—
(And say'st thou yet that exile is not death)—
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly,
They are free men, but I am banished.”

^c Thus (D).

Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost
not feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou
tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise ; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide
thyself. [*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock !—Who's there ?

—Romeo, arise ;

Thou wilt be taken :—Stay a while ;—stand up ;

[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study :—By and by :—God's will !
What simpleness^a is this ?—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's
your will ?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you
shall know my errand ;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo ?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case !

Fri. O woeful sympathy !

Piteous predicament !

Nurse. Even so lies she,

Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-
ing :—

Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;

Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir !—Well, death's the
end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?

^a (A), wilfulness.

Doth not she think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what
says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps
and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Draws his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,^a
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three
do meet

In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst
lose.

Fie, fie! thou shan'st thy shape, thy love, thy
wit;

Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to
cherish:

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,^b
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;

^a (A) reads—

"And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee."

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy:^a
The law, that threaten'd death, became thy
friend,

And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy:

A pack of blessing lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd^b and sullen wench,
Thou puttest up^c thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go, before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all
the night,

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to
chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,
sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands
all your state;

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence;
Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good
night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS:

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily

^a (A), which modern editors have followed, gives "happy too."

^b Thus (A). The folio, *mis-shaped*.

^c *Puttest up*. So the folio. (D) reads *puttest thy fortune*
to be to put up used as to put aside

That we have had no time to move our daughter :
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I ;—Well ; we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to
woo ;
Madam, good night : commend me to your
daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow ;

To-night she's mew'd^a up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday
next—

But, soft ; What day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday
is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl :—
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thurs-
day ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were
to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone :—O' Thursday be it
then :—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by :—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Loggia to Juliet's Chamber.*⁴

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near
day :

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree :⁵
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,⁶
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay than will to go ;—
Come, death, and welcome !—Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;^a
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change
eyes ;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.⁷
O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light ?—more dark and
dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your
chamber :

The day is broke ; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life
out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll
descend. [*ROMEO descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so ? love ! lord ! ay—hus-
band, friend !^b

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days :

^a *Sweet division.* A division in music is a number of quick notes sung to one syllable ; a kind of warbling. This continued to prevail in vocal music till rather recently. Handel, governed by custom rather than by his own better taste, introduces divisions in many of his airs and choruses. Steevens, in his note on this word, mistakes the meaning entirely.

^b (4) reads " my love, my lord, my friend."

^c Another term of falconry. The *mew* is the hawk's cage.

O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet
again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;^a
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,^a
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do
you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee
fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you
up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mo-
ther?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with
tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him
live:

Therefore, have done: some grief shows much
of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not
the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's
death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in
Mantua,—

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,^a

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied.

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd:

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find
such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy^b
time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful
father, child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thurs-
day morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,

Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear.

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

^a (A) (the other lines being different) has,

"That shall bestow on him so sure a draught."

^b (A), *needful*

^c (A), *below*, so low in folios.

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him
so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth^a doth
drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with
them,—

Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with
you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us
thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that
you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.^b

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What
is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you
not;—^c

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no
prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag-
gage!

You tallow face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
bless'd

That God had lent^a us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her;
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company,^b still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,^c
Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

^a (A), *sent.*

^b Thus (C) and folio. (A), which has been partially fol-
lowed, has

"God's blessed mother! Wife, it mads me.
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath been to see her match'd."

^c (A) gives *train'd*. (C) and folio, *allied*.

^a (D) gives us *ctr.*

^b *Meant love*—meant as love.

^c (C) has this line, which is not in the folio:—

"And yet not proud;—Mistress, minion, you."

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 't is: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

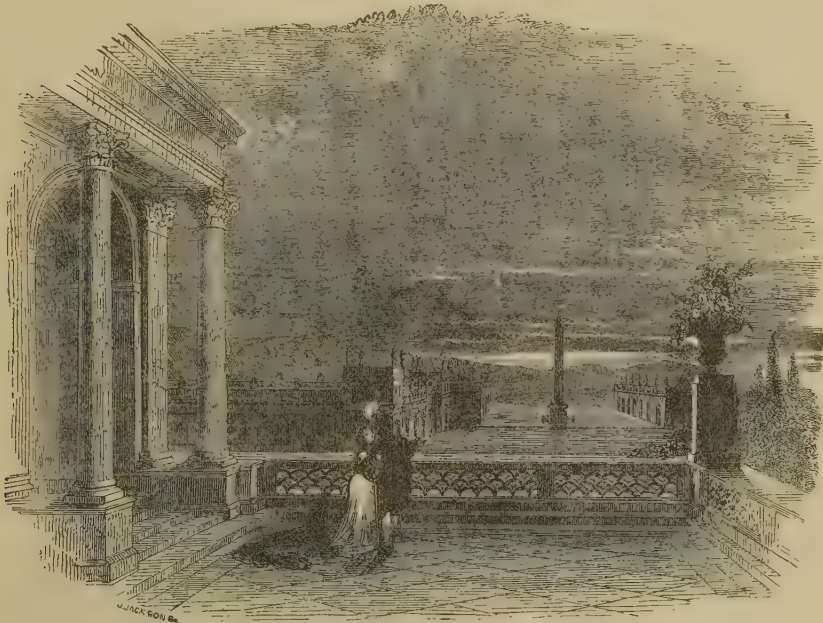
Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare?
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain —
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Affection makes him false.*”

THERE is a slight particle of untruth in Benvolio's statement, which, to a certain degree, justifies this charge of Lady Capulet. Tybalt was bent upon quarrelling with Romeo, but Mercutio forced on his own quarrel with Tybalt. Dr. Johnson's remark upon this circumstance is worthy his character as a moralist :—“ The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant, perhaps, to show how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality.”

² SCENE II.—“*God save the mark!*”

This expression occurs in the First Part of Henry IV., in Hotspur's celebrated speech defending the denial of his prisoners. In Othello, we have *God bless the mark*. In these cases, as in the instance before us, the commentators leave the expression in its original obscurity. May we venture a conjecture? The *mark* which persons who are unable to write are required to make, instead of their signature, is in the form of a *cross*; but anciently the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for, amongst the Saxons, the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, and to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. (See Blackstone's Commentaries.) The ancient use of the mark was universal; and the word *mark* was, we believe, thus taken to signify the *cross*. *God save the mark* was, therefore, a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath; in the same manner as assertions were made emphatic by the addition of “by the rood,” or, “by the holy rood.”

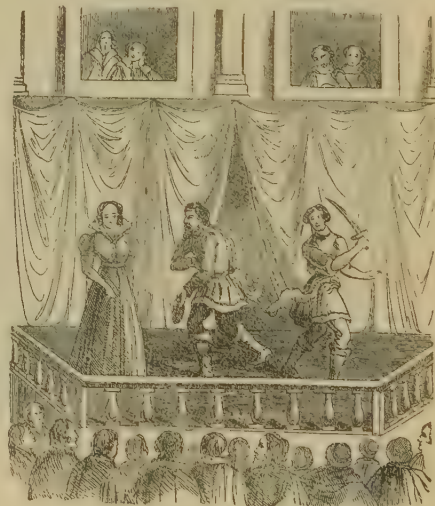
³ SCENE III.—“*Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask.*”

The force and propriety of this comparison are manifest; but, fully to understand it, we must know how the soldier of Shakspeare's time was accoutred. His heavy gun was fired with a match, his powder was carried in a flask; and the match and the powder, in unskilful hands, were doubtless sometimes productive of accidents; so that the man-at-arms was, like Romeo in his passion “dismembered with his own defence.”

⁴ SCENE V.—“*Juliet's chamber.*”

The stage direction in the folio edition of 1623 is, “Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.” In the first quarto, 1597, the direction is, “Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window.” To understand these directions, we must refer to the construction of the

old theatres. “Towards the rear of the stage,” says Malone, “there appears to have been a balcony or upper stage; the platform of which was probably eight or nine feet from the ground. I suppose it to have been supported by pillars. From hence, in many of our old plays, part of the dialogue was spoken; and in the front of it curtains likewise were hung, so as occasionally to conceal the persons in it from the view of the audience. At each side of this balcony was a box very inconveniently situated, which was sometimes called the *private box*. In these boxes, which were at a lower price, some persons sate, either from economy or singularity.” The balcony probably served a variety of purposes. Malone says, “When the citizens of Angiers are to appear on the walls of their town, and young Arthur to leap from the battlements, I suppose our ancestors were contented with seeing them in the balcony already described; or, perhaps, a few boards tacked together, and painted so as to resemble the rude discoloured walls of an old town, behind which the platform might have been placed near the top, on which the citizens stood.” It appears to us probable that even in these cases the balcony served for the platform, and that a few painted boards in front supplied the illusion of wall and tower. There was still another use of the balcony. According to Malone, when a play was exhibited within a play, as in Hamlet, the court, or audience, before whom the interlude was performed, sate in the balcony. To Malone's historical account of the English stage, and to Mr. Collier's valuable details regarding theatres (Annals of the Stage, vol. iii.), the reader is referred for



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fuller details upon this and other points which bear upon the economy of our ancient drama. We prefix a representation of the old stage, with its balcony, which we have been fortunate in finding engraved in the title-page to Dr. William Alabaster's Latin tragedy of "*Roxana*," 1632.

* SCENE V.—"*Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree.*"

In the description of the garden in Chaucer's translation of the "*Romaunt of the Rose*," the pomegranate is first mentioned amongst the fruit-trees :—

"There were (and that wot I full well)
Of pomegranates a full great deal."

The "orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits" was one of the beautiful objects described by Solomon in his Canticles. Amongst the fruit-bearing trees, the pomegranate is in some respects the most beautiful; and, therefore, in the south of Europe and in the East it has become the chief ornament of the garden. But where did Shakspeare find that the nightingale haunted the pomegranate-tree, pouring forth her song from the same bough, week after week? Doubtless in some of the old travels with which he was familiar. Chaucer puts his nightingale "in a fresh green laurel-tree;" but the preference of the nightingale for the pomegranate is unquestionable. "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time," says Russel in his account of Aleppo. A friend, whose observations as a traveller are as acute as his descriptions are graphic and forcible, informs us that throughout his journeys in the East he never heard such a choir of nightingales as in a row of pomegranate-trees that skirt the road from Smyrna to Bondjia. In the truth of details such as these the genius of Shakspeare is as much exhibited as in his wonderful powers of generalization.

6 SCENE V.—"*It was the lark, the herald of the morn.*"

Shakspeare's power of describing natural objects is unequalled in this beautiful scene, which, as we think, was amongst his very early productions. The *Venus* and *Adonis*, published in 1593, is also full of this power. Compare the following passage with the description of morning in the scene before us :—

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

7 SCENE V.—"*Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*"

There was one Gray, a maker of "certain merry ballads," who, according to Pottenham in his "*Art of English Poesy*" (1589), grew into good estimation with Henry VIII., and the Protector Somerset, for the said merry ballads, "whereof one chiefly was, 'The hunte is up, the hunte is up.' Douce thinks he has recovered the identical song, which he reprints. One stanza will, perhaps, satisfy our readers :—

"Chorus { The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up;
The birds they sing,
The deer they fling,
Hey, nony nony—no:
The hounds they crye,
The hunters flye,
Hey trolilo, trololilo.
The hunt is up, the hunt is up,"

8 SCENE V.—"*O God! I have an ill-divining soul.*"

Coleridge has some remarks upon that beautiful passage in Richard II., where the queen says—

"Some unborn sorrow, ripe in sorrow's womb,
Is coming toward me;"

which we may properly quote here: "Mark in this scene Shakspeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terra incognita* of presentiments, in the human mind; and how sharp a line of distinction he commonly draws between these obscure forecastings of general experience in each individual, and the vulgar errors of mere tradition. Indeed, it may be taken, once for all, as the truth, that Shakspeare, in the absolute universality of his genius, always reverences whatever arises out of our moral nature; he never profanes his muse with a contemptuous reasoning away of the genuine and general, however unaccountable, feelings of mankind."—(*Literary Remains*, vol. ii. page 174.)—Shakspeare has himself given us the key to his philosophy of presentiments. *Venus*, dreading the death of *Adonis* by the boar, says—

"The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;
And fear doth teach it divination;
I prophesy thy death."

Such presentiments, which may or may not be realised, appertain to the imagination when in a highly excited state. Our poet has exhibited the feeling under three different aspects in *Romeo and Juliet*; when *Romeo*, before going to the masquerade, exclaims—

"—my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels;"

he is under the influence of his habitual melancholy,—the sentiment of unrequited love, which colours all his imagination with a gloomy foreshadowing of coming events. In the passage before us, when *Juliet* sees her husband

"As one dead in the bottom of a tomb,"

we have "the fear" which doth "teach" her heart "divination." But *Romeo*, in the fifth Act, has a presentiment directly contrary to the approaching catastrophe: and this arises out of his "unaccustomed" animal spirits :—

"My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne."

All these states of mind are common to the imagination deeply stirred by passionate emotions. Nothing, in all Shakspeare's philosophy, appears to us finer than the deceiving nature of *Romeo's* presages in the last Act, as compared with the true-divining fears of *Juliet*.



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so:
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's
death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love:
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society;
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be
slow'd. *{Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

^a In (4) the passage is

"And I am nothing slack to slow his haste."

Jackson conjectures that the *to* of all the editions should be
of. But the meaning is obvious as it stands:—

"I am nothing slow, (so as) to slack his haste."

58

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thurs-
day next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with
tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, wit-
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slan-
der'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now:—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit PARIS.*]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast
done so,

Come weep with me: Past hope, past care, past
help!

Fri. O Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may proruog^e it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of
this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our
hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,^a
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of
hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,

Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder^b tower;

Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
bears;

Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling
bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;^a
Things that, to hear them told, have made me

tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

Take thou this phial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off:

When, presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse

Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.^b

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly^c ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,

Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then (as the manner of our country is,) ¹

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,¹

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave;^d

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;

And hither shall he come; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame;

If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

^a In (D), *shroud*. In folio, *grave*.

^b (A) gives this passage thus:—

"A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat."

We give the text of (C) and the folio. This speech of the friar, in the author's "amended" edition (B), is elaborated from thirteen lines to thirty-three; and yet the variorum editors have been bold enough even here, to give us a text made up of Shakspeare's first thoughts and his last.

^c In (D), *paly*. In (C), *many*.

^d This line, which is in all the ancient copies, has been left out in all the modern. The editors have here gone far beyond their office;—nor can we understand why the more particular working out of the idea in the next two lines should have given them offence. "Be borne," means "to be borne."

^a Nine lines, ending with this, are not in (A).

^b In (A), *yonder*. In (C) and folio, *any*.

Jul. Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear.
Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength
 shall help afford.
 Farewell, dear father! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, NURSE, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[Exit Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.²
2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— *[Exit Servant.]*
 We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
 What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
 A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
 Of disobedient opposition
 To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
 By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
 To beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
 Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;
 And gave him what becom'd^a love I might,
 Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
 Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
 All our whole city is much bound to him.

^a *Becom'd*—becoming.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
 To help me sort such needful ornaments
 As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.

[Exeunt JULIET *and* NURSE.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee.
 wife:

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
 I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What,
 ho!—

They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
 To county Paris, to prepare him up
 Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous
 light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
 For I have need of many orisons
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? Need you^a
 my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
 So please you, let me now be left alone,
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all
 In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!
 Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady CAPULET *and* NURSE.]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
 That almost freezes up the heat of life:
 I'll call them back again to comfort me;—

^a (A), *Do you need my help?*



Nurse!—What should she do here?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
 Come, phial.—
 What if this mixture do not work at all?
 Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?^a
 No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man:
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
 in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault,³ an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the
 bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
 Alack, alack! it is not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,

^a This speech of Juliet, like many others of the great passages throughout the play, received the most careful elaboration and the most minute touching. In the first edition it occupies only eighteen lines; it extends to forty-five in the "amended" edition of 1599. And yet it was a recent custom to make a patchwork of the two. This line in (*A*) is thus:—

"Must I of force be married to the county?"

The line which follows lower down—

"I will not entertain so bad a thought"—

Steevens says he has recovered from the quarto. We print the eighteen lines of the original, that the reader may see with what consummate skill the author's corrections have been made.

"Farewell, God knows when we shall meet again.

Ah, I do take a fearful thing in hand.

What if this potion should not work at all,

Must I of force be married to the county?

This shall forbid it. Knife, lie thou there,

What if the friar should give me this drink

To poison me, for fear I should disclose

Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,

He is a holy and religious man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought.

What if I should be stifled in the tomb?

Awake an hour before the appointed time.

Ah, then I fear I shall be lunatic:

And playing with my dead forefathers' bones,

Dash out my frantic brains. Methinks I see

My cousin Tybalt weltering in his blood,

Seeking for Romeo: Stay, Tybalt, stay.

Romeo I come, this do I drink to thee."

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, I drink to thee.^a

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch
 more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
 pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir! the second cock
 hath crow'd.

The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:—
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
 Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
 For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; 'What! I have watch'd
 ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
 your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exit Lady CAPULET and NURSE.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now,
 fellow,
 What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.⁴

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know
 not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*]
 —Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
 And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whore-
 son! ha,

^a The ordinary reading is that of (*A*):

"Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee."

In the subsequent quartos, and the folio, we have,

"Romeo, Romeo, Romeo!—here's drink—I drink to thee."

We think with Mr. Dyce that "here's drink," was the stage-direction of *here drink*. We do not adopt the first reading, because "I come" would seem to imply that Romeo was dead, and Juliet was about to meet him in another world.

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good father, 't is
day :
The county will be here with music straight,
[*Music within.*
For so he said he would. I hear him near :—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I
say!

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make
haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come al-
ready :
Make haste, I say. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the
Bed.*

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—
fast, I warrant her, she :—
Why, lamb!—Why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-
bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweetheart!—why,
bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths
now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I war-
rant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive
me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her:—Madam, madam, ma-
dam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down
again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only
life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord
is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead;
alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's
dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's
cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated;
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.^a

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to
make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with
Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return :
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife:—There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morn-
ing's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hate-
ful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

^a In the original we want these four exquisite lines. And yet the variorum editors have thrust in the single line which they found in (4) :—

"Accurs'd time, unfortunate old man."

^b The original text is *life, living, all is death's*. The substitution of *life leaving* was Capell's.

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd!

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead!
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath
all,

And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from
death;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 't was your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though some^a nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with
him;—

And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high
will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS,
and FRIAR.]

1 Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put
up,

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit* NURSE.]

^a Some *natur* and *nature* has been introduced into the text from the second folio. The difficulty of *some* is not manifest. Some *nature*—some impulses of nature—some part of our nature. The idea may have suggested the "Some natural tears" of Milton.

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians,^b *Heart's ease*, *heart's ease*; O, an you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

1 Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full*: O, play me some merry dump,^c to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 't is no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you;^d Do you note me?

1 Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;^e

Why, silver-sound? why music with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?^f

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!^g What say you, Hugh Rebeck?^h

2 Mus. I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer:

^a *Dump* was not originally a burlesque term, but it generally implied somewhat sorrowful or mournful.

^b *I'll re you, I'll fa you.* *Re* and *fa* are the syllables, or names, given in solmization, or sol-fa-ing to the sounds *r* and *f* in the musical scale.

^c See Illustrations to this Act.

^d *Cutting*—a lute-string.

^e (*C*). *prate*.

^f *Rebeck*—the three-string'd violin.

I will say for you. It is--music with her silver sound, because musicians have no gold for sounding:—*

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress,

[*Exit, singing.*]

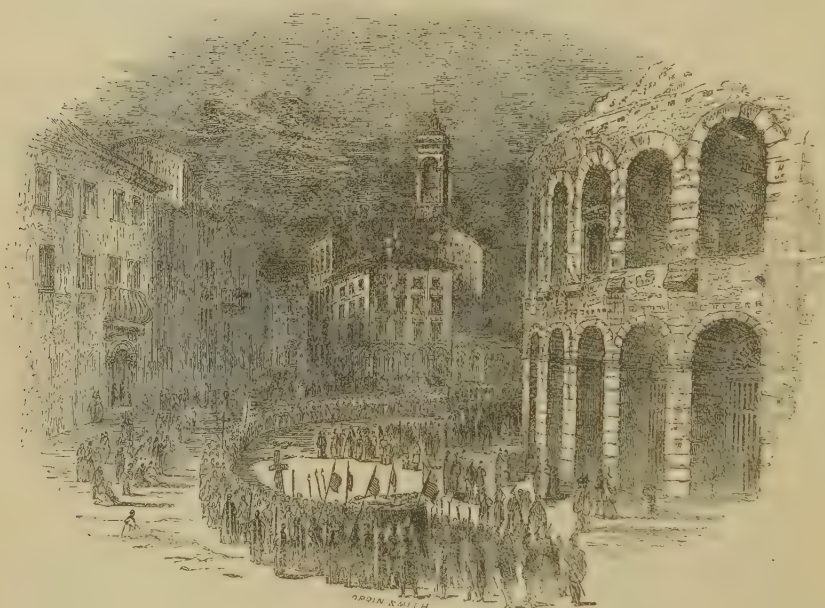
* In (A) we have "such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding;" and then the servant calls them "riddlers."

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

It is interesting to mark the change in the corrected copy. Shakspeare would not put offensive words to the skilled it music even into the mouth of a clownish servant.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE I.—*"In thy best robes, uncover'd on the bier."*

IN the adaptation of Bandello's tale, in "Painter's Palace of Pleasure," we have, "they will judge you to be dead, and, according to the custom of our city, you shall be carried to the church-yard hard by our church." The Italian mode of interment is given in the poem of Romeus and Juliet :—

" Another use there is, that whosoever dyes,
Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes
In wonted weede attyrd, not wrapt in winding-sheet."

Painter has no description of this custom; but Shakspeare saw how beautifully it accorded with the conduct of his story, and he therefore emphatically repeats it in the directions of the Friar, after Juliet's supposed death :—

" Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church."

Ancient customs survive when they are built upon the unaltering parts of national character, and have connexion with unalterable local circumstances. Juliet was carried to her tomb as the maids and the matrons of Italy are still carried. Rogers has most accurately described such a scene :—

" But now by fits
A dull and dismal noise assail'd the ear,
A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet;
And now a strange fantastic troop appear'd!
Thronging, they came—as from the shades below;
All of a ghostly white! 'Oh! say,' I cried,
'Do not the living here bury the dead?
Do spirits come and fetch them? What are these,
That seem not of this world, and mock the day;
Each with a burning taper in his hand?'
'It is an ancient brotherhood thou seest.
Such their apparel. Through the long, long line,
Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man;
The living mask'd, the dead alone uncover'd.
But mark'—And, lying on her funeral couch,
Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
Folded together on her modest breast,
As 't were her nightly posture, through the crowd
She came at last—and richly, gaily clad,
As for a birthday feast!"

² SCENE II.—*"Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks."*

The "cunning cook," in the time of Shakspeare, was, as he is at present, a great personage. According to an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company for 1560, the preacher was paid six shillings and two pence for his labour; the minstrel twelve shillings; and the cook fifteen shillings. The relative scale of estimation for theology, poetry, and gastronomy, has not been much altered during three centuries, either in the city generally, or in the Company which represents the city's literature.

TRAGEDIES.—VOL. I. F

Ben Jonson has described a master cook in his gorgeous style :—

" A master cook! why, he is the man of men,
For a professor; he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish.
Some he dry-ditches, some moats round with broths,
Mounts marrow-bones, cuts fifty angled custards,
Rears bulwark pies; and, for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust,
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner—
What ranks, what files, to put his dishes in,
The whole art military! Then he knows
The influence of the stars upon his meats,
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes and sauces.
He has nature in a pot, 'bove all the chemists,
Or bare-breech'd brethren of the rosy cross.
He is an architect, an engineer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician."

Old Capulet, in his exuberant spirits at his daughter's approaching marriage, calls for "twenty" of these artists. The critics think this too large a number. Ritson says, with wonderful simplicity, "Either Capulet had altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us." This is, indeed, to understand a poet with admirable exactness. The passage is entirely in keeping with Shakspeare's habit of hitting off a character almost by a word. Capulet is evidently a man of ostentation; but his ostentation, as is most generally the case, is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first Act he says to his guests,

" We have a trifling foolish banquet toward."

In the third Act, when he settles the day of Paris marriage, he just hints,—

" We 'll keep no great ado—a friend or two."

But Shakspeare knew that these indications of the "pride which apes humility" were not inconsistent with the "twenty cooks," the regret that

" We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time,"

and the solicitude expressed in

" Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica."

Steevens turns up his nose aristocratically at Shakspeare, for imputing "to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty solicitudes of a private house, concerning a provincial entertainment;" and he adds, very grandly, "To such a bustle our author might have been witness at home; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet." Steevens had not well read the history of society, either in Italy or in England, to have fallen into the mistake of believing that the great were exempt from such "anxieties." The baron's lady overlooked the baron's kitchen from her private chamber; and the still-room and the spicery not unfrequently occupied a large portion of her attention.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

³ SCENE III.—“*As in a vault.*”

It has been conjectured that the charnel-house under the church at Stratford, which contains a vast collection of human bones, suggested to Shakspeare this description of “the ancient receptacle” of the Capulets.

SCENE IV.—“*Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.*”

Vecellio has given us the costume of the menial servants and porters of Italy, which we here copy.



⁵ SCENE V.—“*Musicians, O, musicians!*”

Juliet is held to be dead. Capulet's joys are buried with his child. The musicians that came to accompany her to church remain in the hall. The scene which follows between Peter and the musicians has generally been considered ill-placed. Even Coleridge says, “As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, this scene is, perhaps, excusable.” Rightly understood, it appears to us that the scene requires no apology. It was the custom of our ancient theatre to introduce, in the irregular pauses of a play that stood in the place of a division into acts, some short diversion, such as a

song, a dance, or the extempore buffoonery of a clown. At this point of Romeo and Juliet there is a natural pause in the action, and at this point such an interlude would, probably, have been presented whether Shakspeare had written one or not. The stage direction in the second quarto puts this matter, as it appears to us, beyond a doubt. That direction says, “Enter Will Kempe,” and the dialogue immediately begins between Peter and the musicians. Will Kempe was the Liston of his day; and was as great a popular favourite as Tartetou had been before him. It was wise, therefore, in Shakspeare to find some business for Will Kempe, that should not be entirely out of harmony with the great business of his play. This scene of the musicians is very short, and, regarded as a necessary part of the routine of the ancient stage, is excellently managed. Nothing can be more naturally exhibited than the indifference of hirelings, without attachment, to a family-scene of grief. Peter and the musicians bandy jokes; and, although the musicians think Peter a “pestilent knave,” perhaps for his inopportune sallies, they are ready enough to look after their own gratification, even amidst the sorrow which they see around them. A wedding or a burial is the same to them. “Come, we'll in here—tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.” So Shakspeare read the course of the world—and it is not much changed. The quotation beginning—

“When griping grief the heart doth wound”—

is from a short poem in *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*, by Richard Edwards, master of the children of the chapel to Queen Elizabeth. This was set as a four-part song, by Adrian Batten, organist of St. Paul's in the reign of Charles I., and is thus printed, but without any name, in Hawkins's *History of Music*, vol. v. The question of Peter, “Why silver sound, why music with her silver sound?” is happily enough explained by Percy: “This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which, for the time it was written, is not inelegant) as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.”—(*Reliques*, vol. i.) Had Shakspeare a presentiment of what he was to receive at the hands of his own commentators?





ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth^a of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How doth my lady^b Juliet ? That I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

^a (*A*) *eye*. This word has been retained by some modern editors. But it is not difficult to see the growth of that philosophical spirit in Shakspeare which suggested the substitution of the word "truth," which opens to the mind a deep volume of metaphysical inquiry.

^b (*A*). *How fares my Juliet?*

Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars !—
Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper
And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.^a
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd ;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : get thee gone
And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight

[*Exit BALTHASAR*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

^a The first quarto has

"Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus."

But then all the remaining dialogue in the early play differs from the amended text of the author, and the changes show his accurate judgment. For example :—

"Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?"

that most important repetition, is omitted in the original play. Are we not to trust to this judgment ? Recent editors have not followed the example of some of their predecessors in dealing with his corrections according to their own caprice.

Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—^a

And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,

Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said—

An if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,^b

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

O, this same thought did but forerun my need;

And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house:

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—

What, ho! apothecary!^c

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have

A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear

As will disperse itself through all the veins,

That the life-weary taker may fall dead;

And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath

As violently as hasty powder fir'd

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law

Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,

^a We are tempted once more to trespass upon our limited space by giving the speech descriptive of the apothecary, from the first edition. The studies in poetical art, which Shakspeare's corrections of himself supply, are amongst the most instructive in the whole compass of literature:—

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means. As I do remember
Here dwells a pothecary whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needy shop is stuff'd
With beggarly accounts of empty boxes:
And in the same an alligator hangs,
Old ends of packthread, and cakes of roses,
Are thinly strewed to make up a show.
Him as I noted, thus with myself I thought:
An if a man should need a poison now
(Whose present sale is death in Mantua).
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerun my need; and hereabout he dwells.
Being holiday the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary! come forth I say."

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,

Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,

Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,^a

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law

The world affords no law to make thee rich;

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pray^b thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,

And drink it off; and, if you had the strength

Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world,

Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me

To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho.

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Law. This same should be the voice of friar John.—

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,^a

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him,—the searchers of the town,

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;

So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee;

So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice,^b but full of charge

Of dear import; and the neglecting it

May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;

Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight

Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

^a Steevens again! who has "recovered" from the first quarto the line in our common texts,

"Upon thy back hangs ragged misery."

^b (*A*), pay. (*C*) and folio, pray

^c Nice—trivial.

Iau. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents ;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Church-yard ; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees^a lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard ; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal-bed
I strew :

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distilled by moans ;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.^b

[*The Boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rite ?
What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, a while.

[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.

^a This passage is different in (A)—but an "Ew" tree is mentioned. In (C) we have *young-trees*—perhaps a typographical error ; but it occurs again.

^b The six lines which Paris here speaks are those of the quarto of 1599, and of the folio. Pope manufactured a passage from both quarto editions, and Steevens and Malone restored that of the elder quarto. The first copy is thus :—

"Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy oridial bed :
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity ;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this late-favour at my hands ;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb."

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light ; Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :

The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. —
Take thou that :

Live and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Retires.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which
grief,

It is supposed the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—

[*Advances.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these
gone ;

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put^a not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither arm'd against myself :

Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,^a
And apprehend thee for^b a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at
thee, boy. [*They fight.*]

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the
watch. [*Exit Page.*]

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*—If thou be
merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this
face ;—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris :—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me Paris should have married Juliet
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers
call

A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy
breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in
twain,

To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O,
here

^a (A), conjurations.

^b (A), do attach thee as.

^c The following lines are here introduced in (C) and the

Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips. O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apo-
thecary;

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*]

*Enter at the other end of the church-yard, Friar
LAURENCE with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-
night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's
there? ^a

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
friend,

What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls; as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my
master,

One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir;

My master knows not but I am gone hence;

And fearfully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes
upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

folio. Malone has very rationally conjectured that they are
interpolations of a compositor. The printer had, probably,
some imperfectly erased notes of the poet on his copy. We
give them as we find them:

"Come, lie thou in my arms;
Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in.
O true apothecary;
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
Depart again."

The speech, as it stands in our text, occupies forty-seven
lines. It extended only to twenty-three lines in the original
copy.
^a Steevens, in his text, has wrested a line out of the
first quarto:

"Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?"

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree^a
here,

I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!—[*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind
hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [*JULIET wakes and stirs.*

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from
that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come, away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;⁵
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare
no longer stay. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not
away.—

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and left no friendly
drop,

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—Which
way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O
happy dagger!

[*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust,
and let me die.

[*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the
torch doth burn.

^a Again young-tree in (C) and folio.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about
the church-yard:
Go, some of you, who'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—
[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him
in the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety till the prince
come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; Stay the friar
too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the streets cry—
Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in
your ears?

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county
Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Ro-
meo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our
daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house

Is empty on the back of Montague,*—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear,

And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romco, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:

I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means

To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,

* The dagger was worn at the back.

A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking), here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me.
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—

Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:

Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;

And, by and by, my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand.

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;

That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with
it brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished,
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

¹ To the poetical traveller it would be difficult to say whether Mantua would excite the greater interest as the birth-place of Virgil or as the scene of Romeo's exile. Surely, an Englishman cannot walk through the streets of that city without thinking of the apothecary in whose

"—— needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes."

Any description of the historical events connected with Mantua, or any account of its architectural monuments, would here be out of place.

² SCENE I.—"I do remember an apothecary."

The criticism of the French school has not spared this famous passage. Joseph Warton, an elegant scholar, but who belonged to this school, has the following observations in his *Virgil* (1763, vol. i. page 301):—

"It may not be improper to produce the following glaring instance of the absurdity of introducing long and minute descriptions into tragedy. When Romeo receives the dreadful and unexpected news of Juliet's death, this fond husband, in an agony of grief, immediately resolves to poison himself. But his sorrow is interrupted, while he gives us an exact picture of the apothecary's shop from whom he intended to purchase the poison.

'I do remember an apothecary,' &c.

"I appeal to those who know anything of the human heart, whether Romeo, in this distressful situation, could have leisure to think of the alligator, empty boxes, and bladders, and other furniture of this beggarly shop, and to point them out so distinctly to the audience. The description is, indeed, very lively and natural, but very improperly put into the mouth of a person agitated with such passion as Romeo is represented to be."

The criticism of Warton, ingenious as it may appear, and true as applied to many "long and minute descriptions in tragedy," is here based upon a wrong principle. He says that Romeo, in his distressful situation, had not "leisure" to think of the furniture of the apothecary's shop. What then had he leisure to do? Had he leisure to run off into declamations against fate, and into tedious apostrophes and generalizations, as a less skilful artist than Shakspeare would have made him indulge in? From the moment he had said,

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with you to-night,—
Let's see for means,"

the apothecary's shop became to him the object of the most intense interest. Great passions, when

they have shaped themselves into firm resolves, attach the most distinct importance to the minutest objects connected with the execution of their purpose. He had seen the apothecary's shop in his placid moments as an object of common curiosity. He had hastily looked at the tortoise and the alligator, the empty boxes, and the earthen pots; and he had looked at the tattered weeds and the overwhelming brows of their needy owner. But he had also said, when he first saw these things,

"An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."

When he *did* need a poison, all these documents of the misery that was to serve him came with a double intensity upon his vision. The shaping of these things into words was not for the audience. It was not to produce "a long and minute description in tragedy" that had no foundation in the workings of nature. It was the very cunning of nature which produced this description. Mischief was, indeed, swift to enter into the thoughts of the desperate man; but the mind once made up, it took a perverse pleasure in going over every item of the circumstances that had suggested the means of mischief. All other thoughts had passed out of Romeo's mind. He had nothing left but to die; and everything connected with the means of his death was seized upon by his imagination with an energy that could only find relief in words.

Shakspeare has exhibited the same knowledge of nature in his sad and solemn poem of "The Rape of Lucrece," where the injured wife, having resolved to wipe out her stain by death,

"—— calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy."

She sees in that painting some fancied resemblance to her own position, and spends the heavy hours till her husband arrives in its contemplation.

"So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow."

It was the intense interest in his own resolve which made Romeo so minutely describe his apothecary. But that stage past, came the abstraction of his sorrow:—

"What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet."

Juliet was dead; and what mattered it to his "betossed soul" who she should have married?

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with you to-night,"
was the sole thought that made him remember and

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"apothecary," and treat what his servant said as a "dream." Who but Shakspeare could have given us the key to these subtle and delicate workings of the human heart?

SCENE I.—*"Whose sale is present death in Mantua."*

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "Discourse of Tenures," says, "By the laws of Spain and Portugal it is not lawful to sell poison." A similar law, if we are rightly informed, prevailed in Italy. There is no such law in our own statute-book: and the circumstance is a remarkable exemplification of the difference between English and continental manners.

¹ SCENE II.—*"Going to find a bare-foot brother out."*

In the old poem of *Romeus and Juliet* we have the following lines:—

"Apace our friar John to Mantua hies;
And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise,
That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
But of their convent aye should be accompanied with one
Of his profession."

Friar Laurence and his associates must be supposed to belong to the Franciscan order of friars. The good friar of the play, in his kindness, his learning, and his inclination to mix with, and perhaps control, the affairs of the world, is no unapt representative of one of this distinguished order in their best days. Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," has described the learning, the magnificence, and the prodigious influence of this

remarkable body. Friar Laurence was able to give to Romeo

"Adversity's sweet milk—philosophy."

He was to Romeo

"a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend profess'd;"

but he was yet of the world. He married Romeo and his mistress, partly to gratify their love, and partly to secure his influence in the reconciliation of their families. Warton says the Franciscans "managed the machines of every important operation or event, both in the religious and political world."

² SCENE III.—*"The watch is coming"*

Malone maintains here and elsewhere, that there is no such establishment as the watch in Italy. Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, who, to an intimate knowledge of Shakspeare in general, adds a particular knowledge of Italian customs, says, "If Dogberry and Verges should be pronounced nothing else than the constables of the night in London, before the new police was established, I can assert that I have seen those very officers in Italy."

³ SCENE III.—*"Some shall be punished;" &c.*

The government of the Scaligers, or Scalas, commenced in 1259, when Mastino de la Scala was elected Podesta of Verona; and it lasted 113 years in the legitimate descendants of the first Podesta. The following is a representation of the tomb of this illustrious family at Verona, from an original sketch.





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"OF the truth of Juliet's story, they (the Veronese) seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love." Byron thus described the tomb of Juliet to his friend Moore, as he saw it at the close of autumn, when withered leaves had dropped into the decayed sarcophagus, and the vines that are trailed above it had been stripped of their fruit. His letter to Moore, in which this passage occurs, is dated the 7th November.* But this wild and desolate garden only struck Byron as appropriate to the *legend*—to that simple tale of fierce hatreds and fatal loves which tradition has still preserved, amongst those who may never have read Luigi da Porto or Bandello, and who, perhaps, never heard the name of Shakspeare. To the legend only is the blighted place appropriate. For who that has ever been thoroughly imbued with the story of Juliet, as told by Shakspeare,—who that has heard his "glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul," †—who that, in our great poet's matchless delineation of Juliet's love, has perceived "whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose," ‡—who, indeed, that looks upon the tomb of the Juliet of Shakspeare, can see only a shapeless ruin amidst wildness and desolation?

'———A grave? O, no: a lantern,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light."

Wordsworth has a philosophical remark upon Shakspeare which is applicable to all his tragedies: "Shakspeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us as pathetic beyond the bounds of pleasure." Wordsworth adds, that this effect, "in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular, impulses of

* Moore's Life of Byron, 8vo. 1838, p. 327. † A. W. Schlegel's Lectures, Black's translation, vol. ii. p. 187. ‡ Ibid.

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pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement."* In *Romeo and Juliet* the principle of limiting the pathetic according to the degree in which it is calculated to produce emotions of pleasure, is interwoven with the whole structure and conduct of the play. The tragical part of the story, from the first scene to the last, is held in subjection to the beautiful. It is not only that the beautiful comes to the relief of the tragic, as in *Lear* and *Othello*, but here the tragic is only a mode of exhibiting the beautiful under its most striking aspects. Shakspeare never intended that the story of *Romeo and Juliet* should lacerate the heart. When Mrs. Inchbald, therefore, said in her preface to the acted play, "*Romeo and Juliet* is called a pathetic tragedy, but it is not so in reality—it charms the understanding and delights the imagination, without melting, though it touches the heart,"—she paid the highest compliment to Shakspeare's skill as an artist, for he had thoroughly worked out his own idea. "Otway," Mrs. Inchbald adds, "would have rendered it more effective." Otway *did* render it "more effective." It is quite sufficient to refer to his '*Caius Marius*,' to show his success in converting beauty into what is called force. He did exactly what Garrick's less skilful hand ventured to do—to make Juliet wake before Romeo dies. It is marvellous how acute and ingenious men, such as Thomas Warton, for example, should be betrayed into criticism which deals with such a poem as *Romeo and Juliet* as if there were no unity of feeling, no homogeneity, in its entire construction. Warton says, "Shakspeare, misled by the English poem, missed the opportunity of introducing a most affecting scene by the natural and obvious conclusion of the story. In Luigi's novel, Juliet awakes from her trance in the tomb before the death of Romeo."† Shakspeare misled! Shakspeare missing the opportunity! Shakspeare working in the dark! Let us see what has been done by those who were not "misled," and who seized upon "the opportunity." Garrick has written sixty lines of good, orthodox, commonplace dialogue between Romeo and Juliet in the tomb, in which Romeo, before he begins to rave, talks very much in the style of one of Shenstone's shepherds,—as, for example,—

"And all my mind was happiness and thee."

Garrick, moreover, has omitted all such Shaksperian images as would be offensive to superfine ears, such as—

"————— here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids."

And yet, with all his efforts to destroy the beautiful, and all his managerial skill to thrust forward that species of pathetic which the actor delights in, for the purpose of exhibiting himself and bringing down the galleries, *Romeo and Juliet*, according to Mrs. Inchbald, "seldom attracts an elegant audience. The company that frequent the side-boxes will not come to a tragedy, unless to weep in torrents; and *Romeo and Juliet* will not draw even a copious shower of tears." Why, no! The vulgar pathos that Garrick has daubed over Shakspeare's catastrophe, with the same skill with which a picture-dealer would mend a Correggio, only serves to make the beauty, that he has been constrained to leave untouched, more unintelligible to "the company that frequent the side-boxes." The whole thing has become out of keeping. Instead of the sweetness that "ends with a long deep sigh, like the breeze of the evening,"‡ we have a rant about "cruel, cursed fate," which shrieks like the gusty wind in the chinks of a deserted and poverty-stricken hut. Instead of that beautiful close in which "the spring and the winter meet, winter assumes the character of spring, and spring the sadness of winter,"§ we have here a fierce storm,—“such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,”—which produces the effect of mere physical terror. Instead of "the flower that is softly shed on the earth, yet putting forth undying odours,"¶ we have the rank and loathsome weeds of the charnel-house. It is some praise to our age that any new attempts to "improve" Shakspeare would not be tolerated. It is a higher praise that the endeavour to revive upon the stage what the greatest master of the

* Observations prefixed to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*.

† *History of English Poetry*, vol. iv. p. 301 (1824).

‡ Coleridge, *Literary Remains*.

§ Coleridge, *Drake's Memorials*.

¶ *Retrospective Review*.

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dramatic art really wrote, has, in some few instances, received adequate encouragement. But we have yet a great deal to learn, and a great deal to unlearn, before the principle upon which *Romeo and Juliet* was written would be thoroughly appreciated by an *audience*. With the millions that read Shakspeare throughout the civilized world there is no difficulty.

Coleridge has described the homogeneousness—the totality of interest—which is the great characteristic of this play, by one of those beautiful analogies which could only proceed from the pen of a true poet:—

“Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes,—in the relative shapes of rocks, the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens, the leaves of the beech and the oak, the stems and rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to returning spring,—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of artificial plantations?—From this, that the natural landscape is effected, as it were, by a single energy modified *ab intra* in each component part. And as this is the particular excellence of the Shaksperian drama generally, so is it especially characteristic of the *Romeo and Juliet*.”*

Schlegel carried out the proofs of this assertion in an *Essay on Romeo and Juliet*;† in which, to use his own words, he “went through the whole of the scenes in their order, and demonstrated the inward necessity of each with reference to the whole; showed why such a particular circle of characters and relations was pladed around the two lovers; explained the signification of the mirth here and there scattered; and justified the use of the occasional heightening given to the poetical colours.”‡ Schlegel wisely did this to exhibit what is more remarkable in Shakspeare than in any other poet, “the thorough formation of a work, even in its minutest part, according to a leading idea—the dominion of the animating spirit over all the means of execution.”§ The general criticism of Schlegel upon *Romeo and Juliet* is based upon a perfect comprehension of this great principle upon which Shakspeare worked. Schlegel, we apprehend, succeeded Coleridge in giving a genial tone to criticism upon Shakspeare—for Coleridge first lectured on the drama in 1802, and Schlegel in 1808; and Schlegel may also have owed something indirectly to Coleridge,—to that master-mind who filled other minds as if they were conduits from his exhaustless fountain. But he in himself is a most acute and profound critic; and what he has done to make Shakspeare properly known, even in this country, where our perception of his greatness had long been obscured amidst the deep gloom of the critical fog that had hung over us for more than a century, ought never to be forgotten. The following is the close of a celebrated passage from Schlegel, upon *Romeo and Juliet*, which has often been quoted;—but it is altogether so true and so beautiful, that we cannot resist the pleasure of circulating it still more widely:—

“Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But, even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love survives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power. The sweetest and the bitterest, love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fulness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other; and all these contrasts are so blended in the harmonious and wonderful work into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh.”§

In selecting these passages to establish in the minds of our readers the great principle of the unity of feeling which so thoroughly pervades the *Romeo and Juliet*, and which constitutes the “particular excellence of the Shaksperian drama,” we have indirectly furnished the proof of the assertion with which we set out, that the tragical part of the story, from the first scene to the last, is held in subjection to the beautiful. The structure of the play essentially required this. Coleridge has said, that “Shakspeare meant the *Romeo and Juliet* to approach to a poem;” but of course, Coleridge meant a poem entirely modified by the dramatic power. We shall venture to trespass upon the

* *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 150.

† *Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 153.

‡ *Charakteristiken und Kritiken*.

§ *Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 186.

§ *Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 127.

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attention of our readers, whilst we examine the conduct of the story and the development of the characters under this aspect. When we have arrived at a due conception of the principle of art on which this drama was constructed—that of sublimating all that is literal and common in human actions and human thoughts, by the force of passion and imagination, throwing their rich colours upon the chief actors, and colouring, upon an indispensable law of harmony, all the groups around them—we shall reject, as utterly unworthy, all that mis-called criticism which takes its stand upon a *material* foundation—and, dealing with high poetry as if it were a thing of demonstrations and syllogisms, tells us that Shakspeare's comic scenes are here “happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.”*

The first scenes of nearly every play of Shakspeare are remarkable for the skill with which they prepare the mind for all the after scenes. We do not see the succession of scenes; the catastrophe is unrevealed. But we look into a dim and distant prospect, and by what is in the foreground we can form a general notion of the landscape that will be presented to us, as the clouds roll away, and the sun lights up its wild mountains or its fertile valleys. When Sampson and Gregory enter “armed with swords and bucklers”—when we hear, “a dog of the house of Montague moves me”—we know that these are not common servants, and live not in common times: with them the excitement of party-spirit does not rise into strong passion,—it presents its ludicrous side. They quarrel like angry curs who snarl, yet are afraid to bite. But the “furious Tybalt” in a moment shows us that these hasty quarrels cannot have peaceful endings. The strong arm of authority suspends the affray; but the spirit of enmity is not put down. The movement of this scene is as rapid as the quarrel itself. It produces the effect upon the mind of something which startles—almost terrifies; which passes away into repose, but which leaves an ineffaceable impression upon the senses. The calm immediately succeeds. Benvolio's speech,

“Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,”

at once shows us that we are entering into the region of high poetry. Coleridge remarks, that the succeeding speech of old Montague exhibits the poetical aspect of the play even more strikingly:—

“Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew.”

It is remarkable that the speech thus commencing, which contains twenty lines as highly wrought as anything in Shakspeare, are not in the first copy of this play. The experience of the artist taught him where to lay on the poetical colouring brighter and brighter. How beautifully these lines prepare us for the appearance of Romeo—the now musing, abstracted Romeo—the Romeo, who, like the lover of Chaucer,

“———— solitary was ever alone,
And waking all the night, making moan.”

The love of Romeo was unrequited love. It was a sentiment rather than a passion—a love which displayed itself “in the numbers that Petrarch flowed in”—a love that solaced itself in antithetical conceits upon its own misery, and would draw consolation from melancholy associations. It was the love without the “true Promethean fire.” But it was the fit preparation for what was to follow. The dialogue between Capulet and Paris prepares us for Juliet—the “hopeful lady of his earth,” who

“Hath not seen the change of fourteen years.”

The old man does not think her “ripe to be a bride;” but we are immediately reminded of the precocity of nature under a southern sun, by another magical touch of poetry, which tells us of youth and freshness—of summer in “April”—of “fresh female buds” breathing the fragrance of opening flowers. Juliet at length comes. We see the submissive and gentle girl; but the garrulity of the Nurse carries us back even to the

“Prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.”

Neither Juliet nor Romeo had rightly read their own hearts. He was sighing for a shadow—she fancied that she could subject her feelings to the will of others:—

* Johnson's concluding Remarks on Romeo and Juliet.

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"I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly."

The preparation for their first interview goes forward: Benvolio has persuaded Romeo to go to Capulet's feast. There is a slight pause in the action, but how gracefully is it filled up! Mercutio comes upon the scene. Coleridge has described him as "that exquisite ebullience and overflow of youthful life, wafted on over the laughing waves of pleasure and prosperity, as a wanton beauty that distorts the face on which she knows her lover is gazing enraptured, and wrinkles her forehead in the triumph of its smoothness! Wit ever wakeful, fancy busy and procreative as an insect, courage, an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh away those of others, and yet to be interested in them,—these and all other congenial qualities, melting into the common *copula* of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellences and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of Mercutio!"* Is this praise of Mercutio overcharged? We think not, looking at him dramatically. He is placed by the side of Romeo, to contrast with him, but also to harmonize. The poetry of Mercutio is that of fancy:—the poetry of Romeo is that of imagination. The wit of Mercutio is the overflow of animal spirits, occasionally polluted, like a spring pure from the well-head, by the soil over which it passes:—the wit of Romeo is somewhat artificial, and scarcely self-sustained;—it is the unaccustomed play of the intellect when the passions "have come to the clenching point,"—but it is under control—it has no exuberance which, like the wit of Mercutio, admits the colouring of the sensual and the sarcastic. The courage of Mercutio is, in the same way, the courage of high animal spirits, fearless of consequences, and laughing even when it has paid the penalty of its rashness—"Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man." The courage of Romeo is reflective and forbearing,—

"I do protest, I never injur'd thee."

But when his friend has fallen, his "newly entertained revenge" casts off all control—

"Away to heaven, respective lenity!

Then, again, how finely the calm, benevolent good sense of Benvolio blends with these opposites!

But the masquerade waits. We have here the realization of youth and freshness which Capulet promised to Paris; but at the moment when we see "the guests and the maskers" we have a touch in the expression of the old man's natural feelings, which tells us how perishable these things are:—

"——— I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone!"

But Juliet appears, and we think not of decay. We forget that "one generation pushes another off the stage." The very first words of Romeo show the change that has come o'er him. He went into that "hall in Capulet's house," fearing

"Some consequence yet hanging in the stars."

He had "a soul of lead"—he would be "a candle-holder and look on." But he has seen Juliet; and with what gorgeous images has that sight filled his imagination!

"O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

We have now the poetry of passion bursting upon us with its purple light. Compare this with the pale poetry of sentiment in the first scene, when he talks of Rosaline being

"——— too fair, too wise, wisely too fair."

Perfectly in accordance with this exaltation of mind is the address of Romeo to Juliet. The dialogue must be considered as that of persons each acting a character. But there is more in it than meets the ear;—it is not entirely the half expression of the thoughts of two maskers:—there is an under-

* Literary Remains, vol. II.

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current of reality which blends the language of affection with the language of compliment. When Romeo asks of the Nurse, "What is her mother?" and when Juliet inquires,

"What's he that now is going out of door?"

we see "the beginning of the end." But we do not forget that the anger of Tybalt at Romeo's presence has thrown a shadow over the brightness of their young love. The maskers are gone—the torches are extinguished—the voice of the revelry has ceased.

Romeo has leapt the wall of Capulet's garden. There are no longer

"Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light."

He has found a sequestered spot far apart from that banqueting-hall from which his Juliet descended, amidst the gay groups that floated about in that garden, to hang

"——— upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

He is alone. The moon

"Tips with silver all those fruit-tree tops."

He hears in the distant street the light-hearted Mercutio calling upon him by the names of

"Humours, passion, madman, lover,"

But he heeds him not. Juliet appears. She speaks.

"O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white, up-turned, wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air."

From this poetical elevation it would seem almost impossible for the lover to descend to earth,—and yet the earth hath visions of tenderness and purity, which equally belong to the highest region of poetry. The fears of Juliet for his safety—the "farewell compliment"—the

"In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;—"

the "do not swear;—the

"Stay but a little, I will come again;—"

the

"If that thy bent of love be honourable:—"

all these indications of the union of "purity of heart and the glow of imagination" belong to the highest region of an ideal world, and yet are linked to this our own world of beauty and frailty. This is one of the great scenes of the poem which cannot be comprehended if disjoined from all that is about it; any more than Juliet's soliloquy, in the third Act, after her marriage. It is one of the scenes that is consequently obnoxious to a false ridicule, and, what is worse, to a grovelling criticism. In the midst of the intensity of Juliet's "timidly-bold declaration of love," Steevens inserts one of the atrocious notes that he perpetrated under the fictitious name of Amner. It is a warning to us how far a prosaic spirit may descend into dirt, when it attempts to deal with a great artist without reverence for his art. There are three modes in which criticism, or what is called criticism, may be applied to high art. The first is, where the critic endeavours to look at an entire work,—not at parts of a work only,—in some degree through the same medium as the poet looked at his unformed creations. The second is, where the critic rejects that medium, for the most part through incapacity of using it, and peers through the smoked glass of what he calls common sense, that his eyes, forsooth, may not be dazzled. The third is, where the critic, from a superabundance of the power of detecting what appears the ridiculous side of things (which results from a deficiency of imagination), takes a caricaturist's view of the highest exercises of the intellect, and asserts his own cleverness by presenting a *travestie*. The first system, though it may be the most difficult, is the most safe; the third, though it appears the most insidious, is the least injurious; the second is, at once, easy and debasing; it may begin in Steevens and end in Amner.

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The "silver-sweet" sound of "lovers' tongues by night" is hushed. "The grey-eyed morn" sees the friar in his cell, bearing his "osier-cage" of

"Baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers."

Here is a new link in the conduct of the story. And what a beautiful transition have we made from the elevated poetry of passion to the scarcely less elevated poetry of philosophy! The old man, whose pious thoughts shape themselves into sweet and solemn cadences, stands as the antagonist principle of the passionate conflicts that are going on around him. He is to be a great agent in the workings of the drama. He would close up the dissensions of the rival houses—he would make the new lovers blessed in their union—he would assuage the misery of Romeo's exile—he would save his lady from an unholy marriage—he would join them again in life, although the tomb appears to have separated them. The good old man will rely too much upon his philosophy, and his skilful dealing with human actions; as the lovers have already relied too much upon the integrity of their passion as a shield against calamity. The half-surprise, the half-gladness of the friar, when Romeo tells him where his "heart's dear love is set," are delightful. The reproof that is meant for a commendation—the "come, young waverer"—the "wisely and slow,"—are all true to nature. But Romeo has secured his purpose, and his heart is at ease. Then is he fit to play a part in the comic scenes that succeed,—to bandy words with Mercutio—to be pleasant with the Nurse. But Juliet's soliloquy while she is waiting for the Nurse,

"O, she is lame love's heralds should be thoughts,"

and the scene with Romeo, Juliet, and the friar, again bring us back to the high region of poetry. The latter scene was greatly elaborated after the first draft. It was originally a simple melody, but now it flows with the full harmony of the three voices in unison.

We have almost lost sight of the quarrels of the rival houses of Verona.—We see only the two lovers, who cannot sum up "half their sum of wealth," and have forgotten their names of Montague and Capulet as names of strife. But an evil hour is approaching. The brawl with which the drama opened is to be renewed—

"The day is hot, the Capulets abroad."

The "fiery Tybalt" and the "bold Mercutio" are the first victims of this factious hate—and Romeo is banished. The action does not move laggingly—all is heat and precipitation. Juliet sits alone in her room, unconscious of all but her impassioned imaginings. She thinks aloud in the solitude which is around her, with a characteristic vehemence of temperament; but in this soliloquy "there is something so almost infantine in her perfect simplicity, so playful and fantastic in the imagery and language, that the charm of sentiment and innocence is thrown over the whole."* The scene in which the Nurse tells her disjointed story of Tybalt's death is a masterpiece. We have here to encounter the often repeated objection, that Shakspeare uses conceits when he ought to be expressing the language of vehement passion. The conceits are not in accordance with the general taste of our own age, though they were so with that of Shakspeare's. But they have a much higher justification. They are the results of strong emotion, seeking to relieve itself by a violent effort of the intellect, that the will may recover its balance. Immediately after the lines in which we have that play upon words whose climax is,

"I am not I, if there be such an I,"

we come at once to an exclamation of the deepest pathos and simplicity:—

"O break my heart!—poor bankrout;"—

and then, when Juliet knows that Romeo is not dead, but that Tybalt has fallen by the hand of her husband, what a natural revulsion of feeling succeeds!—

"O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!"

The transition from her reproach of Tybalt's murderer, to a glorious trust in the integrity of her lord, is surpassingly beautiful. Not less beautiful is the passion which Romeo exhibits in the

* Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*, third edition, vol. I. p. 193.

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friar's cell. Each of the lovers in these scenes shows the intensity of their abandonment to an overmastering will. "They see only themselves in the universe." That is the true moral of their fate. But, even under the direst calamity, they catch at the one joy which is left—the short meeting before the parting. And what a parting that is! Here, again, comes the triumph of the beautiful over the merely tragic. They are once more calm. Their love again breathes of all the sweet sights and sounds in a world of beauty. They are parting—but the almost happy Juliet says,

"It is not yet near day,—
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

Romeo, who sees the danger of delay, is not deceived :—

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn."

Then what a burst of poetry follows!—

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops."

The scene closes with that exquisite display of womanly tenderness in Juliet, which hurries from the forgetfulness of joy in her husband's presence, to apprehension for his safety. After this scene, we are almost content to think, as Romeo fancied he thought,

"come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy."

The sorrow does come upon poor Juliet with redoubled force. The absolute father, the unyielding mother, the treacherous Nurse,—all hurrying her into a loathed marriage,—might drive one less resolved to the verge of madness. But from this moment her love has become heroism. She sees

"No pity sitting in the clouds"—

she rejects her Nurse—she resolves to deceive her parents. This scene brings out her character in its strongest and most beautiful relief. The Nurse, in the grossness of her nature, has dared to talk to the wife of Romeo—the all-loving and devoted wife—of the green eye of Paris! The Nurse mistook the one passion of Juliet—the sense raised into soul—for a grovelling quality that her lofty imagination would utterly despise. "O most wicked fiend!" Not so Juliet's other counsellor. The friar estimated her constancy, and he did "spy a kind of hope" that it might be rewarded. He saw that Juliet would, at all hazards, put away "the shame" of marrying Paris. Well had the friar reckoned upon her "strength of will." The scene in his cell, and the subsequent scene when she swallows the draught, are amongst the most powerful in the play; and yet we never lose sight of the highest poetry, mingling what is grand with what is beautiful. When Juliet is supposed to be dead, nature again asserts her empire over the tetchy and absolute father, and the mother weeps over the

"One, poor one, one poor and loving child."

Here, again, the gentle poetry of common feelings comes to the relief of the scene; and the friar brings in a higher poetry in the consolations of divine truth.

As we approach the catastrophe, the poetical cast of Romeo's mind becomes even more clearly defined than in the earlier scenes. It was first fanciful, then imaginative, then impassioned—but when deep sorrow has been added to his love, and he treads upon the threshold of the world of shadows, it puts on even a higher character of beauty. We have elsewhere spoken* of the celebrated speech of the "Apothecary;" refusing to believe that it forms an exception to the general character of the beauty that throws its rich evening light over the closing scenes. The gentleness of Romeo is apparent, even while he says—

"The time and my intents are savage-wild;"

for he adds, with a strong effort, to his faithful Balthasar,

"Live, and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow."

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His entreaties to Paris—"O be gone!"—are full of the same tenderness. He is constrained to fight with him—he slays him—but he almost weeps over him, as

"One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.

The remainder of Romeo's speech in the tomb is, as Coleridge has put it, "the master example, how beauty can at once increase and modify passion."

"O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh."

This is the one portion of the "melancholy elegy on the frailty of love, from its own nature and external circumstances,"* which Romeo sings before his last sleep. And how beautifully is the corresponding part sung by the waking and dying Juliet!—

"What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after!—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them
To make me die with a restorative."

They have paid the penalty of the fierce hatreds that were engendered around them, and of their own precipitancy. But their misfortunes and their loves have healed the enmities of which they were the victims. "Poor sacrifices!" Capulet may now say,

"O, brother Montague, give me thy hand."

They have left a peace behind them which they could not taste themselves. But their first "rash and unadvis'd" contract was elevated into all that was pure and beautiful, by their after sorrows and their constancy; and in happier regions their affections may put on that calmness of immortality which the ancients typified in their allegory of "Love and the Soul."

* A. W. Schlegel.







[Danish Lutes.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF HAMLET.

THE earliest edition of Hamlet known to exist is that of 1603. It bears the following title: 'The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, by William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1602.' The copy of this edition in the library of the Duke of Devonshire wants the last leaf. This was reprinted in 1825. Another copy is known, without the title-page.

The second edition of Hamlet was printed in 1604, under the following title: 'The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and *enlarged to almost as much againe as it was*, according to the true and perfect coppie. Printed by J. R. for N. Laudure, 1604, 4to.' This edition was reprinted in 1605, in 1609, in 1611, and there is also a quarto edition without a date. Steevens has reprinted the edition of 1611, in his twenty plays.

In the folio of 1623 some passages which are found in the quarto of 1604 are omitted. In our text we have given these passages, indicating them as they occur. In other respects our text, with one or two minute exceptions, is wholly founded upon the folio of 1623. From this circumstance our edition will be found considerably to differ from the text of Johnson and Steevens, of Reed, of Malone, and of all the current editions which are founded upon these. Mr. Caldecott alone, in his 'Specimen of an Edition of Shakspeare,' privately printed in 1832, recognises the authority of the folio of 1623. We cannot comprehend the pertinacity with which Steevens and Malone rejected this authority. There cannot be a doubt, we apprehend, that the verbal changes in the text were the corrections of the author. We have given the parallel passages in the quarto of 1604 in our foot notes.

In the reprint of the edition of 1603, it is stated to be "the only known copy of this tragedy, as *originally written by Shakespeare*, which he afterwards altered and enlarged." We believe that this description is correct; that this remarkable copy gives us the play as originally written by Shakspeare. It may have been piratical, and we think it was so. It may, as Mr. Collier says, have been "published in haste from a short-hand copy, taken from the mouths of the players." But this process was not applied to the finished Hamlet; the Hamlet of 1603 is a sketch of the perfect

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Hamlet, and probably a corrupt copy of that sketch. Mr. Caldecott believes that this copy exhibits, "in that which was afterwards wrought into a splendid drama, the first conception, and comparatively feeble expression, of a great mind." We think, further, that this first conception was an early conception; that it was remodelled,—“enlarged to almost as much againe as it was,”—at the beginning of the 17th century; and that this original copy being then of comparatively little value was piratically published.

It is, perhaps, fortunate as regards the integrity of the current text of Hamlet, that the quarto of 1603 was unknown to the commentators; for they unquestionably would have done with it as they did with the first sketch of Romeo and Juliet. They would have foisted passages into the amended play which the author had rejected, and have termed this process a *recovery* of the original text. Without employing this copy in so unjustifiable a manner, we have availed ourselves of it, in several cases, as throwing a new light upon difficult passages. But the highest interest of this edition consists, as we believe, in the opportunity which it affords of studying the growth, not only of our great poet's command over language—not only of his dramatical skill,—but of the higher qualities of his intellect—his profound philosophy, his wonderful penetration into what is most hidden and obscure in men's characters and motives. We request the reader's indulgence whilst we attempt to point out some of the more important considerations which have suggested themselves to us, in a careful study of this original edition.

And, first, let us state that all the *action* of the amended Hamlet is to be found in the first sketch. The play opens with the scene in which the Ghost appears to Horatio and Marcellus. The order of the dialogue is the same; but, in the quarto of 1604, it is a little elaborated. The grand passage beginning—

“ In the most high and palmy state of Rome,”

is not found in this copy; and it is omitted in the folio. The second scene introduces us, as at present, to the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, and Laertes, but in this copy Polonius is called Corambis. The dialogue here is much extended in the perfect copy. We will give an example:—

[Quarto of 1603.]

Ham. “ My lord, 'tis not the sable suit I wear;
No, nor the tears that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted 'haviour in the visage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equal to the sorrow of my heart;
Him have I lost I must of course forgo,
These, but the ornaments and suits of woe.”

[Quarto of 1604.]

Ham. “ 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.”

We would ask if it is possible that such a careful working up of the first idea could have been any other work than that of the poet himself? Can the alterations be accounted for upon the principle that the first edition was an imperfect copy of the complete play, “published in haste from a short-hand copy taken from the mouths of the players?” Could the players have transformed the line—

“ But I have that within which passeth show,”

into,

“ Him have I lost I must of force forgo,”

The haste of short-hand does not account for what is truly the refinement of the poetical art. The same nice elaboration is to be found in Hamlet's soliloquy in the same scene. In the first copy we have not the passage so characteristic of Hamlet's mind,

“ How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world.”

Neither have we the noble comparison of “Hyperion to a satyr.” The fine Shaksperian phrase, so deep in its metaphysical truth, “a beast that wants discourse of reason,” is, in the first copy, “a beast deroid of reason.” Shakspeare must have dropt verse from his mouth, as the fairy in the Arabian tales dropt pearls. It appears to have been no effort to him to have changed the whole arrangement of a poetical sentence, and to have inverted its different members; he did this as readily as if he were dealing with prose. In the first copy we have these lines,—

“ Why, she would hang on him as if increase
Of appetite had grown by what it look'd on.”

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In the amended copy we have—

“ Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.

Such changes are not the work of short-hand writers.

The interview of Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus with Hamlet, succeeds as in the perfect copy, and the change here is very slight. The scene between Laertes and Ophelia in the same manner follows. Here again there is a great extension. The injunction of Laertes in the first copy is contained in these few lines :—

“ I see Prince Hamlet makes a show of love.
Beware, Ophelia; do not trust his vows.
Perhaps he loves you now, and now his tongue
Speaks from his heart; but yet take heed, my sister.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon;
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious thoughts:
Believ't, Ophelia; therefore keep aloof,
Lest that he trip thy honour and thy fame.”

Compare this with the splendid passage which we now have. Look especially at the following lines, in which we see the deep philosophic spirit of the mature Shakspeare :—

“ For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.”

Polonius and his few precepts next occur; and here again there is slight difference. The lecture of the old courtier to his daughter is somewhat extended. In the next scene, where Hamlet encounters the Ghost, there is very little change. We have noticed in our illustrations how the poet introduced in the perfect copy a modification of the censure of the Danish wassels. In all the rest of the scene there is scarcely a difference between the two copies. The character of Hamlet is fully conceived in the original play, whenever he is in action, as in this scene. It is the contemplative part of his nature which is elaborated in the perfect copy. This great scene, as it was first written, appeared to the poet to have been scarcely capable of improvement.

The character of Polonius, under the name of Corambis, presents itself in the original copy with little variation. We have extension, but not change. As we proceed, we find that Shakspeare in the first copy more emphatically marked the supposed madness of Hamlet than he thought fit to do in the amended copy. Thus Ophelia does not, as now, say,—

“ Alas my lord, I have been so affrighted;”

but she comes at once to proclaim Hamlet *mad* :—

“ O my dear father, such a change in nature
So great an alteration in a prince!
He is bereft of all the wealth he had;
The jewel that adorn'd his feature most
Is filch'd and stolen away—his wit's bereft him.”

Again, in the next scene, when the King communicates his wishes to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he does not speak of Hamlet as merely put “ from the understanding of himself;” but in this first copy he says—

“ Our dear cousin Hamlet
Hath lost the very heart of all his sense.”

In the description which Polonius, in the same scene, gives of Hamlet's madness for Ophelia's love, the symptoms are made much stronger in the original copy :—

“ He straightway grew into a melancholy;
From that unto a fast; then unto distraction;
Then into a sadness; from that unto a madness;
And so by continuance and weakness of the brain,
Into this frenzy which now possesses him.”

It is curious that in Burton's ‘Anatomy of Melancholy,’ we have the stages of melancholy, madness,

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and frenzy, indicated as described by Celsus; and Burton himself mentions frenzy as the worst stage of madness, "clamorous, continual." In the first copy, therefore, Hamlet, according to the description of Polonius, is not only the prey of melancholy and madness, but "by continuance" of frenzy. In the amended copy the symptoms, according to the same description, are much milder;—a sadness—a fast—a watch—a weakness—a lightness,—and a madness. The reason of this change appears to us tolerably clear. Shakspeare did not, either in his first sketch or his amended copy, intend his audience to believe that Hamlet was essentially mad; and he removed, therefore, the strong expressions which might encourage that belief.

Immediately after the scene of the original copy in which Polonius describes Hamlet's frenzy, Hamlet comes in and speaks the celebrated soliloquy. In the amended copy this passage, as well as the scene with Ophelia which follows it, is placed after Hamlet's interview with the players. The soliloquy in the first copy is evidently given with great corruptions, and some of the lines appear transposed by the printer: on the contrary, the scene with Ophelia is very slightly altered. The scene with Polonius, now the second scene of the second act, follows that with Ophelia in the first copy. In the interview with Guildenstern and Rosencrantz the dialogue is greatly elaborated in the amended copy; we have the mere germ of the fine passage, "This goodly frame, the earth," &c.—prose with almost more than the music of poetry. In the first copy, instead of this noble piece of rhetoric, we have the following somewhat tame passage:—

"Yea, faith, this great world you see contents me not; no, nor the spangled heavens, nor earth, nor sea; no, nor man that is so glorious a creature contents not me; no, nor woman too, though you laugh."

We pass over for the present the dialogue between Hamlet and the players, in which there are considerable variations, not only between the first and second quartos, but between the second quarto and the folio, tending, as we think, to fix the date of each copy. In the same way we pass over the speeches from the play "that pleased not the million," as well as the directions to the players in the next act. These passages, as it appears to us, go far to establish the point, that the Hamlet of the edition of 1603 was an early production of the poet. Our readers, we think, will be pleased to compare the following passage of the first copy and the amended play, which offer us an example of the most surpassing skill in the elaboration of a first idea:—

[Quarto of 1603.]

Ham. "Horatio, thou art even as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my lord!

Ham. Nay, why should I flatter thee?

Why should the poor be flatter'd?

What gain should I receive by flattering thee,

That nothing hath but thy good mind?

Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongues,

To glose with them that love to hear their praise,

And not with such as thou, Horatio."

[Quarto of 1604.]

Ham. "Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord!

Ham.

Nay, do not think I flatter.

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow fawning! Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice,

And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been

As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards

Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please: Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee.—Something too much of this."

Schlegel observes, that "Shakspeare has composed 'the play' in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes, full of antitheses." Let us give an example of this in the opening speech of the king:—

Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite, commutual in most sacred bands."

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Here is not only the antithesis, but the artificial elevation, that was to keep the language of the interlude apart from that of the real drama. Shakspeare has most skilfully managed the whole business of the player-king and queen upon this principle; but, as we think, when he wrote his first copy, his power as an artist was not so consummate. In that copy, the first lines of the player-king are singularly flowing and musical; and their sacrifice shows us how inexorable was his judgment:—

“ Full forty years are pass’d, their date is gone,
Since happy time join’d both our hearts as one;
And now the blood that fill’d my youthful veins
Runs weakly in their pipes, and all the strains
Of music, which whilome pleased mine ear,
Is now a burthen that age cannot bear.”

The soliloquy of the king in the third act is greatly elaborated from the first copy; and so is the scene between Hamlet and his mother. In the play, as we now have it, Shakspeare has left it doubtful whether the queen was privy to the murder of her husband; but in this scene, in the first copy, she says,—

“ But, as I have a soul, I swear by heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder.”

And Hamlet, upon this declaration, says,—

“ And, mother, but assist me in revenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.”

The queen, upon this, protests—

“ I will conceal, consent, and do my best,
What stratagem soe’er thou shalt devise.”

In the amended copy, the queen merely says,—

“ Be thou assur’d, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.”

The action of the amended copy, for the present, proceeds as in the first copy. Gertrude describes the death of Polonius, and Hamlet pours forth his bitter sarcasm upon the king:—“ Your fat king and your lean beggar are but variable services.” Hamlet is dispatched to England. Fortinbras and his forces appear upon the stage. The fine scene between Hamlet and the captain, and Hamlet’s subsequent soliloquy, are not to be found in the quarto of 1603, nor in the folio. The madness of Ophelia is beautifully elaborated in the amended copy, but all her snatches of songs are the same in both editions. What she sings, however, in the first scene of the original copy, is with great art transposed to the second scene of the amended one. The pathos of—

“ And will he not come again?”

is doubled, as it now stands, by the presence of Laertes.

We are now arrived at a scene in the quarto of 1603, altogether different from anything we find in the amended copy. It is a short scene between Horatio and the queen, in which Horatio relates Hamlet’s return to Denmark, and describes the treason which the king had plotted against him, as well as the mode by which he had evaded it, by the sacrifice of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The queen, with reference to the

“——subtle treason that the king had plotted.”

says,—

“ Then I perceive there’s treason in his looks
That seem’d to sugar o’er his villainy;
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous minds are always jealous.”

This is decisive as to Shakspeare’s original intentions with regard to the queen; but the suppression of the scene in the amended copy is another instance of his admirable judgment. She does not redeem her guilt by entering into plots against her guilty husband; and it is far more characteristic of the irregular impulses of Hamlet’s mind, and of his subjection to circumstances, that he should have no confidences with his mother, and should not form with her and Horatio any plans of revenge. The story of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is told in six lines:—

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Queen. "But what became of Gilderstone and Rosencraft?
Hor. He being set ashore, they went for England,
And in the packet there writ down that doom
To be perform'd on them pointed for him:
And by great chance he had his father's seal,
So all was done without discovery."

The expansion of this simple passage into the exquisite narrative of Hamlet to Horatio of the same circumstances, presents, to our minds, a most remarkable example of the difference between the mature and the youthful intellect.

The scene of the grave-digger, in the original copy, has all the great points of the present scene. The frenzy of Hamlet at the grave is also the same. Who but the poet himself could have worked up this line—

"Anon, as mild and gentle as a dove,"

into—

"Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping."

The scene with Osric is greatly expanded in the amended copy. The catastrophe appears to be the same; but the last leaf of the copy of 1603 is wanting.

There is a general belief that some play under the title of Hamlet had preceded the Hamlet of Shakspeare. Probable as this may be, it appears to us that this belief is sometimes asserted too authoritatively. Mr. Collier, whose opinion upon such matters is indeed of great value, constantly speaks of "The old Hamlet." Mr. Skottowe is more unqualified in his assertion of this fact:—"The history of Hamlet formed the subject of a play which was acted previous to 1589; and arguing from the general course of Shakspeare's mind, that play influenced him during the composition of his own Hamlet. But, unfortunately, the old play is lost." In a very useful and accurate work, 'Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual,' we are told in express terms of "*Kyd's* old play of Hamlet." Mr. Skottowe and Mr. Lowndes have certainly mistaken conjecture for proof. Not a tittle of distinct evidence exists to show that there was any other play of Hamlet but that of Shakspeare; and all the collateral evidence upon which it is inferred that an earlier play of Hamlet than Shakspeare's did exist, may, on the other hand, be taken to prove that Shakspeare's original sketch of Hamlet was in repute at an earlier period than is commonly assigned as its date. This evidence is briefly as follows:—

1. Dr. Farmer, in his 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' first brought forward a passage in 'An Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of the Two Universities,' by Thomas Nash, prefixed to Green's 'Arcadia,' which he considers directed "very plainly at Shakspeare in particular." It is as follows:—"It is a common practise now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busie themselves with the endeavors of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca, reade by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and so forth: and, if you intreat him farre in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, handfuls, of tragical speeches." Farmer adds, "I cannot determine exactly when this epistle was first published, but I fancy it would carry the original Hamlet somewhat further back than we have hitherto done." Malone found that this epistle was first published in 1589;* and he, therefore, was inclined to think that the allusion was not to Shakspeare's drama, conjecturing that the Hamlet just mentioned might have been written by Kyd. Mr. Brown, in his ingenious work on Shakspeare's Sonnets, contends that the passage applies distinctly to Shakspeare;—that the expression, "the trade of *Noverint*," had reference to some one who had been a lawyer's clerk;—and that the technical use of law phrases by Shakspeare proves that his early life had been so employed. We have then only the difficulty of believing that the original sketch of Hamlet was written in, or before, the year 1589. Mr. Brown leaps over the difficulty, and boldly assigns this sketch, as published in the quarto of 1603, to the year 1589. We see nothing extravagant in this belief. Let it be remembered that in that very year, when Shakspeare was twenty-five, it has been distinctly proved by Mr. Collier that he was a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre, with others, and some of note, below him in the list of sharers.

* Mr. Dyce says 1587; but no proof of the earlier date is given. (Green's Works.)

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2. In the accounts found at Dulwich College, which were kept by Henslowe, an actor contemporary with Shakspeare, we find the following entry as connected with the theatre at Newington Butts:—

"9 of June 1594, at hamlet VIII s."

The eight shillings constituted Henslowe's share of the profits of this representation. Malone says, that this is a full confirmation that there was a play on the subject of Hamlet prior to Shakspeare's; for "it cannot be supposed that our poet's play should have been performed but once in the time of this account, and that Mr. Henslowe should have drawn from such a piece but the sum of eight shillings, when his share in several other plays came to three and sometimes four pounds." We cannot go along with this reasoning. Henslowe's accounts are thus headed:—"In the name of God, Amen, beginning at Newington, my lord admiroll men, and my lord chamberlen men, as followeth, 1594." Now, "my lord chamberlen" men were the company to which Shakspeare belonged; and we find from Mr. Collier that one of their theatres, the Globe, was erected in the spring of 1594. The theatre was wholly of wood, according to Heutzner's description of it; it would, therefore, be quickly erected; and it is extremely probable that Shakspeare's company only used the theatre at Newington Butts for a very short period, during the completion of their own theatre, which was devoted to summer performances. We can find nothing in Malone's argument to prove that it was not Shakspeare's Hamlet which was acted by Shakspeare's company on the 9th of June, 1594. On the previous 16th of May Henslowe's accounts are headed, "by my lord admiroll's men;" and it is only on the 3rd of June that we find the "lord chamberlen men," as well as the "lord admiroll men," performing at this theatre. Their occupation of it might have been very temporary; and during that occupation, Shakspeare's Hamlet might have been once performed. The very next entry, the 11th of June, is, "at the taminge of a shrewe;" and Malone, in a note, adds, "the play which preceded Shakspeare's." When Malone wrote this note he believed that Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew" was a late production; but in the second edition of his 'Chronological Order,' he is persuaded that it was one of his *very early* productions. There is nothing to prove that *both* these plays thus acted were not Shakspeare's.

3. In a tract entitled 'Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse,' by Thomas Lodge, printed in 1596, one of the devils is said to be "a foul lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost, who cried so miserably at the theatre, *Hamlet, revenge.*" In the first edition of Malone's 'Chronological Order,' he says, "If the allusion was to our author's tragedy, this passage will ascertain its appearance in or before 1596; but Lodge *may* have had the elder play in his contemplation." In the second edition of this essay, Malone changes his opinion, and says, "Lodge *must* have had the elder play in his contemplation."

4. Stevens, in his Preliminary Remarks to Hamlet, has this passage:—"I have seen a copy of Spright's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey (the antagonist of Nash), who, in his own handwriting, has set down Hamlet as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598." Malone considered this decisive in the first edition of his 'Chronological Order,' but in the second edition, having seen the book, he persuaded himself that the date 1598 referred to the time when Harvey purchased it; and he therefore rejects the evidence. He then peremptorily fixes the first appearance of Hamlet in 1600, from the reference that is made in it to the "inhibition" of the players. We shall speak of this presently. In the mean time it may be sufficient to remark, that the passage is not found in the first quarto of 1608, of the existence of which Malone was uninformed; and that, therefore, this proof goes for nothing.

And now, leaving our readers to form their own judgment upon the external evidence as to the date of Hamlet, we must express our decided opinion, grounded upon an attentive comparison of the original sketch with the perfect play, that the original sketch was an early production of our poet. The copy of 1603 is no doubt piratical; it is unquestionably very imperfectly printed. But if the passage about the "inhibition" of the players fixes the date of the perfect play as 1600, which we believe it does, the essential differences between the sketch and the perfect play—differences which do not depend upon the corruption of a text—can only be accounted for upon the belief that there was a considerable interval between the production of the first and second copy, in which the author's power and judgment had become mature, and his peculiar habits of philosophical thought had been completely established. This is a matter which does not admit of proof within our limited space; but the passages which we have already given from the original copy do something to prove

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it, and we have other differences of the same character to point out, which we shall do as briefly as possible.

Mr. Hallam (in his admirable work, the 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe,'—which, without doubt, is the most comprehensive and elegant contribution to Literary History and Criticism that our language possesses), speaking of *Romeo and Juliet* as an early production of our poet, points out as a proof of this, "the want of that thoughtful philosophy, which, when once it had germinated in Shakespeare's mind, never ceased to display itself." * *Hamlet*, as it now stands, is full of this "thoughtful philosophy." But the original sketch, as given in the quarto of 1603, exhibits few traces of it in the form of didactic observations. The whole dramatic conduct of the action is indeed demonstrative of a philosophical conception of incidents and characters; but in the form to which Mr. Hallam refers, the "thoughtful philosophy" is almost entirely wanting in that sketch. We must indicate a few examples very briefly, of passages illustrating this position, which are *not there found*, requesting our readers to refer to the text:—

- | | | | |
|--------|-----|----|---|
| Act I. | Sc. | 3. | "For nature, crescent," &c. |
| | | 4. | "This heavy-headed revel," &c. |
| " II. | " | 2. | "There is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," &c. |
| | | | "I could be bounded in a nut-shell," &c. |
| " III. | " | 4. | "Bring me to the test, and I the matter will re-word," &c. |
| " IV. | " | 3. | "I see a cherub," &c. |
| | | 5. | "Nature is fine in love," &c. |
| " V. | " | 2. | "There's a divinity," &c. |

Further, Mr. Hallam observes, "There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience : the memory of hours mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worsè nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches,—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind." The *type*, Mr. Hallam proceeds to say, is first seen in Jacques,—then in the exiled duke of the same play,—and in the duke of Measure for Measure ; but in these in the shape of "merely contemplative philosophy." "In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart, under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances." These plays, Mr. Hallam points out, all belong to the same period—the beginning of the seventeenth century : he is speaking of the Hamlet, "*in its altered form*." If this *type*, then, be not found in the Hamlet of the original sketch, we may refer that sketch to an earlier period. It is remarkable that in this sketch the misanthropy, if so it may be called, of Hamlet, can scarcely be traced ; his feelings have altogether reference to his personal griefs and doubts. Mr. Hallam says, that in the plays subsequent to these mentioned above, "much of moral speculation will be found ; but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages."⁴ The first Hamlet was, we think, written at a period when this "bitter remembrance," whatever it was, had no place in his heart ; the later plays when it had been obliterated by a more expansive philosophy—when the intellect had triumphed over the passions. We shall give a few examples, as in the case of the "thoughtful philosophy," of the *absence* in the first sketch of the passages which indicate the existence of the morbid feelings to which Mr. Hallam alludes :—

- Act I., Sc. 2. "How weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," &c.
 „ II. „ 2. "Denmark's a prison," &c.
 „ I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth," &c.
 „ III. „ 1. The soliloquy. All that appears in the perfect copy as the outpouring of a wounded spirit, such as "the pangs of dispriz'd love,"—"the insolence of office,"—"the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes,"—are *generaliz'd* in the quarto of 1603, as follows:—
 "Who'd bear the scorns and flattery of the world,—
 Scorn'd by the rich, the rich curs'd of the poor,
 The widow being oppress'd, the orphan wrong'd,
 The taste of hunger, or a tyrant's reign,
 And thousand more calamities beside?"

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Act V., Sc. 2. "Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath of pain."

We could multiply examples; but those we have given are sufficient, we think, to show that we have internal evidence that the original sketch, and the augmented and perfect copy of Hamlet were written under different influences and habits of thought. But there are differences between the first and second copies which address themselves more distinctly to the understanding, in corroboration of our opinion that there was a considerable interval between the production of the sketch and the perfect play.

We will first take the passage relating to the "tragedians of the city," placing the text of the first and second quartos in apposition:—

[Quarto of 1603.]

Ham. "Players, what players be they?"

Ros. My lord, the tragedians of the city, those that you took delight to see so often.

Ham. How comes it that they travel? Do they grow restie?

Gil. No, my lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith, my lord, novelty carries it away; for the principal public audience that came to them are turned to private plays, and to the humour of children."

[Quarto of 1604.]

Ham. "What players are they?"

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not."

We thus see that in the original play the "tragedians of the city," by which are unquestionably meant certain players of Shakspeare's own day, were not adequately rewarded, because the public audience "turned to private plays, and to the humour of children." On the contrary, in the augmented play, published in the following year, they were not so followed—they were inhibited in consequence of a late innovation. The words "inhibition," and "innovation," point to some public proceeding; "novelty," on the other hand, "private plays," and "the humour of children," would seem to have reference to some popular caprice. "The humour of children," in the first copy, points to a period when plays were acted by children; when the novelty of such performances diminishes the attractions of the tragedians of the city, compelled them to travel. The children of Paul's represented plays in their singing school at a very early period. Several of Lyly's pieces were presented by them subsequent to 1584, according to Mr. Collier; but in 1591 we find these performances suppressed. In the address of the printer before Lyly's 'Endymion,' published in 1591, the suppression is mentioned as a recent event:—"Since the plays in Paul's were dissolved, there are certain comedies come to my hand." In 1596 the interdict was not taken off; for Nash, in his 'Have with you to Saffron Waldon,' printed in that year, wishes to see the "plays at Paul's up again." But in 1600 we find a private play, attributed to Lyly, "acted by the children of Powles." In 'Jack Drum's Entertainment,' 1601, we find the performances of these children described, with the observation, "The apes in time will do it handsomely." The audience is mentioned as a "good gentle audience." Our belief, founded upon this passage, is, that the first copy of 1603 refers to the period before 1591, when "the humour of children" prevailed; and that the "innovation" mentioned in the second copy, refers to the removal of the interdict, which removal occasioned the revival of plays at Paul's, about 1600. In that year came the "inhibition." On the 22nd of June, 1600, an order of the Privy Council appeared, "for the restraint of the immoderate use of play-houses;" and it is here prescribed "that there shall be about the city two houses and no more allowed, to serve for the use of the common stage plays." No restraint was, however, laid upon the children of Paul's. It appears to us, therefore, that the inhibition and innovation are distinctly connected in Shakspeare's mind. The passage is to us decisive, as fixing the date of the augmented play about 1600; as it is equally clear to us that the passage of the first copy has reference to an earlier period. The text, as we now have it,—"There is, Sir, an ayrie of children," who "so berattle the common stages,"—belongs to a later period, when the children of Paul's acted the plays of Marston, Dekker, and other writers of repute; and the Blackfriars' Theatre was in the possession of a company of boys. In 1612 the performances of children had been made the vehicle for scurrility, and they were again suppressed, (See Mr. Collier's 'Annals of the Stage,' Vol. I., pp. 279, 282; and Malone's 'Historical Account of the English Stage,' Boswell's edition, pp. 62 and 453.)

The speech from the play that was "never acted, or not above once,"—that "pleased not the

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million,"—is found, with very slight alteration, in the quarto of 1603; and so is Hamlet's commendation of it. We agree with Coleridge, that "the fancy that a burlesque was intended sinks below criticism." Warburton expressed the same opinion, in opposition to Dryden and Pope. Coleridge very justly says, that the diction of these lines was authorized by the actual style of the tragedies before Shakspeare's time. Ritson, we think, has hit the truth: "It appears to me not only that Shakspeare had the favourable opinion of these lines which he makes Hamlet express, but that they were extracted from some play which he, at a more early period, had either produced or projected upon the story of Dido and Æneas. The verses recited are far superior to those of any coeval writer: the parallel passage in Marlowe and Nash's Dido will not bear the comparison. Possibly, indeed, it might have been his first attempt, before the divinity that lodged within him had instructed him to despise the tumid and unnatural style so much and so unjustly admired in his predecessors or contemporaries." The introduction of these lines, we think, cannot be accounted for upon any other supposition but that they were written by Shakspeare himself; and he is so thoroughly in earnest in his criticism upon the play, and his complaint of its want of success is so apparently sincere, that it is impossible to imagine that the passage had reference to something non-existent. But would Shakspeare, then, have produced such a play, except in his very early career, before he understood his own peculiar powers!—and would he have written so sensitively about it, except under the immediate influence of the disappointment occasioned by its failure? The dates of the first copy of Hamlet, and of the play which contained the description of "Priam's slaughter," are certainly not far removed.

Lastly, we are of opinion that the directions to the players, especially as given in the first copy, point to a state of the stage anterior to the period when Shakspeare had himself reformed it. The mention of "Termagant" and "Herod" has reference to the time when these characters possessed the stage in pageants and mysteries. Again, the reproof of the extemporal clowns,—the injunction that they should speak no more than is set down for them,—applied to the infancy of the stage. Shakspeare had reformed the clowns before the date usually assigned to Hamlet. In a book, called 'Tarleton's Jests,' published in 1611, we have some specimens of the license which this prince of clowns was wont to take. The author, however, adds, "But would I see our clowns in *these days* do the like! No, I warrant ye." In the original copy of Hamlet, the reproof of the clowns is more diffuse than in the augmented copy; and the following passage distinctly shows one of the evils which Shakspeare had to contend with, and which he probably had overcome before the end of the sixteenth century:—"And then you have some again that keeps one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparel; and gentlemen quote his jests down in their tables before they come to the play, as thus: Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge? and, you owe me a quarter's wages; and, my coat wants a cullison; and, your beer is sour; and, blabbering with his lips, and thus keeping in his cinkapase of jests, when, God knows, the warm clown cannot make a jest unless by chance, as the blind man catcheth a hare: Masters, tell him of it." The additions to these directions to the players, in the augmented copy, are, on the other hand, such as bespeak a consciousness of the elevation which the stage had attained in its "high and palmy state," a little before the death of Elizabeth, when its purpose, as realised by Shakspeare and Jonson especially, was "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

THE history of Hamlet, or Hamleth, is found in the Danish historian, Saxo Grammaticus, who died about 1204. The works of Saxo Grammaticus are in Latin, and in Shakspeare's time had not been translated into any modern language. It was inferred, therefore, by Dr. Grey, and Mr. Whalley, that Shakspeare must have read the original. The story, however, is to be found in Belleforest's collection of novels, begun in 1564; and an English translation of this particular story was published as a quarto tract, entitled 'The Hystorie of Hamblet, Prince of Denmarke.' Capell, in his 'School of Shakspeare,' has given some extracts from an edition of this very rare book, dated 1618; but he conjectures that it first appeared about 1570. Mr. Collier has since reprinted this tract, from the only copy known, which is preserved amongst Capell's collection at Cambridge. Horvendile, in the novel, is the name of Hamlet's father, Fægon that of his uncle, and Geruth that of his mother. Fægon traitorously slays Horvendile,

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and marries his brother's wife. In the second chapter we are informed, "how Hamlet counterfeited the madman, to escape the tyranny of his uncle, and how he was tempted by a woman (through his uncle's procurement), who thereby thought to undermine the Prince, and by that means to find out whether he counterfeited madness or not." In the third chapter we learn, "how Fengon, uncle to Hamlet, a second time to entrap him in his politic madness, caused one of his councillors to be secretly hidden in the Queen's chamber, behind the arras, to hear what speeches past between Hamlet and the Queen; and how Hamlet killed him, and escaped that danger, and what followed." It is in this part of the action that Shakspeare's use of this book may be distinctly traced. Capell says, "Amidst this resemblance of persons and circumstances, it is rather strange that none of the relater's expressions have got into the play: and yet not one of them is to be found, except the following, in Chapter III., where Hamlet kills the counsellor (who is described as of a greater reach than the rest, and is the Poet's Polonius) behind the arras: here, beating the hangings, and perceiving something to stir under them, he is made to cry out—'a rat, a rat,' and presently drawing his sword thrust it into the hangings, which done, pulled the counsellor (half dead) out by the heels, made an end of killing him." In the fourth chapter Hamlet is sent to England by Fengon, "with secret letters to have him put to death;" and while his companions slept, Hamlet counterfeits the letters "willing the King of England to put the two messengers to death." Here ends the resemblance between the history and the play. The Hamlet of the history returns to Denmark, slays his uncle, burns his palace, makes an oration to the Danes, and is elected king. His subsequent adventures are rather extravagant. He goes back to England, kills the king of that country, returns to Denmark with two English wives, and, finally, falls himself through the treachery of one of these ladies.

It is scarcely necessary to point out how little these rude materials have assisted Shakspeare in the composition of the great tragedy of Hamlet. He found, in the records of a barbarous period, a tale of adultery and murder and revenge. Here, too, was a rude indication of the character of Hamlet. But what he has given us is so essentially a creation from first to last, that it would be only tedious to point out the lesser resemblances between the drama and the history. That Shakspeare adopted the period of the action as related by Saxo Grammaticus, there can be no doubt. The following passage is decisive:—

"And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process."

We have here a distinct indication of the period before the Norman Conquest, when England was either under the sovereignty of the Northmen, as in the time of Canute, or paid tribute to the Danish power.

SCENES.

THE local illustrations which we have given of this play are from original sketches made by Mr. G. F. Sargent. Those of buildings, have, of course, no association with the period of the action. But they possess an interest; being in some degree connected with the supposed scenes of Hamlet's history, and with the popular traditions which have most likely sprung from the European reputation of Shakspeare's Hamlet. For example, we have this passage in Cox's Travels: "Adjoining to a royal palace, which stands about half a mile from Kronberg, is a garden which curiosity led us to visit; it is called Hamlet's Garden, and is said, by tradition, to be the very spot where the murder of his father was perpetrated." The vignette at the end of the fifth act shows a sequestered part of this garden, which is called "Hamlet's Grave." Mr. Inglis, in an agreeable volume published in Constable's Miscellany, describes his anxiety to see this garden, upon the evening of his arrival at Elsinore. "The sentinel," he says, "to whom I addressed myself, laid aside his musket, and himself conducted me to the enclosure." The Castle of Kronberg, or Kronenburg, in the immediate neighbourhood of Elsinore, is a fortification which is invariably associated with Shakspeare's Hamlet. Mr. Inglis learnt that very few travellers visited Elsinore; but that "occasionally passengers in English vessels which happened to be lying-to, and sometimes also passengers in French vessels,

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landed at the castle, owing to its connexion with Hamlet and Shakspeare." A Danish translation of Hamlet, he learnt, was often acted at Elsinore. We present, therefore, to our readers what the few passengers who visit Elsinore land to see, walking up to the castle, as Mr. Inglis did, thinking all the way "of Hamlet and Ophelia, and the murdered King." The engraving at the head of Act I. is a view of the platform at the Castle of Kronborg; that at the head of Act III. the Palace of Kronborg, within the fortifications. We have also given a general view of Elsinore; and a view of an old church and churchyard there. The view of the Palace of Rosenberg, which is at Copenhagen, is introduced to exhibit the residence of a Danish noble in the time of Shakspeare.



[Canute and his Wife.]

COSTUME.

It has been conjectured, and with sufficient reason, by Mr. Strutt and other writers on the subject of costume, that the dress of the Danes during the tenth and eleventh centuries differed little, if anything, in shape from that of the Anglo-Saxons; and although from several scattered passages in the works of the Welsh bards and in the old Danish ballads, we gather that black was a favourite colour, we are expressly told by Arnold of Lubeck, that at the time he wrote (circa 1127), they had become "wearers of scarlet, purple and fine linen;" and by Wallingford, who died in 1214, that "the Danes were effeminately gay in their dress, combed their hair once a day, bathed once a week, and often changed their attire." Of their pride in their long hair, and of the care they took of it, several anecdotes have been preserved. Harold Harfagre, i. e. Fairlocks, derived his name from the beauty of his long-flowing ringlets, which are said to have hung down to his girdle, and to have been like silken or golden threads: and these precious curls he made a vow to his mistress to neglect till he had completed the conquest of Norway for her love.* A young Danish warrior going to be beheaded begged of an executioner that his hair might not be touched by a slave, or stained with his blood.† In the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, we find—

"The long-haired one, illustrious in battle,
The bright lord of the Danes:"

and the Knyghtlinga Saga describes Canute's hair as profuse.

In a MS. register of Hyde Abbey, written in the time of Canute, that monarch is represented in a tunic and mantle, the latter fastened with cords or ribands, and tassels. He wears shoes, and stockings reaching nearly to the knees, with embroidered tops, or it may be chausses or pantaloons, with an embroidered band beneath the knee; for the drawing being uncoloured leaves the matter

* Torfæus, Hist. Nor.

† Jomsvinginga Saga in Bartholinus.

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in doubt. When Canute's body was examined at Winchester in 1766, it was adorned with several gold and silver bands, and a wreath or circlet was round the head. A jewelled ring was upon one finger, and in one of his hands a silver penny.* Bracelets of massive gold were worn by all persons of rank, and their most sacred oath before their conversion to christianity was by their "holy bracelet;" a sacred ornament of this kind being kept on the altars of their gods, or worn round the arm of the priest. Scarlet was the colour originally worn by the kings, queens, and princes of Denmark. In the ballad of Childe Axelvold we find that as soon as the young man discovered himself to be of royal race, he "put on the scarlet red;" and in the ballad of "Hero Hogen and the Queen of Danmarck," the queen is said to have rode first "in red scarlet," the word red being used in both these instances to distinguish the peculiar sort of scarlets, as in those times scarlet, like purple, was used to express any gradation of colour formed by red and blue, from indigo to crimson. It thus happens, curiously enough, that the objections of the queen and Claudius to the appearance of Hamlet in black, are authorized, not only by the well-known custom of the early Danes, never to mourn for their nearest and dearest relatives or friends, but also by the fact, that, although black was at least their favourite,† if not, indeed, their national colour, Hamlet, as a prince of the blood, should have been attired in the royal scarlet. Of the armour of the Danes at the close of the tenth century we have several verbal descriptions. By the laws of Gula, said to have been established by Hacon the Good, who died in 963, it is ordered that every possessor of six marks should furnish himself with a red shield of two boards in thickness, a spear, an axe, or a sword. He who was worth twelve marks, in addition to the above, was ordered to procure a steel cap; whilst he who had eighteen marks was obliged to have also a coat of mail, or a tunic of quilted linen or cloth, and all usual military weapons, amongst which the bipennis, or double-bladed axe, was the most national. The Danish helmet, like the Saxon, had the nasal, which in Scandinavia is called *nef-biðrg* (nose-guard), and to which the collar of the mail-hood, which covered the chin, was frequently hooked up, so as to leave little of the face unguarded except the eyes.

* Archæologia, Vol. III.

† Black bordered with red is to this day common amongst the northern peasantry.



['He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.']

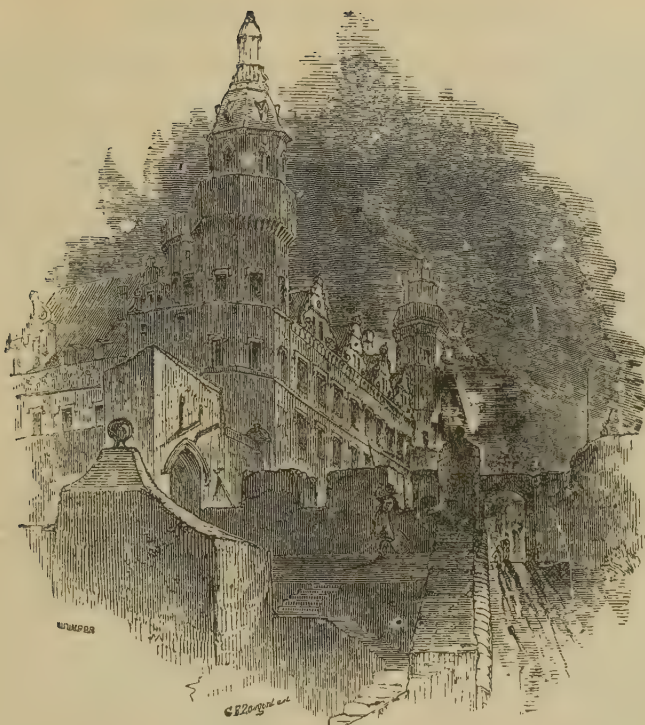
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *son to the former, and nephew to the present King*
POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*
LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*
VOLTIMAND, }
CORNELIUS, } *courtiers.*
ROSENCRANTZ, }
GUILDENSTERN, }
OSRIC, *a courtier.*
Another courtier.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, *an officer.*
BERNARDO, *an officer.*
FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*
REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*
A Captain.
An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's father.
FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *daughter of Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Gravediggers, Sailors,
Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—EL SINORE.



[The Platform at Elsinore.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me :^a stand,
and unfold

Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'T is now struck twelve; get thee to bed,
Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks : 't is bitter
cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals^b of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand!^a who is
there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to
the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.^b

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit FRANCISCO.*]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him *rivalry*,—would not let him partake in the glory of the action." The derivation of *rival* takes us into an early state of society. The *rivalis* was a common occupier of a river,—*river*; and this sort of occupation being a fruitful source of strife, the partners became *contenders*. Hence the more commonly received meaning of *rival*.

^a In the quarto of 1604 (B). Stand, *ho!*

^b This form of expression is an abbreviation of "may God give you good night;" and our "good night" is an abbreviation abbreviated. The French idiom has gone through the same process. In *L'Avare* of Molière, it is said of Harpagon, "*donner est un mot pour qu'il a tant d'a. cr. sion, qu'il ne dit jamais, je vous donne, mais, je vous prête le bonjour.*" (Acte II. Sc. v.)

^a Answer me. I, the sentinel, challenge you. Bernardo then gives the answer to the challenge, or watch-word—"Long live the king!"

^b *Rivals*,—partners, companions. Shakspeare uses *rivalry* for the sense of *partnership*, in Antony and Cleopatra. "Cæsar

Der. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar.^a What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 't is but our fantasy; And will not let belief take hold of him, Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us: Therefore I have entreated him along With us to watch the minutes of this night; That, if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes,^b and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile; And let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story, What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, When yon same star, that's westward from the pole, Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself, The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.^c

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows^d me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question^e it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night, Together with that fair and warlike form In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay: speak: speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit GHOST.*]

Mar. 'T is gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy? What think you on 't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe, Without the sensible and true avouch Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself: Such was the very armour he had on, When he the ambitious Norway combated; So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle, He smote the sledded Polacks^a on the ice. 'T is strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just^b at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch So nightly toils the subject of the land? And why such daily cast of brazen cannon, And foreign mart for implements of war: Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week: What might be toward^c that this sweaty haste Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day; Who is 't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I; At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king, Whose image even but now appear'd to us, Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway, Therceto prick'd on by a most emulate pride, Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet

^a *Polacks*—Poles. In the old copies the word is spelt *Pollax*, according probably with the pronunciation. Steevens reads *Polack*, "as it is not likely that provocation was given by more than one."

^b *Just*, in the folio; in quarto (B), *jump*. Malone properly observes, that "in the folio we sometimes find a familiar word substituted for one more ancient." In this play, however, the more ancient word occurs—"so jump upon this bloody question." (Act v. Sc. II.)

^c What might be in preparation. *To-ward*, *to-ward*, is the Anglo-Saxon participle, equivalent to *counting*, *about to come*.

^a This line has been ordinarily given to Horatio, as in the quarto (B). In the folio, and the first quarto of 1603 (A), it belongs to Marcellus.

^b Confirm what we have seen.

^c Exorcisms were usually performed in Latin—the language of the church-service.

^d *Harrows*, in the folio. In quarto (A), *horrors*; in (B), *horrors*. Mr. Caldecott states that the word *harrow* is here used in the metaphorical sense which it takes from the operations of the harrow, in tearing asunder clods of earth. On the other hand some etymologists assert that *to harrow* and *to harry* (to vex, to disturb) are the same, and that the implement of husbandry derived its name from the verb. Mr. Caldecott has a curious note on the *harrow*—the cry for help—of the Normans, with which *harrow* and *harry* seem to have some connexion. (See his 'Specimen of an Edition of Shakespeare,' 1832.)

^e In quarto (B), *speak to*; *Question*, in the folio, and quarto (A).

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law, and heraldry,^a

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,

Which he stood seiz'd on, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant^b

And carriage of the article design'd,

His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras, Of unimproved^c mettle hot and full,

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,

Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,

For food and diet, to some enterprize

That hath a stomach in't: which is no other

(And it doth well appear unto our state,)

But to recover of us, by strong hand,

And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands

So by his father lost: And this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations;

The source of this our watch; and the chief head

Of this post-haste and romage^d in the land.

[^e Ber. I think it be no other, but even so:

Well may it sort, that this portentous figure Comes armed through our watch: so like the king

That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A moth it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

^a The solemn agreement for this trial at arms was recognized by the courts of law and of chivalry. They were distinct ratifications; and therefore "law and heraldry" does not mean "the herald law," as Upton says.

^b Cov'nant in the folio; in quarto (B), *co-mart*.

^c Unimproved, in folio; in quarto (A), *unapproved*. Johnson says, "unimproved mettle" is full of spirit, not regulated or guided by knowledge and experience." Gifford affirms that the word "unimproved" here means "just the contrary." Improve was originally used for *reprove*.

^d Romage. The stowing of a ship is the *roomage*; the stower is the *romager*. Thus, the hurried search attending lading and unlading gave us *rummage*, or *romage*, in the sense of tumbling over and tossing about things in confusion.

^e The eighteen lines in brackets are found in quarto (B), but are omitted in the folio. It is probable that Shakspeare suppressed this magnificent description of the omens which preceded the fall of "the mightiest Julius," after he had written "Julius Cæsar." In that noble play we have a description greatly resembling this, especially in the lines which we print in italics:—

"There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have quenn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurl'd in the air;
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets."

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:^a As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood, Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,^b Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands, Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse. And even the like precurse of fierce events, As harbingers preceding still the fates, And prologue to the omen^c coming on, Have heaven and earth together demonstrated Unto our climates and countrymen.—]

Re-enter GHOST.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in
death, [Cock crows.

Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan.

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'T is here:

Hor. 'T is here!

Mar. 'T is gone! [Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

^a The commentators assume that a line is here omitted. Rowe alters the construction of the next two lines, and reads,—

"Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
Disasters veil'd the sun."

Malone, instead of "As stars" would read *astres*. This appears to get rid of the difficulty, for we then have the recital of other prodigies, in connection with the appearance of "the sheeted dead." Steevens, however, says that there is no authority for the use of the word *astre*. But *astrol* was not uncommon; and *asterisk* was used for a little star, and *asterism* for a constellation. We leave the passage as we find it in the quarto.

^b The moist star is the moon. So, in the Winter's Tale:—

"Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note."

^c Omen is here put for "portentous event." The word is used in the sense of *fate* by Heywood:—

"Merlin, well vers'd in many a hidden spell,
His country's omen did long since foretell."

Upton points out that Shakspeare uses "omen" here in the very same manner as Virgil does, *Æn.* i. 340.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,^a
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine:^b and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk^c abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes,^d nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:^e
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray: and I this morning
know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, and Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping eye;

^a *Morn*, in quarto (B); in folio, *day*. The reading of the quarto avoids the repetition of *day* in the next line but one.
^b *Can walk*, in folio. In quarto (B), "*dare stir*."
^c *Takes*—seizes with disease. As in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.—
^d And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle."

With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage
In equal scale, weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-ridden, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait^a herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:^b and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.^c
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we
show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit? What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards
France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

^a *Gait*—progress, the act of going. Thus, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—

"Every fairy take his gait."

^b *Out of his subject*—out of those subject to him.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung^a from me my slow leave,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.^b [*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.^c

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st, 't is common; all that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods,^d shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,

^a The passage in brackets is found in quarto (B), but not in the folio.

^b Caldecott interprets this passage thus:—"More than a common relation; having a confessedly accumulated title of relationship, you have less than benevolent, or less than even natural feeling." But surely Hamlet applies these words to himself. The king has called him, "my cousin Hamlet." He says, in a suppressed tone, "A little more than kin"—"a little more than cousin." The king adds, "and my son." Hamlet says, "less than kind:"—"I am a little of the same nature with you. Kind is constantly used in the sense of nature by Ben Jonson and other contemporaries of Shakspeare.

^c Farmer thinks that a quibble was intended between *sun* and *son*. Surely not. Hamlet says he is too much in the sun for clouds to hang over him; and his meaning is at once explained by an old proverb. In Grindal's 'Profitable Discourse,' 1555, we find this proverb; and the context clearly gives its meaning: "In very deed they were brought from the good to the bad, and from God's blessing, as the proverb is, into a warre some." Raleigh has the same expression in his History of the World.

^d *Moods*. So the folio and quartos. The modern reading is *mood*. *Mood* was sometimes used in the sense of *mode*; but it is, perhaps, here meant to signify something beyond the mere manner of grief—the manner as exhibited in the outward sadness. The forms are the ceremonials of grief,—the moods its prevailing sullenness;—the shows (shapes in the quartos) its fits of passion.

For they are actions that a man might play.

But I have that within which passeth show;

These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious^a sorrow: But to persevere

In obstinate condolence, is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what, we know, must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we, in our peevish opposition,

Take it to heart? Fye! 't is a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd; whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first corse, till he that died to-day,

This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us

As of a father: for let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne,

And, with no less nobility of love,

Than that which dearest father bears his son,

Do I impart towards you. For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our desire:

And, we beseech you, bend you to remain

Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply;

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;

This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;

And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c., POLONIUS, and LAERTES.*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

^a *Obsequious sorrow*—funereal sorrow,—from *obsequies*.

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon^a 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in
nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not
two;

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr:⁴ so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem^b the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on
him,

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is
woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of
reason,^c

Would have mourn'd longer,—married with
mine uncle,

^a *Canon*. In the old editions this word is spelt *canon*; and thus the commentators think it necessary to prove that the levelling of a piece of artillery is not here meant. By a curious analogy *ordnance* in the old writers is spelt *ordnance*. A *canon* and an *ordnance* have the same sense; and yet, according to the received etymologies, the words have no common source. A *canon* and a *canon* are each, it is said, derived from *canna*, a cane;—its straightness applied as a measure, rule, giving us *canon*; its length and hollowness, *canon*. *Ordinance*, of course, is derived from *ordinare*; and the first French cannoniers being named *Gendarmes des Ordonnances*, the guns which they used came, it is affirmed, to be called *ordnance*. We are inclined to think that these etymologies, as applied to artillery, are somewhat fanciful. We have *canon* direct from the Anglo-Saxon, while in that language a *cane* is *bunne*. Looking at the precision with which "our greatest ordinance" are described by Harrison,—their various names, weight of the shot, weight of powder used, &c., we are inclined to think that *canon* and *ordnance* denoted such pieces of artillery as were made according to a strict technical rule, *canon*, or *ordnance*. In Harrison, *canon* is spelt *canon*, showing the French derivation of the word.

^b *Beteem*. Stevens brought back this word, which had been modernised into *let e'en*; the sentence was afterwards changed to "that he permitted not." To *beteem*, in this passage, mean, to *vouchsafe*, to *allow*, to *suffer*. In Heywood's 'Britaine's Troy,' 1636, we have these lines:—

"They call'd him God on earth, and much esteem'd him;
Much honour he receiv'd, which they *beteem'd* him."

^c *Discourse of reason*. In Massinger we have:—
"It adds to my calamity that I have
Discourse and reason."

Shford thinks that this passage in Shakspeare should also be 'discourse and reason.' But a subsequent passage in this play explains the phrase, and shows that by *discourse* is not meant language:—

"Sure he that made us with such large *discourse*,
Looking before and after."

The *discourse* of reason is the *discursion* of reason—the faculty of pursuing a train of thought, or of passing from one thought to another;—"the *discursing* thought," as Sir John Davies expresses it.

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my
tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see
you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that
name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even,
sir,—^a

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not have your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it trustor of your own report

Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's
funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift,^b Horatio! the funeral
bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe^c in heaven

^a *Good even*. This has been changed to *good morning*; and Stevens defends the change, because Marcellus has previously said of Hamlet,—

"I this morning know
Where we shall find him."

The changers of the text forgot that the salutation "good even" was used immediately after noon.

^b *Thrift, thrift*. It was a frugal arrangement,—a thrifty proceeding,—there was no waste—

"The funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

^c *Dearest foe*. For an explanation of one of the apparently contradictory senses in which *dear* is used by Shakspeare, see Note to Richard II. Act I. Sc. 112. Upon the passage before us, Caldecott remarks, that throughout Shakspeare, and all the poets of his day, and much later, "we find this epithet applied to that person or thing which, for or against us, excites the liveliest interest."

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O, where,
My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yester-
night.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gen-
tlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste^a and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,
bestill'd^b

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and
good,

The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did:

But answer made it none: yet once, me-
thought,

It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;

^a *Dead waste.* This was ordinarily printed "dead waist." The quarto of 1603, which was unknown to Steevens and Malone, reads, "dead east." In the Tempest we find "east of night," which Steevens explains thus:—"The vast of night, means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or, when all things lying in sleep and silence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited waste."

^b *Bestill'd*, in the folio; the quartos, *distill'd*. To still, is to fall in drops;—they were dissolved—separated drop by drop,
"Almost to jelly, by the act of fear."

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange,
Hor. As I do live, my nonour'd lord, 't is
true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles
me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?^a

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver
up.^b

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in
anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like; Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might
tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizly? no.

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable^c in your silence still;

^a This passage is sometimes read and acted, as if "Arm'd, say you?" applied to the manner in which Horatio and Marcellus prepared to hold their watch; and we have somewhere seen a criticism which notes "Then saw you not his face?" as a memorable example of the force of an abrupt transition. "Arm'd, say you?" without doubt, is asked with reference to the Ghost, who has been described by Horatio as

"Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pé."

Hamlet, with his mind full of this description, anticipates the re-appearance of the figure, when he asks,

"Hold you the watch to-night?"

and proceeds to those minute questions which carry forward the deep impressions of truth and reality with which everything connected with the supernatural appearance of Hamlet's father is invested.

^b See Illustrations to Henry IV., Part II., Act IV. Sc. 2.

^c *Tenable* in quarto (B). In folio it is *trible*.

And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were
come!

Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Polonius' House.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The [perfume and] suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch^a
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The sanctity^b and health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he
loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar sect and force^c
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

^a *Soil*, is a spot; *cautel*, a crafty way to deceive; *besmirch*, to sully.

^b *Sanctity*. So the folio; the quartos, *safely*.

^c *Peculiar sect and force*. So the folio; the quarto (B), *particular act and place*.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the ear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest^a maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:

Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,^b
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson
keep,

As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.^c

Laer. O fear me not.

I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
shame;

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There, my blessing with
you!

[*Laying his hand on* LAERTES' head.

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any disproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops^d of steel
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

^a *Chariest*.—Most cautious.

^b Shakspeare has the same beautiful expression in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

"An envious sneaping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring."

^c *Read*.—Counsel, doctrine.

^d *Hoops*. Some editors have unwarrantably substituted *hooks*. Malone, justifying the change, observes, with great solemnity, "hooks are sometimes made of steel, but *hoops* never."

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.^a
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!^b

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit LAERTES.*]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:

If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

^a So stands the line in the folio, and in the quartos, including that of 1603. "Of a" has been rejected by most editors, except Malone; who deems *chief*, *chiefs*, or *cheff*, to be a substantive, having a meaning derived from heraldry. It is scarcely necessary to go to heraldry for an explanation of the word: we have it in composition, as in *mischiefs*, and the now obsolete *houschiefs*. *Chief*, literally the head, here signifies *eminence*, *superiority*. Those of the best rank and station are of a more select and generous superiority in the indication of their dignity by their apparel.

^b It has been objected to these maxims of Polonius, that their good sense ill accords with his general character, his tediousness, his babbling vanity. It is remarkable that in the quarto of 1603, the "precepts" are printed with inverted commas, as if they were taken from some known source: or, at any rate, as if Polonius had delivered them by an effort of memory alone.

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Roaming^a it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,

In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,

With all the vows of heaven.^b

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Gives^c the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
daughter,^d

Be somewhat scantier of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers;—
Not of the eye^e which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELL

Ham. The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold.

^a *Roaming*. So the folio; a common reading is *wronging*. Mr. Collier has *ramming*. "Roaming it thus," applies to the various senses in which Polonius has used the word "tender."

^b So the line stands in the folio. In quarto (B):—

"With almost all the holy vows of heaven."

^c *Gives*, in folio; quartos, *tends*.

^d In the quartos, *daughter* is here wanting.

^e *The eye*. So the folio; the quartos, *that He*. An eye was used to express a slight *tint*, as in the Tempest:—

"*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't."

It is here metaphorically put for *character*.

^f The quartos read, "*It is very cold.*" In the folio we have distinctly, "*Is it very cold?*" with a note of interrogation.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; then it draws near the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,^a

Keeps wassels, and the swaggering up-spring reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
[^a This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us tradue'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of ill
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.^b]

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

^a The twenty-two lines in brackets are not in the folio, are found in quarto (B).

^b In the quarto (B), this difficult passage is found thus:—

"The dram of *cale*
Doth all the noble substance of a *doubt*
To his own scandal."

In another quarto we have, "The dram of *case*." The original text is certainly corrupt; and, amongst many conjectural emendations, the lines as we print them seem to give the clearest meaning. To *dout* is to put out, to *extinguish*. Perhaps we might read, "The dram of *case*."

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such questionable^a shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me.
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It wafers^b you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood,
my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,^c
And draw you into madness? think of it:

^a *Questionable*. The general interpretation is, *doubtful*. In the first scene where the Ghost appears, Marcellus says, "Question it." The *questionable* shape is a shape capable of being questioned.

^b *Wafers*. Here, and in a subsequent line, *wafers* appears in the folio instead of *waves* in the quarto. To *waff*, is to make a waving motion, to sign, to beckon,—as well as to impel over a wave. In Julius Cæsar, we have:—

"Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry *wafter* of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you."

^c This is generally interpreted, and we think justly, "would displace the sovereignty of your reason." King Charles, in the 'Icon Basilike,' has the precise expression, in this sense:—"At once to betray the sovereignty of reason in my own soul." But Gifford, in a Note on Ben Jonson's New Inn, (Vol. v. p. 352,) gives a more prosaic interpretation to the passage:—"The critics have stumbled over a difficulty raised by themselves. *Sovereignty* is merely a title of respect."

[The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.^a]

Ham. It wafts me still :—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[*GHOST beckons.*]

Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;

[*Breaking from them.*]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
me :—

I say, away :—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt GHOST and HAMLET.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after :—To what issue will this
come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Den-
mark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A more remote Part of the Platform.*

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll
go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou
shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine,^a
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood :—List, Hamlet,^b O
list !—

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Hasten me to know it; that I, with
wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,^c

Would'st thou not stir in this. Now Hamlet, hear:

'T is given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,

A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life,

Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! mine uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,

(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:

O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage; and to decline

Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,

Will sate itself in a celestial bed,

And prey on garbage.

^a *Porpentine*. In all the old copies, *porpentine*.

^b So the folio. *List, list, O, list*, is the reading of the quarto (B).

^c Whiter, in his very curious Etymological Dictionary, speaking of this passage, in connexion with the theory of *ease* belonging to the idea of being *earthed*,—fixed, resting,—says, "It is curious that Shakspeare uses *ease* as connected with a term which most strongly expresses the idea of being fixed in a certain spot, or *earth*."

^a The four lines in brackets, not in the folio, are found in quarto (B).

^b *Lets me*—obstructs me.

But soft! methinks, I scent the morning's air;
 Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always in the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon^a in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like aigre^b droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter mark'd^c about,
 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatch'd;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;^d
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu, Hamlet!^e remember me. [*Exit*
Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth!
 What else?
 And shall I couple hell?—O fye!—Hold, my
 heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

^a *Aigre*. So the folio; the quartos, *eager*. The word is certainly used in a technical sense in the folio. It is spelt with a capital, *Aigre*; while *eager* in the common sense of sharp, in the passage,

"It is a nipping and an eager air,"

has the familiar orthography.

^b *Burd'd* in the quartos: *hak'd* in the folio.

^c These words describe the last offices which were performed to the dying. To *housel*, is to "minister the communion to one who lieth on his death-bed." *Disappointed*, is, not appointed, not prepared. *Unanel'd*, is, without the administration of extreme unction, which was called *anointing*.

^d This line, in all the old copies, is given to the Ghost; but it was always spoken by Garrick, in his character of Hamlet, as belonging to the Prince according to stage-tradition.

^e So the folio. The quartos read "*Adieu, adieu, adieu.*"

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, yes, by heaven,
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark;

[*Writing.*]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;

It is, *Adieu, adieu!* remember me.

I have sworn't.

Hor. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!

Mar. [*Within.*] So be it!

Hor. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret,—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right; And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part; You, as your business and desire shall point you—For every man has business and desire, Such as it is,—and for mine own poor part, Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling^b words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily; Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord

Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my lord

^a In the quartos, this exclamation is given to Hamlet.

^b *Hurling*, in the folio; in the quartos, *whurling*.

And much offence too, touching this vision here.
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you ;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord ?
We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen
to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.¹

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy ! say'st thou so ? art thou
there, truepenny ?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique* ? then we'll shift our
ground :—

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword :
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole ! can'st work 'i the
ground so fast ?

A worthy pioneer !—Once more remove, good
friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange !

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it
welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

But come ;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy !

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
With arms encumber'd thus, or thus head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, " Well, we know ;"—or, " We could, an if

we would ;"—

Or, " If we list to speak ;"—or, " There be, an
if there might ;"—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know ought of me :—This not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.^a

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! So, gen-
tlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you :

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in
together ;

And still your fingers on you lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spite !

That ever I was born to set it right !

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a We print the passage as in the folio. Another reading
is by no means so plain :

" This do you swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you."





[Hyperion to a Satyr]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

SCENE I.—“*The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,*” &c.

THERE can be no doubt, we think, that this fine description is founded upon some similar description in the Latin language. The peculiar sense of the words *extravagant, erring, confine*, points to such a source. The first hymn of Prudentius has some similarity; but Douce has also found in the Salisbury collection of Hymns, printed by Pynson, a passage from a hymn attributed to St. Ambrose, in which the images may be more distinctly traced:

“*Preco diei jam sonat.
Noctis profundæ pervigil;
Nocturna lux vianibus,
A nocte noctem segregans.
Hoc excitatus Lucifer,
Solvit polum caligine;
Hoc omnis errorum chorus
Viam nocendi deserit,
Gallo canente spes redit,*” &c.

SCENE I.—“*But, look, the morn,*” &c.

Caldecott, in his edition of Hamlet, sometimes falls into that fault-finding tone by which some Shaksperian critics assert their occasional superiority over their author: “The almost momentary appearance of the ghost, and the short conversations preceding and subsequent to it, could not have filled up the long interval of a winter’s night in Denmark, from twelve till morning.” Such is Mr. Caldecott’s objection to this scene. But how does he know that it was a *winter’s* night? Francesco, indeed, says “’t is bitter cold;” but even in the nights of the *early summer* of the north of Europe, during the short interval between twilight and sunrise, “the air bites shrewdly.” That this was the season intended by Shakspeare is indicated by Ophelia’s flowers. Her pansies, her columbines, and her daisies belong not to the winter; and her “coronet

weeds” were the field-flowers of the latter spring, hung upon the willow in full foliage,

“That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.”

SCENE II. ——— “*more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.*”

This grammatical impropriety, as we now call it, was a common license of the best authors of Shakspeare’s age. The use of the plural verb with the nominative singular, a plural genitive intervening, can scarcely be detected as an error, even by those who consider the peculiar phraseology of the time of Elizabeth as a barbarism, and are apt to call out upon Shakspeare as a monstrous violator of grammar. The truth is, that it is only within the last half century that the construction of our language has attained that uniform precision which is now required. We find in all the old dramatists many such lines as this in Marlowe:—

“The outside of her garments were of lawn.”

And too many such lines have been corrected by the editors of Shakspeare, who have thus obliterated the traces of our tongue’s history. It is remarkable that the very commentators, who were always ready to fix the charge of ignorance of the rudiments of grammar upon Shakspeare, have admitted the following passage in a note to Henry IV., Part II., by that elegant modern scholar T. Warton: “Deaumont and Fletcher’s play contains many *satirical strokes* against Heywood’s comedy, the force of which are entirely lost to those who have not seen that comedy.”

SCENE II.—“*Hyperion to a satyr.*”

The figures which we have selected from two paintings of antiquity, engraved in Landon’s ‘*Peintres les plus Célèbres*,’ (Paris, 1813), happily illustrate the text. Warburton says, “By the satyr is meant Pan, as by Hyperion, Apollo. Pan and Apollo were brothers; and the allusion is to the

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

contention between those gods for the preference in music." Stevens, on the other hand, believes that Shakspeare "has no allusion in the present instance, except to the beauty of Apollo, and its immediate opposite, the deformity of a satyr." Farmer is careful to point out the error in quantity in Shakspeare's Hyperion; but he candidly admits that Spenser has committed the same error. Gray, whose scholarship would have commanded Farmer's approbation, if he could not appreciate his poetry, has this line:—

"Hyperion's march and glittering shafts of war."

The commentators have only found one solitary instance of Hyperion amongst the poets of the seventeenth century.

5 SCENE III.—"The king doth wake to-night," &c.

This passage, descriptive of Danish intemperance, occurs without alteration in the quarto of 1603. In the augmented edition of 1604, we find added, the twenty-two lines beginning—

"This heavy-headed fivel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations."

The drunkenness thus attributed to the Danes in the original passage is qualified in the additional lines. It takes from "achievements;" it is the "one defect"—"the dram of ill." This circumstance, which we have not seen noticed, is to our minds singularly indicative of Shakspeare's character. James I. came to the English throne in 1603; his queen was Anne of Denmark. The intemperance of the Danish court was well known to all Europe. Howell, who visited Denmark at the beginning of the seventeenth century, thus describes the "rouse" and the "wassels," in his letters:—"I made a Latin speech to the king of Denmark" (Christian IV., uncle of Anne, queen of James) "on the embassy of my lord of Leicester, who attended him at Rheynsburg, in Holsteinland. The king feasted my lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards the evening, during which time the king began thirty-five healths; the first to the emperor, the second to his nephew of England; and so went over all the kings and queens of Christendom, but he never remembered the Prince Palsgrave's health, or his niece's, all the while. *The king was taken away at last in his chair.*" This same kindly lover of the "heavy-headed revel" visited England soon after James' accession to the throne; and the effects of this visit upon the national manners are thus described in a letter of Sir John Harrington, 1606:—"From the day the Danish king came, until this hour, I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal, and sports of all kinds. . . . I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. I do often say (but not aloud) 'that the Danes have again conquered the Britains'; for I see no man, or woman either, that can now command himself or herself." Sir John Harrington, it seems, did not venture to say *aloud* what he

thought of these habits; and for the same reason Shakspeare's strong description of the custom—

"More honour'd in the breach than the observance"—

might have given offence to the court of the new monarch. But he did not suppress the description. He made it only less severe by a tolerant exposition of the mode in which one ill quality destroys the lustre of many good ones. It is remarkable that this additional passage was omitted in the folio of 1623, published after the death of Anne of Denmark.

6 SCENE V.—"With juice of cursed hebenon."

Dr. Grey thinks that *hebenon* was a poetical modification of *hebane*. Our indigenous hebane (*hyoscyamus niger*) is well known in medicine for its soothing and narcotic properties; and a large dose, no doubt, would be poisonous. That it was considered as a poison in Shakspeare's time, we have sufficient evidence. In Drayton's 'Barons' Wars,' we have—

"The poisoning *hebane*, and the mandrake dread."

It was a belief, also, even of the medical professors of that day, that poison might be introduced into the system by being poured into the ear. Ambrose Paré, the celebrated French surgeon, was charged with having administered poison in this way to Francis II. It is, however, by no means clear that, by *hebenon*, Shakspeare means *hebane*. In Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta' we have, amongst an enumeration of noxious things, "the juice of *hebon*" (*ebony*); and much earlier, in Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' we find the couch of the god of sleep made of the boards

"Of *Hebenus* that sleepe tree."

7 SCENE V.—"Upon my sword."

Warburton has observed that here "the poet has preserved the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was *religion* to swear upon their swords;" and for the support of his opinion he refers to Bartholinus, *De Causis Contempt. Mort.* apud Dan. Upton says that Jordanes, in his Gothic History, mentions this custom; and that Ammianus Marcellinus relates the same ceremony among the Huns. Farmer is, of course, indignant that Shakspeare should be supposed to know anything beyond what he found in the common literature of his day; and he cites the following from the play of Hieronimo:

"Swear on this cross that what thou say'st is true—
But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjust,
This very sword, whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy!"

The commentators all follow Farmer in the explanation, that to swear *by the sword*, was to swear *by the cross* formed by the hilt of the sword; but they suppress a line which Upton had quoted from Spenser,

"And swearing faith to either on his blade."

We have little doubt that Shakspeare was aware of the peculiar custom of the Gothic nations, and did not make Hamlet propose the oath merely as a practice of chivalry.



[Palace of Rosenberg.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Polonius' House.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him his money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers^a are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they
keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more
nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of
him;

As thus,—'I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him;'—Do you mark this, Rey-
naldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. 'And, in part, him;—but,' you may say,
'not well:

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;'—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so
rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
quarrelling,

Drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

^a In Warner's 'Albion's England,' *Dunske* is given as the ancient name of Denmark.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults
so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty:
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I may know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
'Good sir,' or so; or, 'friend, or gentleman,'—
According to the phrase and the addition,
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to say?

I was about to say something:—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, 'closes in the consequence.

At friend, or so, and gentleman.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—Ay, marry;

He closes with you thus:—'I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such, and such; and, as
you say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his
rouse:

There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale
(Videlicet, a brothel,) or so forth.'—

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlances, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out;

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.
[Exit.]

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia what's
the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,^a
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me
hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus, o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes^b itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did
command,

I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted^c him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,

^a Chamber, in folio; in quartos, closet.

^b Foredoes—destroys—undoes.

^c Quoted—observed, noted.

And meant to wrack thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!

It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close,
might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put
him,

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot deem^a of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with
him,

And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,^b

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
[Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him
thus,^c]

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd
of you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. We both obey;

^a *Deem*, in folio; in quartos, *dream*.
^b *Humour*, in folio; in quarto, *haviour*.
^c This line is wanting in the folio.

And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Amen!

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one^a to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have^b us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit^c to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, good friends!

^a *One*. This is the reading in the folio,—meaning that Polonius holds that his duty to his king is an obligation as imperative as his duty to his God, to whom his soul is subject. The quartos read:—

"Both to my God and to my gracious king."

^b *I have us'd*, in folio; in quarto, *it hath us'd*.

^c *Fruit*. So the quartos—the news of Polonius shall follow the message of the ambassadors, as fruit after me: The folio reads:—

"My news shall be the news to that great feast."

Caldecott interprets this—my news shall be the leading topic. We are inclined to think that news was repeated, by a typographical error not uncommon,

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires. Upon our first, he sent out to suppress His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack; But, better look'd into, he truly found It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,— That so his sickness, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys; Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine, Makes vow before his uncle, never more To give the assay of arms against your majesty. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee; And his commission, to employ those soldiers, So levied as before, against the Polack: With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[Gives a paper.]

That it might please you to give quiet pass Through your dominions for his enterprize; On such regards of safety, and allowance, As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well; And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read, Answer, and think upon this business, Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together: Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

Pol. This business is very well ended. My liege, and madam, to expostulate What majesty should be, what duty is, Why day is day, night, night, and time is time, Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time. Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief: Your noble son is mad: Mad call I it: for, to define true madness, What is't, to be nothing else but mad: But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all. That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true, 't is pity; And pity 't is, 't is true: a foolish figure; But farewell it, for I will use no art. Mad let us grant him then: and now remains, That we find out the cause of this effect; Or, rather say, the cause of this defect; For this effect, defective, comes by cause: Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark, Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.

—'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,'—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a vile phrase;^a but you shall hear.

'These. In her excellent white bosom, these,'^b

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

'Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reads.]

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter showed me: And more above, hath his solicitings, As they fell out by time, by means, and place, All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing, (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that, Before my daughter told me,) what might you, Or my dear majesty your queen here, think, If I had play'd the desk, or table-book; Or given my heart a winking,^c mute and dumb; Or look'd upon this love with idle sight; What might you think? no, I went round to work, And my young mistress thus I did bespeak; 'Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;^d This must not be:' and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens. Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,) Fell into a sadness; then into a fast; Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness; Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,

^a *Beautified*, according to Polonius, is a vile phrase. It was the common phrase in dedications to ladies in Shakespeare's time.—'To the worthily honoured and virtuous beautified lady, the Lady Anne Glennham,' &c., is found in a volume of Poems, by R. L., 1586.

^b See Illustrations to Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III. Sc. 1.—The ladies of Elizabeth's day, and much later, wore a small pocket in the front of their stays.

^c *Winking*, in folio; in quartos, *working*.

^d *Star*, in folio, and in the quartos (A) and (B). In the folio of 1632, *star* was changed to *sphere*.

Into the madness whereon now he raves,
And all we wail^a for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)

That I have positively said 'Tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four
hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he has,^b indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to
him:

Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
And keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board^c him presently:—O, give me leave.—

[*Ereunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
is to be one man picked out of two^d thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead
dog, being a good kissing carrion,^e—Have you
a daughter?

^a *Wail*, in folio; in quartos, *mourn*.

^b *Has*, in folio. So he has done, indeed. The quarto reads *does*.

^c *Board*. This is ordinarily printed *board*, but is spelt *board* in the folio. *Board*, *bourd*, or *board*, is to *accost*; it is also to *jeer*. Gifford says that to *board* is to *accost*; (as explained by Sir Toby in *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. III.) to *board* is to *jest*; and to *board*, to *pout*, or appear sullen. These distinctions of orthography are, however, very seldom preserved. (See Note on *Catiline*, Jonson's Works, Vol. IV. p. 251.)

^d *Two*, in folio; in quartos, *ten*.

^e The ordinary reading, which was suggested by Warbur-

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun. conception
is a blessing; but not as your daughter may
conceive,—friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still
harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not
at first; he said I was a fishmonger: He is far
gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered
much extremity for love; very near this. I'll
speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave
says here, that old men have grey beards; that
their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick
amber, or plum-tree gum; and that they have a
plentiful lack of wit, together with weak hams:
All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and
potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to
have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir,
should be old as I am,^a if, like a crab, you could
go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is
method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the
air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How preg-
nant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that
often madness hits on, which reason and sanity
could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will
leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of
meeting between him and my daughter.—My
honourable lord, I will most humbly take my
leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any
thing that I will more willingly part withal;
except my life, my life.^b

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek my lord Hamlet; there
he is.

ton, is, "being a good, kissing carrion." The text, as we give it, is that of the quartos and the folios. We fear that this "noble emendation," as Johnson calls it, cannot be sustained by what follows. The carrion is good at kissing—ready to return the kiss of the sun—"Common kissing Titan,"—and in the bitterness of his satire Hamlet associates the idea with the daughter of Polonius. Mr. Whiter, however, considers that *good*, the original reading, is correct; but that the poet uses the word as a substantive—the good principle in the fecundity of the earth. In that case we should read, "being a good, kissing carrion." (See 'Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare,' p. 157.)

^a This is sometimes printed "yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am,"—a made up reading.

^b So the folio. The quarto (B) reads, "except my life, except my life, except my life."

Ros. God save you, sir. [To POLONIUS.
[Exit POLONIUS.

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favour?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why anything. But to the purpose.^a You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [To GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [Aside.]—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrecy to the king and queen. Mould no feather.^b I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging firmament^c—this majestic roof fretted with golden

^a So the folio. The passage is usually printed from quarto (B), "any thing—but to the purpose."

^b So the folio. The quarto (B), reads, "and your secrecy to the king and queen mould no feather."

^c Firmament. So the quarto (B). Using o'erhanging as a substantive, and omitting firmament, (the reading of the folio,) the sentence is, perhaps, less eloquent but more coherent. The air is the canopy; the o'erhanging; the majestic roof. Here, it appears to us, there are three distinct references to the common belief of the three regions of air. Ben Jonson, in his description of the scenery of the 'Masque of Hymen,' has this passage:—"A cortine of painted clouds reached to the utmost roof of the hall, and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air: in the highest of which sat Juno, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the lowest, where was made a rainbow, and within it musicians seated, figuring airy spirits, their habits various, and resembling the several colours caused in that part of the air by reflection. The midst was all of dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made." The "canopy," we believe, is the lowest region of "colours caused by reflection;" the "o'erhanging," the midst of "dark and condensed clouds;" the "majestic roof fretted with golden fire," the highest, where Juno sat, "circled with comets and fiery meteors." The air, in its three regions, appears to Hamlet no other thing "than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." If this interpretation be correct, the word "firmament," which is applied to the heavens generally, might have been rejected by the poet, as conveying an image unsuited to that idea of a part which is conveyed by the substantive "o'erhanging."

fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me?"

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten^a entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted^b them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;^c and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city?

Ham. How chanceth it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?^d Will they

pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is like most, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy:^a there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange;^b for mine uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mowes^c at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in the garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.^d

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too;—at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing^e clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to

the share of any common charge paid by an individual. The French *escotter*, is to pay the scot. Hence "scot and lot."
^a In some modern editions, "to tarre them on." The folio has not on. In King John (Act IV. Sc. II.) we have

"Like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on."

To tarre is to exasperate, from the Anglo-Saxon *tiran*.

^b In quartos, very strange.

^c In quartos, mowhs. The mowes of the folio is more Shaksperian—as in the Tempest.

"Sometimes like apes that mow and chatter at me."

^d Handsaw—the corruption in this proverbial expression of *heronshaw*—*hernshaw*, a heron. In Spenser, we have

"As when a cast of falcons made their flight
At an heronshaw."

^e Swathing, in folio; in quartos, swaddling.

^a Lenten—sparing—like fare in Lent.

^b Coted—overtook—went side by side—from *côté*.

^c The quarto of 1603 reads, "that are tickled in the lungs." The sere is a dry affection of the throat, by which the lungs are tickled; but the clown provokes laughter even from those who habitually cough.

^d Escoted—paid. The scot or shot—the coin cast down—in

them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy. He comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 't was so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,^a—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.¹ For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Ham, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"As by lot, God wot,

and then you know,

"It came to pass, As most like it was."

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more:² for look, where my abridgments come.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy face is valiant^b since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.³ Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.⁴—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing

we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

I Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general:⁵ but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes; set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallies⁶ in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation; but called it, an honest method [as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine]. One chief speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was *Aeneas'* tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,
't is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules;⁷ b horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders:⁸ d Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

I Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless lium,
Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,

^a The folio omits *was*.

^b *Valiant*, in folio; which is interpreted *manly*. The quarto has *valanc'd*, which is explained "fringed with a beard."

^a *Sallies*, ribaldry.

^b *Gules*, red, in heraldic phrase.

^c *Trick'd*, painted; also a word in heraldry.

^d *Vile murders*, in the folios; in quartos, *lord's murders*.

The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armours, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Prithee, say on:—He's for a jig,^a or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.

1 Play. But who, O who, had seen the mobled queen—

Ham. The mobled^b queen?

Pol. That's good: mobled queen is good.

1 Play. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flame
With bisson rheum; a clout about that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarum of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd.
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts,^c and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin man, better:^d Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape

^a A jig, a ludicrous interlude.

^b Mobled. This is the reading of quartos (A) and (B). In the folio we have *inobled*, which is, we have little doubt, a misprint. In the folio of 1632, the original reading was restored. *Mobled*, *mobled*, is hastily muffed up. The mobled queen has

"A clout about that head
Where late the diadem stood,"

In Sandys' *Travels* we have "their heads and faces are *mobled* in fine linen." To *mob*, or *mob*, is to dress carelessly; a *mob* is a covering for the head, a close covering, according to some,—a *mobile* covering, more probably.

^c Abstracts, in the folio; another reading is *abstract*, adjectively.

^d Better, in the folio; in quartos, *much* better.

whipping! Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS with some of the Players.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* Player.] My good friends, [*To* Ros. and GUIL.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exit* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you: Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd;^b
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,^c
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams,^d unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha!

^a Whole, in folio; in quartos, *own*.

^b Wann'd in the quartos; the folio, *warm'd*.

^c Free,—free from offence.

^d John-a-dreams,—a soubriquet for a heavy, lethargic fellow

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
villain!

O vengeance!

What an ass am I! ay, sure, this is most
brave;^a

That I, the son of the dear murdered,^b
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

^a So the folio. The quartos, omitting the short line, "O vengeance," read

"Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave.

^b So the folio; the quartos, "a dear father murder'd." The rejection, by some editors, of the beautiful reading of "the dear murdered," would be unaccountable, if we did not see how pertinaciously these have treated the folio of 1623 as of no authority

Eye upon't! foh! About, my brains! 'T have
heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit



[Hamlet.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE II.—“*Seneca cannot be too heavy,*” &c.

In the second scene of the third act, Hamlet thus addresses Polonius :—“ My lord, you played once in the university, you say ? ” It is to the practice amongst the students of our universities, in the time of Elizabeth, of acting Latin plays, that Hamlet alludes ; and the frequency of such performances, as Warton remarks, may have suggested to Shakspere the names of Seneca and Plautus in the passage before us. In that very curious book, Braun’s ‘*Civitates*,’ 1575, there is a Latin memoir prefixed to a map of Cambridge, in which these theatrical entertainments are described ; and the fables of Plautus, Terence, and Seneca, are expressly mentioned as being performed by the students with elegance, magnificence, dignity of action, and propriety of voice and countenance. Malone says, “ The most celebrated actors at Cambridge were the students of St. John’s and King’s colleges : at Oxford, those of Christ-church. In the hall of that college a Latin comedy, called *Marcus Geminus*, and the Latin tragedy of *Progne*, were performed before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1566 ; and, in 1564, the Latin tragedy of *Dido* was played before her majesty, when she visited the University of Cambridge. The exhibition was in the bony or nave of the chapel of King’s College, which was lighted by the royal guards, each of whom bore a staff-torch in his hand.” The account of this visit of Elizabeth to Cambridge is to be found in Peck’s ‘*Desiderata Curiosa*,’ vol. ii. page 25 ; and it appears from the subjoined passage, that there was great competition amongst the colleges for the theatrical recreation of her majesty :—

“ Great preparations and charges, as before in the other plays, were employed and spent about the tragedy of Sophocles, called Ajax Flagellifer, in Latin, to be this night played before her. But her highness, as it were tired with going about to the colleges, and with hearing of disputations, and over-watched with former plays, (for it was very late nightly before she came to them, as also departed from them,) and furthermore, minding early in the morning to depart from Cambridge and ride to a dinner unto a house of the Bishop of Ely, at Stanton, and from thence to her bed at Hinchinbrook (a house of Sir Henry Cromwell’s, in Huntingdonshire, about twelve miles from Cambridge,) could not, as otherwise, no doubt, she would, (with like patience and cheerfulness, as she was present at the other,) hear the said tragedy ; to the great sorrow, not only of the players, but of all the whole University.”

² SCENE II.—“*One fair daughter and no more,*” &c.

There is an old ballad, which was first printed in Percy’s *Reliques*, under the title ‘*Jephthah, Judge of Israel*,’ and is there given as it “ was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady who wrote it down from memory, as she had formerly heard it sung by her father.” A copy of the ballad has since been recovered ; and is reprinted in Evans’ *Collection*, 1810. The first stanza is as follows :—

“ I have read that many years agoe,
When Jephthah, judge of Israel,
Had one fair daughter and no more,
Whom he loved passing well.
As by lot, God wot,
It came to passe most like it was,
Great wars there should be,
And who should be the chiefe, but he, but he.”

The lines quoted by Hamlet almost exactly correspond with this copy. Hamlet, in the text of the quarto of 1611, calls the poem, ‘*The Pious Chanson* ;’ but in the quarto of 1604, and the folio of 1623, it is ‘*the Pons Chanson*.’ Pope says, this refers to the old ballads sung on bridges. We believe *Pons* is a typographical error ; for in the quarto of 1603, we find “ the first verse of the *godly ballet*.”

³ SCENE II.—“*By the altitude of a choppine,*”

The best description of a choppine is found in Coryat’s ‘*Crudities*,’ 1611 ; and we subjoin a representation of several specimens of these monstrous clogs, which Evelyn calls “ wooden scaffolds :”



[Choppines.]

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

"There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and towns subject to the signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I think) amongst any other women in Christendom, which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad,—a thing made of wood and covered with leather of sundry colours, some with white, some red, some yellow. It is called a chapiney, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have seen fairly gilt: so uncemely a thing (in my opinion), that it is pity this foolish custom is not clean banished and exterminated out of the city. There are many of these chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seem much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women, when they walk abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arm, otherwise they might quickly take a fall."

"SCENE II.—"Your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, cracked within the ring."

Hamlet's address to "my young lady and mistress" is perfectly intelligible, and has no latent meaning. The parts of women were performed by boys. The boy that Hamlet recollected in such parts was now "nearer to heaven by the altitude

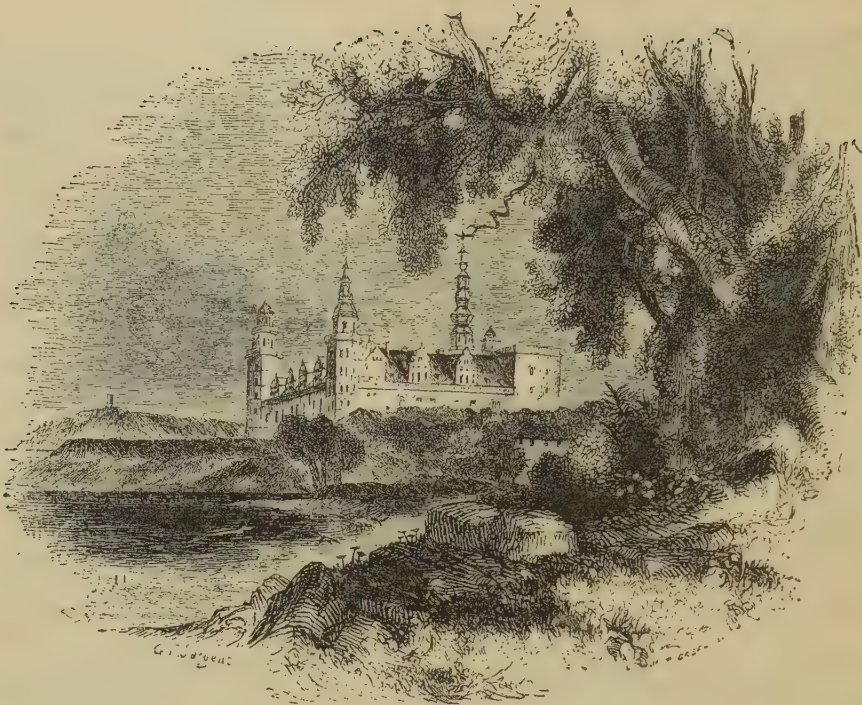
of a chopping;"—he was growing into a man. Hamlet hopes, therefore, that his "voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring;"—that his voice be not broken, as the technical phrase is, and he be therefore unfitted for women's parts;—be no longer current in those parts. Our readers who have seen the coins of the 16th century, or have noticed our representations of them, will have observed that the head of the sovereign is invariably contained within a circle, between which and the rim the legend is given. The test of currency in a coin was, that it should not be cracked within the circle, or ring. If the crack, to which the thin coins of that age were particularly liable, extended beyond the ring, the money was no longer considered good. We learn, from two tracts quoted by Douce, that it was customary for usurers to buy up the "uncurrent gold," at a price lower than the nominal value of the coin, and then require the unhappy borrowers to take them at their standard rate.

⁵ SCENE II.—"T was caviare to the general."

This word is *caviarie* in the folio, following the Italian *caviaro*. Florio, in his 'New World of Words,' has "*Caviaro*, a kind of salt black meat made of roes of fishes, much used in Italy." In Sir John Harrington's 33rd epigram, we find the word forming four syllables, and accented, as written by Shakspeare:—

"And caveare, but it little boots."

This preparation of the roes of sturgeons was formerly much used in England amongst the refined classes. It was imported from Russia.



[Kronberg Castle.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,^a
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way of these we told
him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much
content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exit* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront^c Ophelia
Her father, and myself (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;

^a *Circumstance*, in folio; in quartos, *conference*.

^c *Affront*, encounter, confront.

And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your
virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
[Exit QUEEN.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so
please you,
We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;
[To OPHELIA.]

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 't is too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my con-
science!^a

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

[*Aside.*
Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my
lord. [Exit KING and POLONIUS.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,^b
And, by opposing end them?—To die,—to
sleep,—

^a Some editors have destroyed the original metrical arrangement, and print these two lines thus, against all authority:—

"The devil himself.
King. O, 't is too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience."

^b Pope wished to print, "a siege of troubles." Surely the metaphor of the sea, to denote an overwhelming flood of troubles, is highly beautiful. It is thoroughly Shaksperean; for we find, in Pericles, "a sea of joys;" in Henry VIII., "a sea of glory;" in Tarquin and Lucrece, "a sea of care." In Milton, we have, "in a troubled sea of passion tost." (Par. Lost. x. 718.)

^c This passage was sometimes printed thus:—

"To die;—to sleep;—

No more?"
It is so given in Ayscough's edition. Surely the doubt whether death and sleep are identical comes too early, the passage being so pointed; for the reasoning proceeds to assume that death and sleep are the same, and, believing them to be the same,

"'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd."

Now comes the doubt—"perchance to dream." The "no more" is nothing more—the "rien de plus" of the French translators of Hamlet.

TRAGEDIES.—VOL. I. K

No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud^a man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despiz'd^b love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurs
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?^c who would these^d fardels
bear,

To grunt^e and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bow'n
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,^f
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.^g

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, no. I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well
you did;

^a Proud, in the quartos. In the folio we have "the poor man's contumely,"—the contumely which the poor man bears. We retain the reading of the quartos, for the transition is abrupt from the wrong which the oppressor inflicts to the contumely which the poor man suffers.

^b Despiz'd, in the folio; in quartos, despis'd.

^c Bodkin, a small sword. Cæsar is spoken of, by old writers, as slain by bodkins.

^d These, in folio, but not in quartos.

^e Grunt. So the originals. The players, in their squeamishness, always give us groan; and, if they had not the terror of the blank verse before them, they would certainly inflict perspire upon us. Grunt is used for loud lament by Turberville, Stonyhurst, and other writers before Shakspeare. We have the word direct from the Anglo-Saxon grunan.

^f Away, in folio in quartos, awry.

^g This repetition "well, well, well," has been rejected by the earlier editors. It is not in the quartos.

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,

Take these, again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty^a should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?^b

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth!^c We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no way^d but in his own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell: Or, if thou

wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures,^a and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit HAMLET.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite, down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England,

land,

For the demand of our neglected tribute:

Haply, the seas, and countries different,

With variable objects, shall expel

This something-settled matter in his heart;

Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus

From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well; but yet do I believe,

^a The reading of the folio is, "I have heard of your prattlings too, well enough. God hath given you one pace," &c. The context in some degree justifies the change of the folio. "You jig and you amble"—you go trippingly and mincingly in your gait (as the daughters of Sion are said, in Isaiah, to "come in tripping so nicely with their feet"—may refer to pace, as "you lisp and you nickname God's creatures," may to prattlings. Nevertheless, we think, with Johnson, that Shakspeare wrote both—paintings and face first, prattlings and pace latest. As a question of taste, we prefer to retain the first reading.

^a Your honesty, in the folio; in the quartos, you.

^b With honesty. This is the reading of the quartos. The folio has "your honesty."

^c Heaven and earth, in the folio; in the quartos, earth and heaven.

^d No way, in folio; in quartos, no where.

The origin and commencement of this grief Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia, You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said; We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please; But, if you hold it fit, after the play, Let his queen mother all alone entreat him To show his griefs; let her be round with him; And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear Of all their conference: If she find him not,^a To England send him: or confine him, where Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much—your hand thus: but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the^b whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to see^c a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, nei-

ther having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently^a with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Will you too help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio?

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter: For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no revenue hast but thy good spirits, To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp; And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice, And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for herself:^b for thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,

^a Indifferently—tolerably well.

^b The ordinary reading, which is that of the quartos, is,

“Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself.”

Surely the reading of the folio, that of our text, is far more elegant

^a Find him not out.

^b *The*, in folio; in quartos, *your*.

^c *Hear*, in folio; in quartos, *see*

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I prithee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of my^a soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithe.^b Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,

And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:

Get you a place.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard, carrying torches. Danish March. Sound a flourish.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the cameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: You cannot feed capons so.

King I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say?

[To POLONIUS.]

Pol. That I did, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol: Brutus killed me.

^a Here, again, is a very important change found in the text of the folio, which has been rejected by the modern editors. The ordinary reading (that of the quartos) is

"Even with the very comment of thy soul."

But Hamlet, having told Horatio the "circumstances" of his father's death, and imparted his suspicions of his uncle, entreats his friend to observe his uncle "with the very comment of my soul"—Hamlet's soul. To ask Horatio to observe him with the comment of his own soul (Horatio's), is a mere feeble expletive.

^b *Stithe*—a dissyllable—*stithy*.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [To the KING.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Hum. O God! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.¹ O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on,² with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*³

Hautboys play. The dumb show enters.²

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; ° it means mischief.

¹ He shall suffer being forgotten.

² See Illustration of Love's Labour's Lost, Act III. Sc. 1.
³ *Miching mallecho*. To mich is to flitch;—*mallecho*, is *misdeed*, from the Spanish. The *skulking* crime pointed out in the dumb show is, in one sense of Hamlet's wild phrase, *miching mallecho*; his own secret purpose, from which mischief will ensue, is *miching mallecho*, in another sense;—in either case, "it means mischief."

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poesy^a of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter King and his Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unit commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity;
In neither taught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.]^c

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers my'd functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accus'd!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

^a *Poesy.* In the quartos this is spelt *posie* and *poesie*. In the folio, both here and elsewhere, it is spelt *posie*. *Posy* is certainly the same as *poesy*; but was formerly, as now, understood to mean a short sentence or motto. Thus, in the Merchant of Venice,

"A paltry ring
That she did give me; whose *poesy* was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife—Love me and leave me not."

In Hall's Chronicle we have, "And the tent was replenished, and decked with this *posie*—After busy labor cometh victorious rest."

^b In the quarto we find a line following this, which is omitted in the folio; it has no corresponding line in rhyme:—

"For women fear too much, even as they love."

There can be no doubt that the line ought to be struck out, it being superseded by

"For women's fear and love holds quantity."

^c These two lines are not in the folio.

^d *My*, in folio; *their*, in quartos.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances^a that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak,
But, what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own;
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night!
[To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blunts the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now, —
[To OPHELIA.]

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain
And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence 't the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.^d This play is the image of a murder

^a *Instances*—solicitations, inducements.

^b This couplet is found only in the quartos.

^c *Anchor's cheer*—anchoret's fare. This abbreviation of *anchoret* is very ancient.

^d *Tropically*—figuratively.

done in Vienna: Gonzago is the Duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus,^a my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.^b

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take^c husbands.—Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;—

—The croaking raven

Dóth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison in his ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:^d

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

So runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk^e with me,) with two Provincial roses on my razed^a shoes,

get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.^b

Ham. A whole one I

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—*Paiocke.*^b

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous discontented.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir, pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to

a proverbial expression for the conduct of one who is tyrannical and hard-hearted.

^a *Razed*, slashed. The cut shoes were tied with a riband gathered in the form of a rose. The feathers and the fine shoes were the chief decorations of the players of Shakspeare's day.

^b *Paiocke*. All the old copies have *paiocke*, or *paiock*. Pope first read *peacock*, which Malone adopted. In a pamphlet entitled 'Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakspeare,' &c. (1814), it is said that *paiocke* means the Italian *baiocco*, "a piece of money of about three farthings value." Malone, in advocating *peacock*, says, "Shakspeare, I suppose, means that the king struts about with a false pomp." This idea was perhaps received into the mind of King George the Third—who was a reader of Shakspeare, although he undervalued him—when, in the early stage of one of his attacks of insanity, he began the royal speech with "My lords and peacocks."

^a So the folio; the quartos, "good as a chorus."

^b In puppet-shows, which were called motions, an interpreter explained the action to the audience. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. 1.

^c *Must take*. This is the reading of the quarto of 1603. Johnson, who had not seen that edition, suggested *must take* as a correction of the common text, *mistake*. *Mistake* may, however, be used in the sense of *to take wrongly*.

^d See the exquisite passage descriptive of "the poor sequester'd stag," and "his velvet friends," in *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 1.

^e *Turn Turk*—if the rest of my fortunes deal with me truly. "To turn Turk, and throw stones at the poor," is

make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answers as I can make you shall command; or, rather, you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter; My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.^a

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do freely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.^b

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a recorder.^c

O, the recorder: let me see.—To withdraw with you:^d—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanly.

^a "To keep my hands from picking and stealing," is an expression of the Church Catechism.

^b The ordinary reading, which is made up, is—"you do, surely, but bar the door upon," &c. Our text is that of the folio.

^c In the quarto we find, "enter the players, with recorders." The recorder was (not "a kind of large flute," as Mr. Stevens says, but) a flageolet, or small English flute, the mouthpiece of which, at the upper extremity of the instrument, resembled the beak of a bird; hence the larger flutes so formed were called *flutes à bec*. The recorder was soft in tone, and an octave higher than the flute. Milton speaks ('Par. Lost,' i. 650) of

— the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders.

It would appear from Bacon's 'Sylva Sylvarum,' cent. iii. 221, that this instrument was larger in the lower than in the upper part; and a wood-cut of the flageolet, in Merne's 'Harmonie Universelle,' leads to the same conclusion. On the etymology of the word much ingenuity has been bestowed, but without any satisfactory result.

^d Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have intimated, by some signal, that they wish to speak with Hamlet in private.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak.^a Why, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.^b

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that cloud, that's almost in shape like a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exit Ros. GUIL. HOR., &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night;

^a The folio omits *speak*. The poet may have meant to say, yet cannot you make this music, this excellent voice; for Guildenstern might have made the pipe *speak*, but he could not command it to any utterance of harmony. We now prefer to consider the folio erroneous.

^b The musical allusion is continued. The frets of all instruments of the lute or guitar kind, are thick wires fixed at certain distances across the finger-board, on which the strings are *stopped*, or pressed by the fingers. Nares thinks that the word is derived from *fretum*; but the French verb *rotter* seems the more likely source.

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my
mother.—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

How in my words soever she be shent,^a

To give them seals^b never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with
us,

To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare
you;

I your commission will forthwith despatch,

And he to England shall along with you:

The terms of our estate may not endure

Hazard so dangerous,^c as doth hourly grow

Out of his lunacies.^d

Guil. We will ourselves provide:

Most holy and religious fear it is,

To keep those many many bodies safe,

That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,

With all the strength and armour of the mind,

To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more

That spirit, upon whose spirit^e depend and rest

The lives of many. The cease of majesty

Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw

What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,

Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone

Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,

Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exit* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

^a *Shent*, rebuked; or probably here, *hurt*.

^b *To give them seals*—to give my words seals; to make my sayings deeds.

^c *Dangerous*, in folio; in quartos, *near us*.

^d *Lunacies*, in folio; in quartos, *brows*, which Theobald changed to *lunes*.

^e *Spirit*, in folio; in quartos, *weal*.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's
closet:

Behind the arras I'll convey myself,

To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home.

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meet, that some more audience than a
mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear

The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,

And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,

A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will;

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy,

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—

To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,

Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;

My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul
murder!—

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd

Of those effects for which I did the murder,

My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?

In the corrupted currents of this world,

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;

And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:

There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,

To give in evidence. What then? what rests?

Try what repentance can: What can it not?

Yet what can it, when one can not repent?

O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!

O limed soul; that struggling to be free,

Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!

Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings

of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe:

All may be well!

[*Retires, and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save
heaven?

But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'T is heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?

No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:^b
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

The KING rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay
home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with:
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood
between

Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.^a
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within.*] Mother! mother! mother!^d

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[POLONIUS hides himself.]

^a *Full of bread.* Shakespeare found this remarkable expression in the Bible:—"Behold this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom; pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters." (*Ezekiel*, xvi. 49.)
^b *To hent*, is to seize: "know thou a more horrid hent," is, have a more horrid grasp.

^c Mr. Hunter suggested that this may have been a misprint for *scene*. Falstaff uses the same word on adopting a similar concealment.

^d This call of Hamlet is not in the quartos.

*Enter HAMLET.**Ham.* Now, mother; what's the matter?*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.*Ham.* Go, go, you question with an idle^a tongue.*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet?*Ham.* What's the matter now?*Queen.* Have you forgot me?*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so:You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
But would you were not so! You are my mother.*Queen.* Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!*Ham.* How now! a rat? [*Draws.*]
Dead, for a ducat, dead.*[HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.]**Pol.* [*Behind.*] O I am slain. [*Falls and dies.*]*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?*Ham.* Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?*[Lifts up the arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.]**Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!*Ham.* A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!*Ham.* Ay, lady, 't was my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!*[To POLONIUS.]*I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace, sit you
down,And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

^a *Idle*, in folio; in quartos, *wicked*. The antithesis, it appears to us, is in *answer* and *question*, and not in *idle* and *wicked*. Besides, *wicked* was too strong an epithet for Hamlet to apply to his mother,—inconsistent with that filial respect which he never wholly abandons.

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets^a a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity^b and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?^c
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this;^d

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on 'his brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station^d like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband,—look you now, what
follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: And what judgment

Would step from this to this? [Sense, sure, you
have,
Else, could you not have motion: But sure, that
sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference.*] What devil
was 't,

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?^f
[Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense

^a *Sets*. in the quarto (B); in folio, *makes*. The repetition of *makes* is certainly inelegant.

^b *This solidity*—this earth. Heaven and earth are ashamed of your act.

^c *The index*, is here used as in *Othello*:—"An index and obscure prologue to the history."

^d *Station*—manner of standing, attitude.

^e The lines in brackets are found in quarto (B), but are not in the folio. So also the four lines below.

^f *Hoodman-blind*—the game which we call *blind-man's buff*.

Could not so mope.]

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making
love

Over the nasty sty;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine
ears;

No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:^a
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of snreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would you, gra-
cious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
chide,

That laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say.

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,

^a *Vice of kings*—the *Vice* of the old Moralities. See *Henry IV.*, Part II.; Act III. Sc. II.

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,^a
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how
pale he glares!

This form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon
me;

Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for
blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals
away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit GHOST.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not mad-
ness

That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and flin the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseem. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past: avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost o'er the weeds,
To make them rank.^b Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pury times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb^c and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat—

^a *Excrements*—hair, nails, feathers, were called excrements. Isaac Walton, speaking of fowls, says, "their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night."

^b *Rank*, in the folio: in quartos, *ranker*.

^c *Curb*—to bend—*coward*.

Of habits devil,^a—is angel yet in this,—
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on:^b Refrain to-night:
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: [the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master^c the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.] Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.^d—For this same lord,

[Pointing to POLONIUS.]

I do repent. But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So again, good night!
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
[One word more, good lady.]

Queen.

What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him
know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock,^e from a bat, a gib,^f
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

^a This passage is generally printed thus:—

"That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this."

The commentators, who have, contrary to the text of the quarto, made *habits* the genitive case, cannot explain their own reading. As we have printed the passage, we understand it to mean, that custom, who destroys all nicety of feeling—sense—sensibility,—who is the devil that governs our habits—is yet an angel in this, &c.

^b The lines in brackets, and the four subsequent lines, are not in the folio, but are found in the quarto (B).

^c *Master*—so the quarto (C): it has been changed to *either curb*, either without *curb* being the reading of quarto (B).

^d I, as your son, will ask your blessing, when, by your altered life, you evince your desire to be bless'd.

^e *Paddock*—load.

^f *Gib*—a cat.

Queen.
I had forgot; 't is so concluded on.

Ham. [There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work,
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar:^a and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 't is most sweet,

^a *Hoist with his own petar*—blown up with his own engine.

Alack,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.^a] This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in the body of POLONIUS.*

^a These lines in brackets are not in the folio.



[The herald Mercury.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

1 SCENE II.—“*I'll have a suit of sables.*”

Sir Thomas Hamner turned “*I'll have a suit of sables,*” into “*I'll have a suit of ermine;*” and Warburton thinks it extremely absurd that Hamlet and the devil should both go into mourning. Neither Hamner nor Warburton perceived the latent irony of Hamlet's reply. Ophelia says his father has been dead “twice two months;” he replies, “So long? nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.” Robes of sable were amongst the most *costly* articles of dress; and by the Statute of Apparel, 24 Hen. VIII., it was ordained that none under the degree of an earl should use sables. This fur, as is well known, is not black; and it is difficult to know how it became connected with mournful associations, as in Spenser—

“Grief all in *sable* sorrowfully clad.”

In heraldry, *sable* means black; and, according to Peacham, the name thus used is derived from the fur. Sables, then, were costly and magnificent; but not essentially the habiliments of sorrow, though they had some slight association with mournful ideas. If Hamlet had said, “Nay, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of ermine,” he would merely have said, Let the devil be in mourning, for I'll be fine. But as it is he says, Let the devil wear the real colours of grief, but I'll be magnificent in a garb that only has a facing of something like grief. Hamlet would wear the suit as Ben Jonson's haberdasher wore it: “Would you not laugh to meet a great counsellor of state, in a flat cap, with his trunk-hose, and a hobby-horse cloak; and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown trimmed with sables?”

2 SCENE II.—“*The dumb show enters.*”

Hamlet has previously described the bad player as “capable of nothing but inexpressible dumb shows.” Mute exhibitions, during the time of Shakspeare, and before and after, were often introduced to exhibit such circumstances as the limits of a play would not admit to be represented. In some plays the order of these dumb shows is minutely described; and they generally represent scenes which are not offered to the understanding in the dialogue. We presume, however, that Shakspeare, in the instance before us, had some stage authority for making the dumb show represent the same action that is indicated in the dialogue. His dramatic object here is evident: he wanted *completely* to catch the conscience of the king; and thus, before the actors come to the murder of Gonzago, the king is alarmed, and asks, “Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in it?”

3 SCENE II.—“*A fellowship in a cry of players,*” &c.

A *cry* of players was a company; a *fellowship* was a participation in the profits. Hamlet had managed the play so well, that his skill ought to entitle him to such a fellowship:—“Half a share,” says Horatio; “a whole one,” says Hamlet. In

Mr. Collier's History of the Stage, vol. iii. p. 427 we find many curious details on the payment of actors, showing that the performers at our earlier theatres were divided into whole-sharers, three-quarter-sharers, half-sharers, and hired men.

4 SCENE IV.—“*Look here, upon this picture, and on this.*”

In a volume of Essays, written by Dr. Armstrong, under the assumed name of Lancelot Temple, we have the following observations on the common stage action which accompanies this passage,—“As I feel it, there is a kind of tame impropriety, or even absurdity, in that action of Hamlet producing the two miniatures of his father and uncle out of his pocket. It seems more natural to suppose, that Hamlet was struck with the comparison he makes between the two brothers, upon casting his eyes on their pictures, as they hang up in the apartment where this conference passes with the queen. There is not only more nature, more elegance, and dignity in supposing it thus; but it gives occasion to more passionate and more graceful action; and is of consequence likelier to be as Shakspeare's imagination had conceived it.” It is remarkable that this stage practice, which involved the improbability that Hamlet should have carried his uncle's picture about with him, should have been a modern innovation. In a print prefixed to Rowe's Shakspeare, 1709, of which the following is a copy, we see Hamlet pointing to the large pictures on the arras. Our readers will smile at the costume, and will observe that the stage trick of kicking down the chair upon the entrance of the ghost is more than a century old.





[A Plain in Denmark.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter KING and QUEEN.**

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves;
You must translate: 't is fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat! a rat!*^b
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;

* In the quartos, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter with the King and Queen, and are sent away, for a short space, by this line of the Queen:—

"Bestow this place on us a little while."

In the folio this line is omitted: and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern come in when Guildenstern is called by the King.

^b In the quartos,

"Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*"

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad young man: but, so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,

Among a mineral^a of metals base,

Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:

^a Mineral—mine; a compound mass of metals.



Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* ROS. and GUIL.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: [so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.^a] O come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. — Safely stowed,—

[*Ros. &c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!]

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O,
here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is
kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is; that we may take it
thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of^b a sponge!
—what replication should be made by the son of
a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's coun-
tenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such
officers do the king best service in the end: He
keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw;
first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he
needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing
you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps
in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body
is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king
is not with the body. The king is a thing—

GUIL. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide
fox, and all after.^c [*Exeunt.*]

^a The lines in the brackets are not in the folio. In the quartos the sense is imperfect, and Theobald inserted; "so, haply, slander."

^b Demanded of—demanded by.

^c The name of a boyish sport—"All hid."

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten:
a certain convocation of politic^a worms are e'en
at him. Your worm is your only emperor for
diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and
we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king,
and your lean beggar, is but variable service;
two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

[*King.* Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that
bath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath
fed of that worm.^b]

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king
may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see: if your
messenger find him not there, seek him i' the
other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find
him not this month, you shall nose him as you
go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till you come.

Exeunt Attendants.

^a The Corrector of the folio of 1632 substitutes *palated* for *politic*. Mr. Collier says the expression *palated* is peculiarly Shaksperian, and "if the text had always stood '*palat-d* worms,' and it had been proposed to change it to '*politic* worms,' few readers would for an instant have consented." The argument is a two-edged one; it makes us hesitate about disturbing an established text. If *palated* be a Shaksperian word, *politic* is a Shaksperian thought, and is manifestly connected with the idea of "convocation."

^b The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

King. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee
hence
With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
Ham. I see a cherub, that sees him.^a—But,
come; for England!—Fare well, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man
and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my
mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with
speed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for everything is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make
haste. [*Exit* Ros. and GUIL.

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun^b
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish
king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims^c the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go safely^d on.

[*Exit* FORTINBRAS and Forces.

[*Enter* HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-
STERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How proposed,^b sir,

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who

Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will de-
fend it.

Cap. Yes, 't is already garrison'd,

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thou-
sand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw
This is the imposthume of much wealth and
peace;

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit* Captain.

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a
little before. [*Exit* Ros. and GUIL.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,^c
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust^d in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,

And ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means,

To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army of such mass and charge,

^a The whole of this scene, in which a clue is so beauti-
fully furnished to the indecision of Hamlet, is wanting in
the folio. It was perhaps omitted on account of the extreme
length of the play, and as not helping on the action.

^b *Proposed*—purposed. Steevens substituted the word
purposed, and recent editors follow him.

^c See Note on "discourse of reason," Act I Sc. II.

^d *To fust*—to become mouldy.

^a *Hins*, in the folio; in the quartos, *them*.

^b So in the folio; in the quartos, "we'll ne'er begin."

^c *Claims*, in the folio; in the quartos, *craves*.

^d *Safely*, in the folio; in the quartos, *softly*.



Ophelia, "White his shroud as the mountain snow."

Hamlet, Act IV., sc. 5.

Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have, a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!]

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says,
she hears,There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats
her heart;Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in
doubt,That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth moveThe hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
yield them,Indeed would make one think there would be
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with;
for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in. [Exit HORATIO.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. (sings) How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.^a

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love showers.^a

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you!^b They say, the
owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know
what we are, but, know not what we may be.
God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let us have no words of this;
but when they ask you what it means, say you
this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make
an end on't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fye for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long as she been this?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be
patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think
they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother
shall know of it, and so I thank you for
your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good
night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good
night, good night. [Exit.]

^a Did not go. So all the old copies—' corrected by Mr. Pope," says Steevens. Ophelia's song had reference to her father. He was not a youth—he was not bewept with true-love showers.

^b God 'ield you—God requite you.

^c Dupp'd. To dup is to do up; as to don is to do on.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch,
I pray you. [*Exit HORATIO.*]
O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death:^a O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddled,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done
but greenly,^b

In hugger-mugger^c to inter him: Poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere
beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece,^d in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*]

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Where are my switzers? Let them
guard the door:

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impitious^e haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him, lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, 'Choose we; Laertes shall be King!'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they
cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

^a In the quartos we find, after this, "And now behold."
The words are rejected in the folio.

^b *Greenly*—unwisely; like novices.

^c *Hugger-mugger*. The etymology of this ancient word is very uncertain. The Scotch have *huggie-mugger*, which Jamieson interprets, "in a confused state, disorderly." In North's Plutarch, the word is applied to the burial of Cæsar: "Antonius thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in *hugger-mugger*."

^d *Murdering piece*—a canon was so called.

^e *Impetuous*—untyping; the folio of 1632 gives us *impetuous*.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you
all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou
vile king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, pro-
claims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed;—Let him go,
Gertrude;—

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled
with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your
revenge,

That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend
and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll open
my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,^a
Repast them with my blood.



King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,^a
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws
and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times
salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And on his grave rains many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you
call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes
it!^b It is the false steward, that stole his
master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remem-
brance;^c pray, love, remember: and there is
pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and
remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:
—there's rue for you; and here's some for me;
—we may call it, herb-grace o' Sundays:^d—oh
you must wear your rue with a difference.—
There's a daisy:—I would give you some vio-
lets; but they withered all, when my father
died:—They say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell
itself,

She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

^a Pierce, in the folio; in the quarto, *pear*.

^b This is explained, "how well is this ditty adapted to the wheel,"—to be sung by the spinners at the wheel. The burthen of a song, such as *down a-down*, was, according to Steevens, called the wheel.

^c Rosemary was considered to have the power of strengthening the memory.

^d Rue was meant to express *ruth*—sorrow. For the same reason it was called *herb-grace*; for "he whom God loveth he chasteneth."

Oph. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard is white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
Gramercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God,
be wi' you! [*Exit OPHELIA.*]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must common^a with your
grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
will,

And they shall hear and judge 't wixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,⁸
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?
Serv. Sailors, sir;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—
[*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's
a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambas-
sador that was bound for England; if your
name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

^a To common, now written *commune*, is to make common
—interchange thoughts.

Hor. [Reads.] *Horatio*, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. *Rosenkrantz* and *Guiltenstern* hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, *Hamlet*.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend; Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, That he which hath your noble father slain, Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me, Why you proceeded not against these feats, So crimeful and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else, You mainly were stirred up.

King. O, for two special reasons; Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,

And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself, (My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,) She's so conjunctive to my life and soul, That, as the star moves not but in his sphere, I could not but by her. The other motive, Why to a public count I might not go, Is the great love the general gender bear him: Who, dipping all his faults in their affection, Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows, Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind, Would have reverted to my bow again, And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost; A sister driven into desperate terms; Whose worth, if praises may go back again, Stood challenger on mount of all the age For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull, That we can let our beard be shook with danger, And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:

I loved your father, and we love ourself; And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,— How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet: This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mes. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not. They were given to me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kindly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked,'— And, in a postscript here, he says, 'alone:' Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come:

It warms the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes, As how should it be so? how otherwise? Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it,—I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device, Under the which he shall not choose but fall; And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,

And call it, accident.

[*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd: The rather, if you could devise it so, That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right. You have been talk'd of since your travel much, And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts Did not together pluck such envy from him,

As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.^a—] Some two
months hence,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the
French,

And they can^b well on horseback: but this
gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he pass'd^c my
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Came short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch,
indeed,

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: [the scrimers^d of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them:]^e Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. Why out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your
father;

But that I know love is begun by time;

And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

[There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pluriy^a
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would*
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the
ulcer:^b]

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
'To show yourself your father's son in deed'
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanc-
tuarize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your
chamber?

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine,
together,

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,^d
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse^e the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,^f and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and
means,

May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad per-
formance,

^a *Pluriy*. Warburton would read *plethory*. But *pluriy* was constantly used in the sense of fulness, abundance, by the poets. Thus, in Massinger, we have "pluriy of goodness," and "pluriy of blood."

^b The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

^c *In deed*. So the folio; in the quarto, "indeed you; father's son."

^d *Remiss*—inattentive.

^e *Peruse*—examine.

^f *Unbated*—not blunted.

^a The passage in brackets is not found in the folio; but is printed from quarto (B).

^b Can well in quartos; in folio, *ran* well.

^c *Pass'd*, in folio; in quartos, *topp'd*.

^d *Scrimers*—fencers; from *escrimura*.

^e The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

'T were better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your com-
mings,^a—

I ha't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd
him

A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping.
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,^b
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,

So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd!—O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a
brook,^c

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,^d

^a *Commings*—meetings in assault. The *comming* is the *venue*. In the quartos we have *cunnings*.

^b Mr. Grant White would read *tuck*, a rapier. *Stuck* has the same meaning.

^c *Aslant a brook*, in the folio; in quartos, *ascount the brook*.

^d So the folio. In the quarto we have

"There with fantastic garlands did she make;
which some editors corrupted into "therewith;" as if Ophelia made her garments of the willow. To "make" is used in the sense of to "come"—to make way—to proceed.

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them:

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down the weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide;

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts^a it. *[Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude;

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again;

Therefore let's follow. *[Exeunt.*

^a *Douts*, in the folio; in the quartos, *drown*.



[Danish Ships.]



OPHELIA.

Queen. "There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,"

Hamlet, Act iv., 80. 7.



[Cockle Hat and Staff.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

1 SCENE 7.—“How should I your true love know?”

THE music, still sung in the character of Ophelia, to the fragments of songs in the Fifth Scene of Act IV., is supposed to be the same, or nearly so, that was used in Shakspeare's time, and thence transmitted to us by tradition. When Drury-lane theatre

was destroyed by fire, in 1812, the copy of these songs suffered the fate of the whole musical library; but Dr. Arnold noted down the airs from Mrs. Jordan's recollection of them, and the present three stanzas, as well as the two beginning—“And will he not come again?” are from his collection.

Plaintively.

1st. How should I your true love know, From a - no - ther

2nd. He is dead and gone, la - dy, He is dead and

3rd. White his shroud as the moun-tain snow, Lard - ed all with sweet

pp

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

1st. one? By his coc - kle hat and staff, And his san - dal shoon.

2nd. gone! At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

3rd. flowers, Which be-wept to the grave did not go, With true - love showers.

Moderately gay.

1st. To - mor - row is St. Valentine's day, All in the morning be-

2nd. Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes, And dupp'd the cham - ber

The two stanzas commencing, "To-morrow," are from the notation of the late Wm. Linley, Esq., as he "remembered them to have been exquisitely sung by Mrs. Forster, when she was Miss Field, and belonged to Drury-lane theatre."* The stanzas beginning, "By Gis and by St. Charity," may go to the notes set to "To-morrow."

We have given the melodies as noted by Dr. Arnold and Mr. W. Linley, but for their bases and accompaniments, we hold ourselves alone responsible; having added such as, in our opinion, are best adapted to the characters of the airs, musically viewed, and to the feeling of the scene, dramatically considered.

* 'Shakspeare's Dramatic Songs,' ii. 50.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

1st. time, And I a maid at your window, To be your Va-len - tine.

2nd. door, Let in the maid, that out a maid never de - part-ed more.

Plaintively.

1st. And will he not come a - gain? - - And

2nd. His beard was as white as snow, - - All

pp

1st. will he not come a - gain? - - No, no, he is dead, Go

2nd. flax - en was his poll; - - He is gone! he is gone, and we

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.



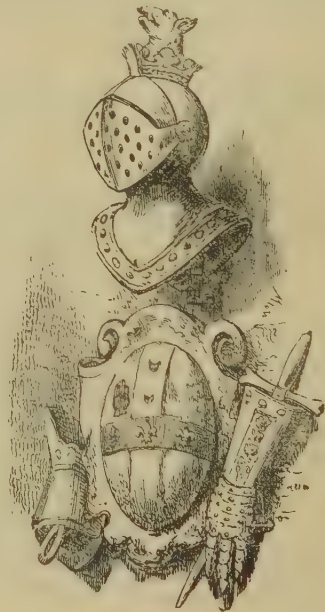
2 SCENE V.—“*Like the kind, life-rendring pelican.*”

In architectural ornaments, or monumental sculptures, and in old books of fables and emblems, the pelican is always represented as an eagle. As an ornament in the ecclesiastical structures of the middle ages, it is of frequent occurrence, and is generally found as a pendant from the point in which the groinings of the roof intersect each other, or as a principal decoration in the carved seats of stalls. Of the former, there is a beautiful example in the church at Harfleur; and of the latter, there are several very good ones in St. Mary's College, Winchester. Amongst old books of emblems there is one on which Shakspeare himself might have looked, containing the subjoined representation. It is entitled, ‘A Choice of Emblemes and other Devices, by Geffery Whitney, 1586.’ Beneath the cut are the following lines:—

“The pelican, for to revive her young,
Doth pierce her brest, and geve them of her blood
Then searche your breste, and as you have with tonge
With penne procede to doe our cuntry good:
Your zeal is great, your learning is profounde,
Then help our wantes, with that you doe abounde.”

3 SCENE V.—“*No trophy, sword, nor hatchment,
o'er his bones.*”

Sir John Hawkins says, “not only the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs, and tabard (i.e., a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term coat of armour) are hung over the grave of every knight. We subjoin a trophy of the period of Elizabeth, placed o'er the tomb of the Lennard family in West Wickham Church, Kent.



[Trophy.]



[Church at Elsmore.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Church-Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight:^a the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it a christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 't is found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not

himself: argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.¹

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If th'e had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian.² Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?²

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

^a *Even-christian*—fellow-christian, equal christian. The expression is used by Chaucer.

¹ *Straight*—straightways—forthwith.

2 *Clo.* Go to

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.^a

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are asked this question next, say a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit* 2 *Clown.*]

1 *Clown* digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my beloved
O, methought, there was nothing meet.³

Ham. Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of casiness.

Ham. 'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* But age with his stealing steps,
Hath caught ^b me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill ^c the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass o'er-offices;^d one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, 'Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou,

good lord?' This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them?⁴ mine achi to think on't.

1 *Clo.* A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shroud'g sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. There's another! Why might not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits^a now, his quillets,^b his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha!

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves'-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Clo.* 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

^a *Unyoke*—finish your work; unyoke your team.

^b *Caught*, in folio; in quartos, *claw'd*.

^c *Intill*, in folio; in quartos, *into*.

^d *O'er-offices*, in folio; in quartos, *o'er-reaches*.

^a *Quiddits*—quiddities—subtleties.

^b *Quillets*—quidlibet—(what you please)—a frivolous distinction.



1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 *Clo.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 *Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,^a or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,^b that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'T will not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now: this

scull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.^a

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir; this same scull, sir,^b was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see.^c Alas poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred my imagination is!^d my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own jeering?^e quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? puh!

[*Throws down the scull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make 'oam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial 'Cæsar,^f dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

^a *The card*—"the seaman's card" of Macbeth. A seachart in Shakspeare's time was called a *card*. But the drawing of the points of the compass is also called the *card*. Stevens and Malone differ as to whether a compass-card or a chart is here meant.

^b *Picked*, is spruce, affected, smart; to *pick* being the same as to *trim*. Some, however, think that the word was derived from picked, *peaked* boots, which were extravagantly long—and hence the association with the "*toe of the peasant*."

^a So the folio. The quartos read, "Here 's a scull now hath lyen you i' the earth," &c.

^b The repetition does not occur in the quartos.

^c *Let me see*, is not in the quartos. It super-edges the stage direction of "takes the scull."

^d So the folio. The reading of the quarto (B) is, "and how abhorred in my imagination it is." *Abhorred* is used in the sense of *disgusted*.

^e *Jarring*, in the folio; in the quartos, *grinning*.

^f *Imperial*, in the folio; in the quartos, *imperial*.

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the
king.

*Enter Priests, &c in procession; the corpse of
OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following;
KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: Who is that they fol-
low?

And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life. 'T was of some estate:
Couch we a while, and mark.

[*Retiring with HORATIO.*]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. This is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far en-
larg'd

As we have warrantise: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the
order,^a

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,^b
Shards,^c flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on
her,

Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,^d
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing sage requiem,^e and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's
wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
maid,

And not t' have strew'd thy grave.

Laer.

O, treble woo
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine
arms:

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Admiring.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sor-
row

Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them
stand

Like wonder-wounded bearers? this is I,

Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laer.

The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;

Sir, though I am not splenetic and rash,

Yet have I something^a in me dangerous,

Which let thy wiseness^b fear: Away^c thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen.

Hamlet, Hamlet!

Gentlemen.

Good my lord, be quiet.^d

[*The Attendants part them, and they
come out of the grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme,

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand bro-
thers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come, show me what thou'lt do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? [woul't fast?]
woul't tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil?^e eat a crocodile?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick^f with her, and so will I;

^a Something in me. So the folio; the quartos, *in me some-
thing.*

^b Wiseness, in the folio; in the quartos, *wisdom.*

^c Away, in the folio; in the quartos, *ho d off.*

^d In the folio, this entreaty is given to Horatio; and "Gen-
tlemen" is ejaculated by *Al.*

^e Quick—alive.

^a Order—rule, canon, of ecclesiastical authority.

^b For charitable prayers—instead of charitable prayers.

^c Shards. A shard is a thing shored—divided. Shards are
therefore fragments of ware—rubbish.

^d Rites. So the folio. The reading of the quarto, which is
usually followed, is *crants*, which means garlands. But the
"maiden strewments" are the flowers, the garlands, which
piety scatters over the bier of the young and innocent. The
rites included these, and "the bringing home of bell and
burial"—with bell and burial.

^e Sage requiem, in the folio; in the quartos, a requiem.
Sage is said to be used for grave, solemn. We suspect some
corruption.

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

* *Queen.* This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.⁷

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*
King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him.— [*Exit* HORATIO.

Strengthen your patience in our last night's
speech; [*To* LAERTES.

We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now let me^b see
the other;

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines^c in the bilboes.^d Rashly,
And praise be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear^e plots do pall; and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.^g

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew

To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery, an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more
leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play: I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them as the palm should
flourish;

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;^a
And many such like as 's of great charge,—
That on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.^b

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it
safely,

The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight: and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this
employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat^c

* In the folio, this speech is given to the *King*; in the quartos, to the *Queen*. We think that the assignment in the folio of so beautiful and tender an image as that of "the female dove" to a man drawn by the poet as a coarse sensualist, proceeds from a typographical error, which not unfrequently occurs.

^b Let me, in the folio; in the quartos, *shall you*.

^c Mutines—mutincers.

^d Bilboes—a bar of iron with fetters attached to it.

^e Dear, in the folio; in the quartos, *dear*.

^a Caldecott explains this—"continue the passage or inter course of amity between them, and prevent the interposition of a period to it." This is not satisfactory, but we thoroughly agree with Mr. Dyce, who says of certain conjectures, that "all the tampering of critics with the passage does not prove that it is corrupt."

^b Shriving-time—time of *shrif*, or confession.

^c Defeat, in the quartos; in the folio, *debate*.

Does by their own insinuation grow :

'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me
now upon—

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my
mother ;

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes ;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage ; is't not perfect con-
science,

To quit him with this arm ? and is't not to be
damu'd,

To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
England,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
And a man's life's no more than to say, *one*.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his : I'll count his favours :
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace ; who comes here ?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know
this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ; for 't is
a vice to know him : He hath much land, and
fertile ; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib
shall stand at the king's mess : 'T is a chough ;
but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your friendship^a were at
leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his
majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of
spirit : Put your bonnet to his right use ; 't is for
the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold ; the wind
is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

^a *Friendship*, in the folio : in quartos, *lordship*. Mr. Collier calls *friendship* a corruption. We have retained the "corruption," believing in the propriety of the correction in the folio. *Osr.* is the representative of euphuism—the affected phraseology of Shakspeare's age—and this is one of the forms of the affectation which runs through all that *Osr.* says.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry and hot, for
my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,
—as 't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord,
his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has
laid a great wager on your head : Sir, this is the
matter.

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, in good faith ; for mine ease, in
good faith. [Sir, here is newly come to court,
Laertes : believe me, an absolute gentleman,
full of most excellent differences, of very soft
society, and great showing : Indeed, to speak
feelingly of him, he is the card and calendar of
gentry, for you shall find in him the continent
of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition
in you ;—though, I know, to divide him inven-
torially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory ;
and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick
sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him
to be a soul of great article ; and his infusion of
such dearth and rareness, as, to make true dic-
tion of him, his semblable is his mirror ; and,
who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing
more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of
him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir ? why do we wrap
the gentleman in our more rawer breath ?

Osr. Sir ?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another
tongue ? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this
gentleman ?

Osr. Of Laertes ?

Hor. His purse is empty already ; all his
golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir ; yet, in faith, if
you did, it would not much approve me.—Well,
sir.^a

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence
Laertes is at his weapon.

[*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should
compare with him in excellence ; but, to know a
man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for this weapon ; but in the
imputation laid on him by them, in his meed
he's unfellowed.]

^a The long passage in brackets is not given in the folio, but is found in quarto (B). It was perhaps thought that it prolonged the main business somewhat too much. Several other passages in this scene, which we find in the quarto, are omitted in the folio ; and these we have placed in brackets.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Ham. The king, sir, hath waged^a with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imposed,^b as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

[Hor.] I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.]

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.¹⁰

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this imposed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[Exit.]

Ham. Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply^c with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond

and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

[Enter a Lord.]

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrice, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. *[Exit Lord.]*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? ^a

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

^a *Waged*, in the folio; in the quartos, *wagered*.

^b *Imposed*, in the folio; in the quartos, *impawned*.

^c *Comply*—was complaisant. In Fulwell's 'Arte of Platuerie,' 1579, we have the same idea:—"The very sucking babes hath a kind of adulation towards their nurses for the dug."

^a So the folio. The reading of the quartos is, "Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be."

That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I hear proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.
Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the foils, young Osric.
Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?
Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both.
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all
a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

Os. Ay, my good lord.
King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union^a shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come on, sir. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl
is thine;

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.
Come.—Another hit; What say you?

[*They play.*]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:^a
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good, madam.

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup: it is too late.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
[*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

Os. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The QUEEN falls.*]

Os. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it my lord?

^a Union—a very rich pearl. The quartos read, *onyx*.

^a So the quartos; in the folio, the line stands

"Here's a napkin, rub thy brows."

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,
Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my
dear Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villainy! Ho! Let the door be
lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art
slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the KING.*]

Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but
hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous,
damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*KING dies.*]

Laer. He is justly served;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow
thee.

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.
O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-
hind me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

M 2

Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

[*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;

I cannot live to hear the news from England;

But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,

Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night,
sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,
and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud
death!

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

That thou so many princes, at a shoot,

So bloodily hast struck?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal;

And our affairs from England come too late:

The ears are senseless that should give us hear-
ing,

To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:

Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you;

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from Eng-
land

Are here arriv'd, give order, that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view;

And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,

How these things came about: So shall you
hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;

Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I

Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience;
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have always cause to
speak,
and from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,
E'en while men's minds are wild; lest more mis-
chance,

On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;

For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his pas-
sage,

The soldier's music, and the rights of war,
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the body:^a—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead March.*]

[*Exeunt, marching; after which a peal of
ordnance is shot off.*]

^a *Body*, in the folio; in the quartos, *bodies*. Fortinbras
has ordered

"Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage."

This was a peculiar honour which he meant for him. We
give the concluding stage direction, as we find it in the folio.
"Exeunt, bearing off the bodies," is a modern addition.



[Hamlet's Grave.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

1 SCENE I.—"Crowner's-quest law."

Sir John Hawkins originally pointed out that this ludicrous description of "crowner's-quest law" was, in all probability, "a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his Commentaries." This was a case regarding the forfeiture of a lease to the crown, in consequence of the suicide of Sir James Hales. Malone somewhat sneers at the belief that Shakspeare should have known anything about a case determined before he was born; adding, "Our author's study was probably not much encumbered with old French reports." Plowden was not published till 1578,—in old French, certainly, as Malone says; but we have not a doubt that Shakspeare was familiar with the book, as the following extracts from the translation of 1779 will show. The clown says, "An act hath three branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform." Warburton observes that "this is a ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction, and of distinctions without difference." The precise thing, however, to be ridiculed is in the speech of one of the counsel in the case before us:—

"Walsh said that the act consists of three parts. The first is the imagination, which is a reflection or meditation of the mind, whether or no it is convenient for him to destroy himself, and what way it can be done. The second is the resolution, which is a determination of the mind to destroy himself, and to do it in this or that particular way. The third is the perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do. And this perfection consists of two parts, viz., the beginning and the end. The beginning is the doing of the act which causes the death, and the end is the death, which is only a sequel to the act."

Again, the clown says, "Here lies the water; good; here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water comes to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself! Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life." We have, of course, no such delicious exaggeration as that of the clown; but the following reasoning of one of the judges is very nearly equal to it:

"Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning; and who drowned him? Sir James Hales; and when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales being alive caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done no other way but by divesting

out of him, from the time of the act done in his life which was the cause of his death, the title and property of those things which he had in his lifetime."

The determination in this case, that the verdict of *felo de se* was legal, shows that the complaint of the clown, "that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves," was wholly unjust.

2 SCENE I.—"Was he a gentleman?"

This is a ridicule of the heraldic writers. In Leigh's 'Accidence of Armourie,' 1591, we have, "For that it might be known that even anon after the creation of Adam there was both *gentleness* and *ungentleness*, you shall understand that the second man that was born was a *gentleman*, whose name was Abel." The same style of writing prevails in older works, as in the 'Book of St. Albans.'

3 SCENE I.—"In youth, when I did love, did love," &c.

The three stanzas which the grave-digger sings are to be found, making allowance for the blunders of the singer, in 'The Songs of the Earl of Surrey and others,' 1557. The poem is reprinted in Percy's Reliques. It is ascribed to Lord Vaux. We give the stanzas out of which the clown's readings may be made:—

"I loth that I did love,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires: for my behove
Me thinke they are not mete.

* * * * *

"For Aze with steling steps
Hath clawde me with his crouch,
And lusty Youthe awaye he leapes,
As there had bene none such.

* * * * *

"A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most mete.

* * * * *

"For Beautie with her band,
These croked cares had wrought,
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I first was brought."

4 SCENE I.—"To play at loggats with them."

The game of loggats is a country play, in which the players throw at a stake, or jack, with round pins. In Ben Jonson's 'Tale of a Tub' we have:—

"Now are they tossing of his legs and arms,
Like loggats at a pear-tree."

The scene of the grave-diggers has always been

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

the horror of the old French school of criticism. Voltaire by a great generalization, calls the works of Shakspeare a bundle of "*monstruosités et fossyeurs*." But Voltaire's criticism upon the grave-digging scene is far less amusing than that of M. de la Baume Desdossat, who, in 1757, immortalized himself by the publication of a '*Pastorale Héroïque*.' He tells us, "All that the imagination can invent most horrible, most gloomy, most ferocious, constitutes the matter of the English tragedies, which are monsters in which sublime sentiments and ideas are found side by side with the flattest buffooneries and the grossest jests. Shakspeare in one tragedy introduces a game at bowls with death's heads upon the stage." ("Fait jouer à la boule avec des têtes de mort sur le théâtre.")

5 SCENE I.—"Imperial Cæsar, &c."

The dwellings of our countrymen in the time of Elizabeth were rude enough to render it often requisite to

"Stop a hole, to keep the wind away."

The following is from Harrison's 'Description of England,' 1577: "In the fenny countries and northern parts, unto this day, for lack of wood they are enforced to continue the ancient manner of building (houses set up with a few posts and many raddles), so in the open and champain countries, they are enforced, for want of stuff, to use no studs at all, but only frank-posts, and such principals, with here and there a girding, whereunto they fasten their splints or raddles, and then cast it all over with thick clay, to keep out the wind. Certes this rude kind of building made the Spaniards in Queen Mary's day to wonder, and say, 'these English have their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly so well as the king.'"



['The winter's flax.']

6 SCENE I.—"Woul't drink up Esil?"

Esil was formerly a term in common use for vinegar; and thus some have thought that Hamlet here meant, will you take a draught of vinegar—of something very disagreeable. There is, however, little doubt that he referred to the river Yssel, Issel, or Izel, the most northern branch of the Rhine, and that which is the nearest to Denmark. Stow and Drayton are familiar with the name.

7 SCENE I.—"Anon, as patient as the female dove," &c.

To disclose was anciently used for, to hatch. The "couplets" of the dove are first covered with yellow down; and the patient female sits brooding over the nest, cherishing them with her warmth for several days after they are hatched.



['Anon, as patient as the female dove,']

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

° SCENE II.

*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."*

Philosophy, as profound as it is beautiful ! says the uninitiated reader of Shakspeare. But he that is endued with the wisdom of the commentators will learn, how easy it is to mistake for philosophy and poetry what really only proceeded from the very vulgar recollections of an ignorant mind "Dr. Farmer informs me," says Steevens, "that these words are *merely technical*. A wood-man, butcher, and dealer in skewers, lately observed to him, that his nephew, (an idle lad) could only assist him in making them ; 'he could *rough hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*.' To

shape the ends of wood skewers, i. e., to point them, requires a degree of skill ; any one can rough-hew them. Whoever recollects the *profession of Shakspeare's father*, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such terms. I have frequently seen packages of wool pinn'd up with skewers."!!!

° SCENE II.—"The carriages, sir, are the hangers."

The *hangers* are that part of the girdle or belt by which the sword was suspended. We find the word used in the directions for an installation of the Knights of the Garter. (See Ashmole's History of the Order.) Garter presents the Lords Commissioners with "the hanger and sword" which they gird on the knight.



[Sword Belts, or "Hangers."]



[Hamlet.—Sir T. Lawrence.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

THE comprehension of this tragedy is the history of a man's own mind. In some shape or other, "Hamlet the Dane" very early becomes familiar to almost every youth of tolerable education. He is sometimes presented through the medium of the stage; more frequently in some one of the manifold editions of the acted play. The sublime scenes where the ghost appears are known even to the youngest school-boy, in his 'Speakers' and 'Readers;' and so is the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be." As we in early life become acquainted with the complete acted play, we hate the King,—we weep for Ophelia,—we think Hamlet is cruel to her,—we are perhaps inclined with Dr. Johnson to laugh at Hamlet's madness,—("the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth") we wonder that Hamlet does not kill the King earlier,—and we believe, as Garrick believed, that the catastrophe might have been greatly improved, seeing that the wicked and the virtuous ought not to fall together, as it were by accident.

A few years onward, and we have become acquainted with the Hamlet of Shakspeare,—not the Hamlet of the players. The book is now the companion of our lonely walks;—its recollections hang about our most cherished thoughts. We think less of the dramatic movement of the play, than of the glimpses which it affords of the high and solemn things that belong to our being. We see Hamlet habitually subjected to the spiritual part of his nature,—communing with thoughts that are not of this world,—abstracted from the business of life,—but yet exhibiting a most vigorous intellect, and an exquisite taste. But there is that about him which we cannot understand. Is he essentially "in madness," or mad "only in craft?" Where is the line to be drawn between his artificial and his real character? There is something altogether indefinable and mysterious in the poet's delineation of this character;—something wild and irregular in the circumstances with which the character is associated,—we see that Hamlet is propelled, rather than propelling. But why is this turn given to the delineation? We cannot exactly tell. Perhaps some of the very charm of the play to the adult mind is its mysteriousness. It awakes not only thoughts of the grand and the beautiful, but of the incomprehensible. Its obscurity constitutes a portion of its sublimity. This is the stage in which most minds are content to rest, and, perhaps, advantageously so, with regard to the comprehension of Hamlet.

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The final appreciation of the Hamlet of Shakspeare belongs to the development of the critical faculty,—to the cultivation of it by reading and reflection. Without much acquaintance with the thoughts of others, many men, we have no doubt, being earnest and diligent students of Shakspeare, have arrived at a tolerably adequate comprehension of his *idea* in this wonderful play. In passing through the stage of admiration they have utterly rejected the trash which the commentators have heaped upon it, under the name of criticism,—the solemn commonplaces of Johnson, the flippant and insolent attacks of Steevens. When the one says, “the apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose,”—and the other talks of the “*absurdities*” which deform the piece, and “the *immoral* character of Hamlet,”—the love for Shakspeare tells them, that remarks such as these belong to the same class of prejudices as Voltaire’s ‘*monstruosités et fossoyeurs*.’ But after they have rejected all that belongs to criticism without love, the very depth of the reverence of another school of critics may tend to perplex them. This is somewhat our own position. The quantity alone that has been written in illustration of Hamlet is embarrassing. Goethe, Coleridge, Schlegel, Lamb, Hazlitt, and we may add Mrs. Jameson,—besides anonymous writers out of number, and some of the very highest order of excellence,—have brought to the illustration of this play a most valued fund of judgment, taste, and æsthetical knowledge. To condense what is most deserving of remembrance in these admirable productions, within due limits, would be impossible. We must endeavour, therefore, to feel ourselves in the condition of one who has, however imperfectly, worked out in his own mind a comprehension of the idea of Shakspeare; occasionally assisting our development of this inadequate comprehension, by a few extracts from some of the eloquent pages to which we have adverted.

The opening of Hamlet is one of the most absorbing scenes in the Shaksperian drama. It produces its effect by the supernatural being brought into the most immediate contact with the real. The sentinels are prepared for the appearance of the ghost,—Horatio is incredulous,—but they are all surrounded with an atmosphere of common life. “Long live the King,”—“Get thee to bed,”—“’Tis bitter cold,”—“Not a mouse stirring,”—and the familiar pleasantry of Horatio, “a piece of him,”—exhibit to us minds under the ordinary state of human feeling. At the moment when the recollections of Bernardo arise into that imaginative power which belongs to the tale he is about to tell, the ghost appears. All that was doubtful in the narrative of the supernatural vision—what left upon Horatio’s mind the impression only of a “thing,”—becomes as real as the silence, the cold, and the midnight. The vision is then, “most like the King,”

“Such was the very armour he had on.

The ghost remains but an instant; and we are again amongst the realities of common life,—the preparations for war—the history of the quarrel that caused the preparation. The vision, in the mind of Horatio, is connected with the fates of his “climates and countrymen.” When the ghost re-appears there is still a tinge of scepticism in the soldiers:—

“Shall I strike at it with my partisan?”

But their incredulity is at once subdued; and a resolution is taken by Horatio upon the conviction that what he once held as a “fantasy,” is a dreaded thing of whose existence there can be no doubt:—

“Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for upon my life
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.”

We have here, by anticipation, all the deep and inexplicable consequences of this vision laid upon young Hamlet, it is *his* destiny—it is to *him* the—

“Prologue to the omen coming on.”

Goethe, in his ‘Wilhelm Meister,’ has made his hero describe the mode in which he endeavoured to understand Hamlet. “I set about investigating every trace of Hamlet’s character, as it had shown itself before his father’s death. I endeavoured to distinguish what in it was independent of this mournful event; independent of the terrible events that followed; and what most probably the young man would have been, had no such thing occurred.” In this spirit he tells us, that he was pleasing, polished, courteous, united the idea of moral rectitude with princely elevation, desirous of praise, pure in sentiment, tasteful, calm in his temper, artless in his conduct, possessing more mirth of humour than of heart. This is ingenious, but it appears to us to refine somewhat too much. In Shakspeare’s dramas, the characters, as they are developed by the incidents, expound themselves, and in the order in which the exposition becomes necessary. *Wilhelm*

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

Meister's preliminary analysis of Hamlet's character stands only in the place of the description by which dramatists inferior to Shakspeare present a character to an audience. Our poet first shows us what Hamlet is before his mind is laid under the terrific weight and responsibility of a revelation. His moral sense is outraged by the indecent marriage of his mother. We have a slight intimation that his honourable ambition was disappointed in the election of his uncle to the sovereignty. The sudden death of his father had called forth all the sensibilities that belonged to a deeply meditative nature :

" — I have that within which passeth show."

It is in this period that his own wounded spirit makes him look with a jaundiced eye upon "all the uses of this world," and to indulge a wish, restrained only by a sense of piety, that the "unweeded garden" might be left by him to be possessed by "things gross and rank by nature." But he communes with himself in a tone which bespeaks the habitual refinement of his thoughts; and his words shape themselves into images which belong to the high and cultivated intellect. The mode in which he receives Horatio shows that his dejection is not habitual. It has been impressed on his nature by a sudden blow;—a father dead,—a mother disgracefully married,—a crown snatched from him. He welcomes his old friend with the warmth and frankness of the gentleman; but the abiding sorrow in a moment comes over him :—

" I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student."

The disclosure of Horatio's purpose in his visit is admirably managed in its abruptness. Nothing, it appears to us, within the power of language, can produce the effect of the questions which Hamlet puts to Horatio; and his answer to the somewhat commonplace remark, "It would have much amazed you;"—"very like, very like," is something beyond art; it looks like an instinctive perception of the most complex mental processes.

Coleridge calls the next scene, that between Laertes, Ophelia, and Polonius, "one of Shakspeare's lyric movements;" and he elegantly adds, "you experience the sensation of a pause without the sense of a stop." It was necessary to interpose a scene between Horatio's narrative and the appearance of the ghost to Hamlet, and this scene before us carries out the dramatic characters which are essential to the plot, without interrupting the main interest. But the hour of Hamlet's trial is come. The revelation is to be made. He is to endure an ordeal which is to shake his disposition,

" With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

The vision which, even when his incredulity has passed away, seems to Horatio only a "thing majestic," is to Hamlet, "king, father, royal Dane." From the first word of Horatio's narrative to this moment of the real presence of the apparition, Hamlet has no doubts. The excited state of his mind had prepared him to welcome the belief that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Beautifully characteristic is his determination to follow the vision; and when the revelation comes, who could have managed it like Shakspeare! The images are of this world, and are not of this world. They belong at once to popular superstition, and to the highest poetry. Nothing can be more distinct than the narrative of the vision; nothing more mysterious than the "eternal blazon" that "must not be to ears of flesh and blood." How exquisite are the last lines of the ghost;—full of the poetry of external nature, and of the depth of human affections, as if the spirit that had for so short a time been cut off from life, to know the secrets of the "prison-house," still clung to the earthly remembrance of the beautiful and the tender that even a spirit might indulge :

" The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire :
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet ! remember me."

The modes in which Hamlet thinks aloud, after the spirit has faded away, suggests this subtle illustration to Coleridge: "Shakspeare alone could have produced the vow of Hamlet to make his memory a blank of all maxims and generalized truths that 'observation had copied there,'—followed immediately by the speaker noting down the generalized fact

" That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

Coleridge, of course, means to offer this as a trait of the disturbance of Hamlet's intellect—(not madness, even in the popular sense of the term,—certainly not madness, physiologically speaking, but unfixedness, derangement, we would have said, had not that word become a sort of synonyme for madness), which Shakspeare intended, as it appears to us, to exhibit as the result of his super-

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natural visitation. Goethe says, "To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it." Coleridge, in speaking of that part of the scene after the interview with the ghost, in which Hamlet assumes what has been called "an improbable eccentricity," attributes to Hamlet "the disposition to escape from his own feelings of the overwhelming and supernatural by a wild transition to the ludicrous, a sort of cunning bravado, bordering on the flights of delirium." He adds, "*For you may perhaps observe that Hamlet's wildness is but half false.*" It is under the immediate influence of this "disorder in his soul,"—this "shaking and unsettling of its powers from their due sources of action,"* that Hamlet takes the instantaneous resolution of feigning himself mad. He feels that his mind is horribly disturbed with thoughts beyond mortal reach; but he believes that the habitual powers of his intellect can control this disturbance, and even render it an instrument of his own safety. The very able writer from whose anonymous paper we have just quoted, says, "If there be any thing disproportioned in his mind, it seems to be this only,—that intellect is in excess. It is even ungovernable, and too subtle. His own description of perfect man, ending with 'In apprehension how like a god!' appears to me consonant with that character, and spoken in the high and overwrought consciousness of intellect. Much that requires explanation in the play may perhaps be explained by this predominance and consciousness of great intellectual power. Is it not possible that the instantaneous idea of feigning himself mad belongs to this?"

It is here, then, that the complexity of Hamlet's character begins. It is in the description of Ophelia that he is first presented to us, at some short period after the supernatural visitation:—

"He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me."

This was not the "antic disposition" which Hamlet thought meet to put on. It was not the "ecstasy of love," produced by Ophelia's coldness, according to Polonius. But it was the utterance, as far as it could be uttered, of his sense of the hard necessity that was put upon him to go forth to a mortal struggle with evil powers and influences;—to cast away all the high and pleasant thoughts that belonged to the cultivation of his understanding;—to tear himself from all the soothing and delicious fancies that would arise out of the growth of his affection for that simple maid upon whom he bestowed "a sigh so piteous." Under the pressure of the one absorbing "commandment" that had been imposed upon him, he had vowed that it should live "within the volume of his brain, unmixed with baser matter." All else in the world had become to him mean and unimportant. Love was now to him a "trivial, fond record,"—the wisdom of philosophy, "the saws of books." All "that youth and observation copied," was to be forgotten in that dread word, "remember me." But Hamlet had put the "antic disposition on." The king had seen his "transformation." The courtiers talked familiarly of his "lunacy." The disguise which he had adopted was not accidentally chosen. The subtlety of his intellect directed him to that tone of wayward sarcasm in which, while he appeared to others to be merely wandering, the bitterness of his soul might be relieved by the utterance of "wild and hurling words." But even in this disguise, his intellectual supremacy is constantly manifested. "He is far gone, far gone," says Polonius; but, "how pregnant his replies are," very quickly follows. In the scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern the natural Hamlet instantly comes back. They were his school-fellows; they ought to have been his friends. To them, therefore, he is the Hamlet they once knew;—the gentleman—the scholar. He even discloses to them a glimpse of the deep melancholy with which his soul laboured: "O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself king of infinite space; were it not that I have had dreams." But he goes no further;—he sees through their purpose: "nay, then I have an eye of you." They were to be spies upon him;

* Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. II. page 504.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

and from that moment he hates them. They stood, or they appeared to stand, between him and the great purpose of his life. But he suppresses his feelings, and bursts out in that majestic piece of rhetoric which could only have been conceived by a being of the highest intellectual power, in the full possession of that power: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!" The writer in *Blackwood* truly says, that this is "spoken in the high and over-wrought consciousness of intellect." Hamlet has described his melancholy to his old school-fellows,—the indifference with which he views "this visible world." Here again, unquestionably, he is not feigning. He knows that the admission of his melancholy will put the spies upon a false scent. Burton's 'Anatomy' was not published when Shakspeare wrote this play; and yet how consonant is the following passage of that book, with Shakspeare's conception of the melancholy Hamlet: "Albertus Durer paints Melancholy like a sad woman, leaning on her arm with fixed looks, neglected habit, &c., held therefore by some, proud, soft, sottish, or half-mad, as the Abderites esteemed of Democritus: and yet of a deep reach, excellent apprehension, judicious, wise, and witty." In the scene with the players Hamlet is perfectly at ease, "judicious, wise, and witty." He has escaped for a moment out of the dense clouds of the one o'er-mastering thought, into the sunny region of taste and fancy in which he once dwelt. But even here the one thought follows him:—"Dost thou hear me, old friend! Can you play the murder of Gonzago!" Then comes, "Now I am alone;" and, as Charles Lamb has beautifully expressed it, "the silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting are reduced to words, for the sake of the reader." But in the midst of his paroxysm, his intellectual activity predominates: "About, my brains;" and he escapes from the thought—

"I should have fatt'd all the region kites
With the slave's offal."

into—

"I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing."

The indecision of Hamlet is thus described by Goethe: "A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away." The writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* takes another view of this indecision, which, to our minds, is more philosophic: "He sees no course clear enough to satisfy his understanding." Hamlet, be it observed, is not without nerve. Let us recollect—"I will watch to-night,"—and,

"My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve."

He is not without nerve. But his *will* is subject to higher faculties. He would have been greater, had he been less great.

We are scarcely yet cognizant of the depths of Hamlet's meditations. Under the first pressure of his wounded sensibilities we have heard him exclaim—

"O that this too too solid flesh would melt;

but he has since communed with unearthly things, and he now fearlessly approaches the great questions that have reference to the "something after death," as if the mystery could be pierced by the eye of reason. Of the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," Coleridge remarks, "This speech is of absolutely universal interest,—and yet to which of all Shakspeare's characters could it have been appropriately given but to Hamlet?" But we must mark the period of its introduction. It immediately precedes the scene of Hamlet's abrupt behaviour to Ophelia. It does so in the original sketch. She comes upon him with

"My lord, I have remembrances of yours,"

at a moment when his mind had surrendered itself to a train of the most solemn thought, induced by following out all the mysterious and fearful circumstances connected with his own being, and the awful responsibilities that were imposed upon him. It appears to us, that his rude denial of having given Ophelia "remembrances," and his "Ha, ha! are you honest?" with all the bitter words that follow, are meant to indicate the disturbance which is produced in his mind by the clashing of his love for her with the predominant thought that now makes all that belongs to his personal happiness worthless. His invective against women is not more bitter than his invective against himself:—"What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth!" His bitterness escapes in generalizations: it is not against Ophelia, but against her sex, that he exclaims.

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To that gentle creature, the harshest thing he says is, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Coleridge thinks that the "certain harshness" in Hamlet's manner is produced by his perceiving that Ophelia was acting a part towards him, and that they were watched. We doubt whether Shakspeare intended Hamlet to be here feigning. The passionate words are merely the exponents of the contest within,—the contest between his love and the purpose which appeared to him to exclude all other thoughts. There was a real disturbance of his soul, which could only recover its balance by such an outbreak. The character of the disturbance is indicated by the contradiction of "I did love you once," and "I loved you not;" and, perhaps, as Lamb expresses it, these "tokens of an unhinged mind" are mixed "with a profound artifice of love, to alienate Ophelia by affected discourtesies, so to prepare her mind for the breaking off of that loving intercourse, which can no longer find a place amidst business so serious as that which he has to do." At any rate, the gentle and tender Ophelia is not outraged. Her pity only is excited; and if the apparent harshness of Hamlet requires a proper appreciation of his character to reconcile it with our admiration of him, Shakspeare has at this moment most adroitly presented to us that description of him which Goethe anticipated—

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state."

Hamlet recovers a temporary tranquillity. He has something to do; and that something is connected with his great business. It is more agreeable that it postpones that one duty, while it seems to lead onward to it. He has to prepare the players to speak his speech. Those who look upon the surface only may think these directions uncharacteristic of Hamlet; but nothing can really be more appropriate than that these rules of art, so just, so universal, and so complete, should be put by Shakspeare into the mouth of him who had pre-eminently "the scholar's tongue." Hamlet revels in this lesson; and it has produced a calm in his spirits, which is displayed in that affectionate address to Horatio, in which he appears to repose upon his friend as one

"Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,"—

to be, as it were, a prop to his own "weakness and melancholy." Be it observed that this is the first indication we have had that he has admitted Horatio into his confidence:—

"There is a play to-night before the King:
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death."

The satisfaction he takes in the device of the "one scene"—the hopes which he has that his doubts may be resolved—lend a real elevation to his spirits, which may pass for his feigned "madness." He utters whatever comes uppermost; and the freedoms which he takes with Ophelia, while they are equally remote from bitterness or harshness, are such as in Shakspeare's age would not offend pure ears. The mixture in his wild speeches of fun and pathos, is nevertheless most touching. "What should a man do but be merry," comes from the profoundest depths of a wounded spirit. The test is applied; the King is "frighted with false fire,"—his "occulted guilt" has unkenelled itself. The elation of Hamlet's mind is at its height. His contempt of the King is openly pronounced to his creatures;—Rosencrantz and Guildenstern quail before his biting sarcasm;—Polonius is his butt. All this is, as he thinks, the coruscations of the cloud before the deadly flash. "Now could I drink hot blood," is the feeling that is at the bottom of all. Then comes the scene in which the King prays, and Hamlet postpones his revenge, with an excuse almost too dreadful to belong to human motives. They were not *his* motives. Coleridge discriminates between "impetuous, horror-striking fiendishness," and "the marks of reluctance and procrastination;" and it is sufficient to note this distinction, without entering into any refutation of opinions which show that it is easier to write mouthingly or pertly, as some have done, than to understand Shakspeare. It is in the scene with the Queen that Hamlet vindicates his own sanity—

"It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from."

This is 'Shakspeare's Test of Insanity;'—the title of an Essay by Sir H. Hallford, in which he illustrates from his experience the accuracy of our great poet's delineations of the phenomena of mental disorder. Our readers will find a very able article on this Essay in the 'Quarterly Review,' Vol. 49, p. 181.

Hamlet abstained from killing the King when he was "praying." This was a part of his weakness. But he did not abandon his purpose. The forced devotion of the guilty man,—the "physic."

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as Hamlet calls it, did but prolong his "sickly days." Polonius falls by an accident, instead of his "betters." The "wretched, rash, intruding fool," was sacrificed to a sudden impulse, which stood in the place of a determinate exercise of the will. Hamlet scarcely regrets the accident:—"take thy fortune." His mind is eased by his colloquy with his mother. The vision again appears to whet his "almost blunted purpose;" but nothing is done. His intellect is again at its subtleties:—

"There's letters seal'd; and my two school-fellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon."

He casts himself like a feather upon the great wave of fate;—he embraces the events that marshalled him "to knavery." Dangerous as they be, they are better than doubt. He believes that he pierces through the darkness of his fate:—"I see a cherub, that sees him." He leaves for England; not forgetting *him* whose

"Form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable;"

but still meditating instead of acting. It would be a curious problem to be solved, but it will never be solved, whether Shakspeare himself obliterated the scene which only appears in the second quarto, in which the workings of Hamlet's mind at this juncture are so distinctly revealed to us. That he meant the character to be mysterious, though not inexplicable, there can be no doubt. Does it become too plain when Hamlet's meeting with the Norwegian captain leads him into a train of thought, at first made up of generalizations, but in the end most conclusive as to the causes of his indecision?—

"Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event—
(A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one wisdom,
And ever, three parts coward)—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't."

It was not "bestial oblivion."—O no. The eternal presence of the thought—"this thing's to do," made him incapable of doing it. It was the "thinking too precisely on the event" that destroyed his will. It was in the same spirit that his will had been "puzzled" by the "dread of something after death,"—that his conscience—(consciousness)—"sicklied o'er" his "native hue of resolution." The "delicate and tender prince" exposed what was mortal and unsure to fortune, death, and danger, even for an egg-shell. Twenty thousand men, for a fantasy and trick of fame, went to their graves like beds. But then, the men and their leader "made mouths at the invisible event." The "large discourse" of Hamlet, "looking before and after," absorbed the tangible and present. In actions that appear indirectly to advance the execution of the great "commandment" that was laid upon him, he has decision and alacrity enough. His relation to Horatio (we are somewhat anticipating) of his successful device against Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, would appear to come from a man who is *all* will. His intellectual activity revels in the telling of the story. Coleridge has admirably pointed out in 'The Friend,' how "the circumstances of time and place are all stated with equal compression and rapidity;" but still, with the relater's general tendency to generalise. The event has happened, and Hamlet does not think too precisely of its consequences. The issue will be shortly known.

"It will be short—the interim is mine,
And a man's life no more than to say—one."

This looks like decision, growing out of the narrative of the events in which Hamlet had exhibited his decision. But even in his own account, the beginning of this action was his "indiscretion," proceeding from sudden and indefinable impulses:—

"Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep."

Wonderfully, indeed, has Shakspeare managed to follow the old history—"How Fengon devised to send Hamlet to the king of England, with secret letters to have him put to death, and how Hamlet when his companions slept, read the letters, and instead of them, counterfeited others, willing the king of England to put the two messengers to death,"—without destroying the unity of his own conception of Hamlet.

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Mrs. Jameson, in her delightful 'Characteristics of Women,' has sketched the character of Ophelia with all a woman's truth and tenderness. One passage only can we venture to take, for it is an image that to our minds is far better than many words: "Once at Murano, I saw a dove caught in a tempest; perhaps it was young, and either lacked strength of wing to reach its home, or the instinct which teaches to shun the brooding storm; but so it was—and I watched it, pitying, as it flitted, poor bird! hither and thither, with its silver pinions shining against the black thunder-cloud, till, after a few giddy whirls, it fell blinded, affrighted, and bewildered, into the turbid wave beneath, and was swallowed up for ever. It reminded me then of the fate of Ophelia; and now, when I think of her, I see again before me that poor dove, beating with weary wing, bewildered amid the storm." And why is it, when we think upon the fate of the poor storm-stricken Ophelia, that we never reproach Hamlet? We are certain that it was no "trifling of his favour" that broke her heart. We are assured that his seeming harshness did not sink deep into her spirit. We believe that he loved her more than "forty thousand brothers"—though a very ingenious question has been raised upon that point. And yet she certainly perished through Hamlet and his actions. But we blame him not; for her destiny was involved in his. We cannot avoid transcribing a passage from the article in Blackwood's Magazine, which we have already mentioned: "Soon as we connect her destiny with Hamlet, we know that darkness is to overshadow her, and that sadness and sorrow will step in between her and the ghost-haunted avenger of his father's murder. Soon as our pity is excited for her, it continues gradually to deepen; and when she appears in her madness, we are not more prepared to weep over all its most pathetic movements, than we afterwards are to hear of her death. Perhaps the description of that catastrophe by the queen is poetical rather than dramatic; but its exquisite beauty prevails, and Ophelia, dying and dead, is still the same Ophelia that first won our love. Perhaps the very forgetfulness of her, throughout the remainder of the play, leaves the soul at full liberty to dream of the departed. She has passed away from the earth like a beautiful air—a delightful dream. There would have been no place for her in the agitation and tempest of the final catastrophe."

Garrick omitted the grave-diggers. He had the terror of Voltaire before his eyes. The English audience compelled their restoration. Was it that "the groundlings" could not endure the loss of the ten waistcoats which the clown had divested himself of, time out of mind?—or, was there in this scene something that brought Hamlet home to the humblest, in the large reach of his universal philosophy? M. Villemain, in his Essay on Shakspeare, appears to us utterly to have mistaken this scene: * "Strike not out from the tragedy of Hamlet, as Garrick had attempted to do, the labours and the pleasantries of the grave-diggers. Be present at this terrible buffoonery; and you will behold terror and gaiety rapidly moving an immense audience. . . . Youth and beauty contemplate with insatiable curiosity images of decay, and minute details of death; and then the uncouth pleasantries which are blended with the action of the chief personages, seem from time to time to relieve the spectators from the weight which oppresses them, and shouts of laughter burst from every seat. Attentive to this spectacle, the coldest countenances alternately manifest their gloom or their gaiety; and even the statesman smiles at the sarcasm of the grave-digger who can distinguish between the skull of a courtier and a buffoon." This may be the Hamlet of the theatre; but M. Villemain should have looked at the Hamlet of the closet. The conversation of the clowns before Hamlet comes upon the scene is indeed pleasantry intermixed with sarcasm; but the moment that Hamlet opens his lips, the meditative richness of his mind is poured out upon us, and he grapples with the most familiar and yet the deepest thoughts of human nature, in a style that is sublime from its very obviousness and simplicity. Where is the terror, unless it be terrible to think of "the house appointed for all living;" and what is to provoke the long peals of laughter, where the grotesque is altogether subordinate to the solemn and the philosophical? It is the entire absorption of the fellow who "has no feeling of his business," by him of "daintier sense," who considers it "too curiously," that makes this scene so impressive to the reader.

Of Hamlet's violence at the grave of Ophelia we think with the critic on Sir Henry Hallford's Essay, that it was a real aberration, and not a simulated frenzy. His apparently cold expression, "What, the fair Ophelia!" appears to us to have been an effort of restraint, which for the moment overmastered his reason. In the interval between this "towering passion" and the final catastrophe, Hamlet is thoroughly himself—meditative to excess with Horatio—most acute, playful, but altogether gentlemanly, in the scene with the frivolous courtier. But observe that he forms no plans. He knows the danger which surrounds him; and he still feels with regard to the usurper as he always felt:

* We translate from the Paris edition of his Essay, 1839.

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"is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm?"

But his will is still essentially powerless; and now he yields to the sense of predestination. "If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all." The catastrophe is perfectly in accordance with this prostration of Hamlet's mind. It is the result of an accident, produced we know not how. Some one has suggested a polite ceremonial on the part of Hamlet, by which the foils might be exchanged with perfect consistency. We would rather not know how they were exchanged. "The catastrophe," says Johnson, "is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl." No doubt. A tragedy terminated by *chance* appears to be a capital thing for the rule-and-line men to lay hold of. But they forget the poet's purpose. Had Hamlet been otherwise, his will would have been the predominant agent in the catastrophe. The empire of chance would have been over-ruled; the guilty would have been punished; the innocent perhaps would have been spared. Have we lost any thing? Then we should not have had the Hamlet who is "the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered;"* then we should not have had the Hamlet who is "a concentration of all the interests that belong to humanity; in whom there is a more intense conception of individual human life than perhaps in any other human composition; that is, a being with springs of thought, and feeling, and action, deeper than we can search;"† then we should not have had the Hamlet, of whom it has been said, "Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet."‡

* Coleridge.

† Blackwood Vol. II.

‡ Hazlitt.



['There is a willow grows aslant a brook.']





[Stonehenge.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF CYMBELINE.

"THE Tragedie of Cymbeline" was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is very carefully divided into acts and scenes—an arrangement which is sometimes wanting in other plays of this edition. Printed as Cymbeline must have been from a manuscript, the text, although sometimes difficult, presents few examples of absolute error. Of course some palpable errors do occur, and these have been properly corrected by the modern editors; but they have in this, as in every other instance, carried their vocation too far.* We, upon the principle which we have invariably followed, have implicitly adhered to the text, except in those instances of manifest corruption which can be distinctly referred to the class of typographical errors. The Cymbeline of the first edition is, in one respect, printed with very remarkable care; it is full of such contractions as the following:—

"His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome, whom."
 "It cannot be i'th'eye: for apes and monkeys."
 "Contemne with mowes the other. Nor e'th'judgement."
 "To' th' truncke againe, and shut the spring of it."

We find this principle occasionally followed in some other of the plays; but in this it is invariably regarded. We do not, however, follow those elisions, which we may believe are not from the hand of the author, and which impair the freedom of his versification, without any real advantage to the reader.

* When the original edition of the Pictorial Shakspeare was published, about twenty-five years ago, we designated by the term "*modern editors*" those generally known by the name of "*variorum*," including principally Johnson, Steevens, and Malone. Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakspeare bears the date of 1821. When, therefore, we now use the term "*modern editors*," we do not mean to indicate those who have been the recent labourers in the same field as ourselves—such as Mr. Dyce, Mr. Collier, Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge editors. We have often, in this *new edition*, substituted some other word for "*modern*," but in other cases we leave the term "*modern*" with the signification which we originally attached to it.

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In placing this drama (it can scarcely be called tragedy, although we must adhere to the original classification) immediately after *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*, we are called upon to state the grounds upon which we classify it amongst the comparatively early plays. Malone has assigned it to 1609, Chalmers to 1606, and Drake to 1605. The external evidence adduced by Malone for this opinion appears to us not only extremely weak, but to be conceived in the very lowest spirit of the comprehension of Shakspeare. He assumes that it was written after *Lear* and *Macbeth*, for the following reasons:—The character of Edgar in *Lear* is formed on that of Leonatus in Sidney's 'Arcadia.' "Shakspeare having occasion to turn to that book while he was writing *King Lear*, the name of Leonatus adhered to his memory, and he has made it the name of one of the characters in *Cymbeline*." Having occasion to turn to that book!—a mode of expression which might equally apply to a tailor having occasion for a piece of buckram. Sidney's 'Arcadia' was essentially the book of Shakspeare's age—more popular, perhaps, than the 'Fairy Queen,' as profoundly admired by the highest order of spirits, as often quoted, as often present to their thoughts. And yet the very highest spirit of that age, thoroughly imbued as he must have been with all the poetical literature of his own day and his own country (we pass by the question of his further knowledge), is represented only to know the great work of his great contemporary as a little boy in a grammar-school knows what is called a crib-book. But this is not all.

The story of *Lear*, according to Malone, *lies near* to that of *Cymbeline* in Holinshed's Chronicle, and some account of Duncan and *Macbeth* is given incidentally in a subsequent page; and so this very humble reader, who never looked into a book but when he wanted to get something out of it, composes *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Cymbeline* (two of them unquestionably the greatest monuments of human genius) at one and the same time, because, forsooth, he happened about the same time to turn to Sidney's *Arcadia* and Holinshed's Chronicle. But this sort of reasoning does not even stop here. *Cymbeline* is not only produced after *Lear* and *Macbeth* for these causes, but about the same period as the Roman plays. In this play mention is made of Cæsar's ambition and Cleopatra sailing on the Cydnus; *ergo*, says Malone, "I think it probable that about this time Shakspeare perused the lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Mark Antony." Perused the lives! But we really have not patience to waste another word upon this insolence, so degrading (for it is nothing less) to the country and the age which produced it. George Chalmers fixes the date in 1606, because he conceives that Cloten's speech, in the second act,—“a Jack-a-napes must take me up for swearing,”—alludes to the statute of 1606, for restraining the use of profane expressions on the stage. There is nothing to which we object in this ingenious suggestion, but it is not conclusive as to the date of *Cymbeline*: nor indeed can any such isolated passage be conclusive; for we know from the quartos that passing allusions were constantly inserted after the first production of Shakspeare's plays. Drake assigns no reason for the date which he gives of 1605.

In the Introductory Notice to *Richard II.* we have given an extract from “a book of plays and notes thereof, for common policy,” kept by Dr. Symon Forman, in 1610 and 1611. These notes, which were discovered and first printed by Mr. Collier, contain not only an account of some play of *Richard II.*, at which the writer was present, but distinctly give the plots of Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, *Macbeth*, and *Cymbeline*. We shall take the liberty of reprinting from Mr. Collier's 'New Particulars' Forman's account of the plot of *Cymbeline*:—

“Remember, also, the story of *Cymbeline*, King of England, in Lucius' time: how Lucius came from Octavius Cæsar for tribute, and, being denied, after sent Lucius with a great army of soldiers, who landed at Milford Haven, and after were vanquished by *Cymbeline*, and Lucius taken prisoner, and all by means of three outlaws, of the which two of them were the sons of *Cymbeline*, stolen from him when they were but two years old, by an old man whom *Cymbeline* had banished; and he kept them as his own sons twenty years with him in a cave. And how one of them slew Cloten, that was the Queen's son, going to Milford Haven to seek the love of Imogen the King's daughter, whom he had banished also for loving his daughter.

“And how the Italian that came from her love conveyed himself into a chest, and said it was a chest of plate sent from her love and others to be presented to the King. And in the deepest of the night, she being asleep, he opened the chest and came forth of it, and viewed her in her bed, and the marks of her body, and took away her bracelet, and after accused her of adultery to her love, &c. And, in the end, how he came with the Romans into England, and was taken prisoner, and after revealed to Imogen, who had turned herself into man's apparel, and fled to meet her love at Milford Haven; and chanced to fall on the cave in the woods where her two brothers were: and how by eating a sleeping dram they thought she had been dead, and laid her in the woods, and the body of Cloten by her, in her love's apparel that he left behind him, and how she was found by Lucius, &c.”

“This,” Mr. Collier adds, “is curious; principally because it gives the impression of the plot upon the mind of the spectator, at about the time when the play was first produced.” We can scarcely yield

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our implicit assent to this. Forman's note-book is evidence that the play existed in 1610 or 1611; but it is not evidence that it was first produced in 1610 or 1611. Mr. Collier, in his 'Annals of the Stage,' gives us the following entry from the books of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels:—"On Wednesday night the first of January, 1633, Cymbeline was acted at Court by the King's players. Well liked by the King." Here is a proof that for more than twenty years *after* Forman saw it Cymbeline was still acted, and still popular. By parity of reasoning it might have been acted, and might have been popular, *before* Forman saw it.

In the absence, then, of all specific information as to the chronology of Cymbeline, we must be guided by what is after all the safest guide in such cases—internal evidence.

Coleridge, in the classification of 1819, places Cymbeline, as he supposes it to have been originally produced, in the *first epoch*, to which he assigns Pericles: "In the same epoch I place The Winter's Tale and Cymbeline, differing from the Pericles by the entire *rifacimento* of it, when Shakspeare's celebrity as poet, and his interest no less than his influence as manager, enabled him to bring forward the laid-by labours of his youth." Tieck, whilst he considers it "the last work of the great poet, which may have been written about 1614 or 1615," adds, "it is also not impossible that this varied-woven romantic history had inspired the poet in his youth to attempt it for the stage." Tieck assigns no reason for believing that the play as we have received it is of so late a date as 1614 or 1615. We presume to think that he is wrong. But, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that, as it stands, it is fuller of elliptical construction, proceeding from the over-teeming thought, than any of the early plays. Malone has observed, and we think very justly (for in matters in which he was not tainted by the influences of his age his opinions are to be respected), that its versification resembles that of 'The Winter's Tale and The Tempest. To whatever age these romantic dramas shall be ultimately assigned we have no doubt that on every account—from the nature of the fable, as well as the cast of thought, and the construction of the language—Cymbeline will go with them. But, however this may be, we heartily join in the belief, so distinctly expressed by two such master-minds as Coleridge and Tieck, that the *sketch* of Cymbeline belongs to the youthful Shakspeare. We have fancied that it is almost possible to trace in some instances the dove-tailing of the original with the improved drama. The principal incidents of the story of Imogen are in Boccaccio. Of course, with reference to the knowledge of Shakspeare, we do not hold with Steevens that they, "in their original Italian, to him at least, were inaccessible." Such a fable was exactly one which would have been seized upon by him who, from the very earliest period of his career, saw, in those reflections of life which the Italian novelists present, the materials of bringing out the manifold aspects of human nature in the most striking forms of truth and beauty. As far as the main action of the drama was concerned, therefore, we hold that it was as accessible to the Shakspeare of five-and-twenty as it was to the Shakspeare of five-and-forty; and that he had not to wait for the publication in 1603 of a story-book in which the tales which were the common property of Europe were remodelled with English scenes and characters, to have produced Cymbeline. All the historical accessories too of the story were familiar to him in his early career. He threw the scene with marvellous judgment into the dim period of British history, when there was enough of fact to give precision to his painting, and enough of fable to cast over it that twilight hue which all young poets love, because it is of the very truth of poetry. Assuming, then, that Cymbeline might have been sketched at an early period, and comparing it more especially with Pericles, which assuredly has not been re-written, we venture to express a belief that the scenes have, in some parts, been greatly elaborated; and that this elaboration has had the effect of thrusting forward such a quantity of incidents into the fifth act as to have rendered it absolutely necessary to resort to pantomimic action or dumb show, an example of which occurs in no other of Shakspeare's works. This might have been remedied by omitting the "apparition" in the fifth act, which either belongs not to Shakspeare at all, or belongs to the period when he had not clearly seen his way to shake off the trammels of the old stage. But would an audience familiar with that scene have parted from it? We believe not. The fifth act, as we think, presents to us very strikingly the differences between the young and the mature Shakspeare, always bearing in mind that the skill of such a master of his art has rendered it very difficult to conjecture what were the differences between his sketch and his finished picture. The soliloquy of Posthumus in that act, in its fullness of thought, belongs to the finished performance,—the minute stage directions which follow to the unfinished. Nothing can be more certain than that the dialogue between Posthumus and the gaoler is of the period of deep philosophical speculation; while the tablet left

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by Jupiter has a wondrous resemblance to the odd things of the early stage.* We throw out these observations rather as hints for the student of Shakspeare, than as opinions in which we expect our readers will agree. The greater part of the play is certainly such as no one but Shakspeare could have written, and not only so, but Shakspeare in the full possession and habitual exercise of his powers. The mountain scenes with Imogen and her brothers are perhaps unequalled, even in the whole compass of the Shaksperian drama. They are of the very highest order of poetical beauty,—not such an outpouring of beauty as in the *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the master of harmonious verse revels in all the graces of his art—but of beauty entirely subservient to the peculiarities of the characters, the progress of the action, the scenery, ay, and the very period of the drama, whatever Dr. Johnson may say of “incongruity.” There is nothing to us more striking than the contrast which is presented between the free natural lyrics sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele, and the elegant poem which some have thought so much more beautiful. The one is perfectly in keeping with all that precedes and all that follows; the other is entirely out of harmony with its associations. “To fair Fidele's grassy tomb” is the dirge of *Collins* over Fidele; “Fear no more the heat o' the sun” is Fidele's proper funeral song by her bold brothers. It is this marvellous power of going out of himself that renders it so difficult to say that Shakspeare is at any time inferior to himself. If it were not for this exercise of power, even in the smallest characters, we might think that Cloten was of the immature Shakspeare. But then he has made Cloten his own, by one or two magic touches, so as to leave no doubt that, if he was at first a somewhat hasty sketch, he is now a finished portrait. “The snatches in his voice and burst of speaking” identify him as the “very Cloten” that none other but Shakspeare could have painted.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

“MR. POPE,” says Steevens, “supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccaccio; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled ‘Westward for Smelta.’” This is unquestionably one of Steevens's random assertions. Malone has printed the tale, and has expressed his opinion, in opposition to that of Steevens, that the general scheme of *Cymbeline* is founded on Boccaccio's novel (9th story of the second day of the *Decameron*). Mrs. Lennox has given, in her ‘*Shakspeare Illustrated*,’ a paraphrase of Boccaccio's story; which she has mixed up with more irreverent impertinence towards Shakspeare than can be perhaps found elsewhere in the English language, except in Dr. Johnson's judgment upon this play, which sounds very like “prisoner at the bar.” It might have been supposed that the odour of Mrs. Lennox's criticisms upon Shakspeare had been dissipated long before the close of the last century; but, nevertheless, Mr. Dunlop, in his ‘*History of Fiction*,’ published in 1816, makes the opinions of Mrs. Lennox his own: “The incidents of the novel have been very closely adhered to by Shakspeare, but, as has been remarked by an acute and elegant critic (Mrs. Lennox), the scenes and characters have been most injudiciously

* Schlegel has a remarkable theory with reference to the apparition-scene, which we present to our readers. It is not objected that “the aged parents and brothers of Posthumus speak the language of a more simple olden time,” but that they do not speak the language of poetry, such as Shakspeare would have chosen “to express a feeble sound of wailing.” What Schlegel says of the speech of Jupiter has great truth. Nothing, for example, can be in a higher strain than—

“Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.”

“Pope, as is well known, was strongly disposed to declare whole scenes for interpolations of the players; but his opinions were not much listened to. However, Steevens still accedes to the opinion of Pope, respecting the apparition of the ghosts and of Jupiter in *Cymbeline*, while Posthumus is sleeping in the dungeon. But Posthumus finds, on waking, a tablet on his breast, with a prophecy on which the *dénouement* of the piece depends. Is it to be imagined that Shakspeare would require of his spectators the belief in a wonder without a visible cause? Is Posthumus to dream this tablet with the prophecy? But these gentlemen do not descend to this objection. The verses which the apparitions deliver do not appear to them good enough to be Shakspeare's. I imagine I can discover why the poet has not given them more of the splendour of diction. They are the aged parents and brothers of Posthumus, who, from concern for his fate, return from the world below: they ought, consequently, to speak the language of a more simple olden time, and their voices ought also to appear as a feeble sound of wailing, when contrasted with the thundering oracular language of Jupiter. For this reason Shakspeare chose a syllabic measure, which was very common before his time, but which was then getting out of fashion, though it still continued to be frequently used, especially in translations of classical poets. In some such manner might the shades express themselves in the then existing translations of Homer and Virgil. The speech of Jupiter is on the other hand majestic, and in form and style bears a complete resemblance to the sonnets of Shakspeare.”—*Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, vol. II.

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altered, and the manners of a tradesman's wife, and two intoxicated Italian merchants, have been bestowed on a great princess, a British hero, and a noble Roman." Mr. Dunlop, however, has given a neat abridgment of the tale; and in this matter it will be sufficient to refer the general reader to his work, and the Italian student to Boccaccio.

Shakspeare found his historical materials in Holinshed; and he has adhered to them as far as is consistent with the progress of a romantic story. The following extracts include all in Holinshed that bears upon the plot of this drama.

"After the death of Cassibellane, Theomautius or Lenautius, the youngest son of Lud, was made ~~king~~ of Britain in the year of the world 3921, after the building of Rome 706, and before the coming of Christ 45. * * * * * Theomautius ruled the land in good quiet, and paid the tribute to the Romans which Cassibellane had granted, and finally departed this life after he had reigned twenty-two years, and was buried at London.

"Kymbeline or Cimbeline, the son of Theomautius, was of the Britains made king, after the decease of his father, in the year of the world 3944, after the building of Rome 728, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man (as some write) was brought up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not. * * * * * Touching the continuance of the years of Kymbeline's reign some writers do vary, but the best approved affirm that he reigned thirty-five years and then died, and was buried at London, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. But here is to be noted that, although our histories do affirm that as well this Kymbeline, as also his father Theomautius, lived in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cæsar to pay, yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute: whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus (being otherwise occupied) was contented to wink; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdom; at length, to wit, in the tenth year after the death of Julius Cæsar, which was about the thirteenth year of the said Theomautius, Augustus made provision to pass with an army over into Britain, and was come forward upon his journey into Gallia Celtica, or, as we may say, into these hither parts of France.

"But here receiving advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the country now called Hungary, and the Dalmatians, whom now we call Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue those rebels near home, rather than to seek new countries, and leave such in hazard whereof he had present possession, and so, turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a time the wars of Britain, whereby the land remained without fear of any invasion to be made by the Romans till the year after the building of the city of Rome 725, and about the nineteenth year of king Theomautius' reign, that Augustus with an army departed once again from Rome to pass over into Britain, there to make war. But after his coming into Gallia, when the Britains sent to him certain ambassadors to treat with him of peace, he staid their to settle the state of things among the Gales, for that they were not in very good order. And having finished there, he went into Spain, and so his journey into Britain was put off till the next year, that is, the 726th after the building of Rome, which fell before the birth of our Saviour 25, about which time Augustus ~~also~~ meant the third time to have made a voyage into Britain, because they could not agree upon covenants. But as the Pannonians and Dalmatians had aforetime staid him, when (as before is said) he meant to have gone against the Britains; so even now the Salasians (a people inhabiting about Italy and Switzerland), the Cantabrians and Asturians, by such rebellious stirs as they raised, withdrew him from his purposed journey. But whether this controversy, which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, or some other prince of the Britains, I have not to avouch: for that by our writers it is reported that Kymbeline, being brought up in Rome, and knighted in the court of Augustus, ever showed himself a friend to the Romans, and chiefly was loth to break with them, because the youth of the Britain nation should not be deprived of the benefit to be trained and brought up among the Romans, whereby they might learn both to behave themselves like civil men, and to attain to the knowledge of feats of war. But whether for this respect, or for that it pleased the Almighty God so to dispose the minds of men at that present, not only the Britains, but in manner all other nations, were contented to be obedient to the Roman empire. That this was true in the Britains, it is evident enough in Strabo's words, which are in effect as followeth:—'At this present (saith he) certain princes of Britain, procuring by ambassadors and dutiful demeaners the amity of the emperor Augustus, have offered in the capitol unto the gods presents or gifts, and have ordained the whole ile in a manner to be appertinent, proper, and familiar to the Romans. They are burdened with sore customs which they pay for wars, either to be sent forth into Gallia, or brought from thence, which are commonly ivory vessels, shears, onches or earrings, and other conceits made of amber and glasses, and such like manner of merchandise: so that now there is no need of any army or garrison of men of war to keep the ile, for there needeth not past one legion of footmen, or some wing of horsemen, to gather up and receive the tribute; for the charges are rated according to the quantity of the tributes: for otherwise it should be needful to abate the customs, if the tributes were also raised; and if any violence should be used, it were dangerous lest they might be provoked to rebellion.' Thus far Strabo."



[Coin of Cunobelinus.]

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COSTUME.

For the dress of our ancient British ancestors of the time of Cymbeline or Cunobelin we have no pictorial authority, and the notices of ancient British costume which we find scattered amongst the classical historians are exceedingly scanty and indefinite. That the chiefs and the superior classes amongst them, however, were clothed *completely* and with barbaric splendour, there exists at present little doubt; and the naked savages with painted skins whose imaginary effigies adorned the 'Pictorial Histories' of our childhood, are now considered to convey a better idea of the more remote and barbarous tribes of the *Mæatæ* than of the inhabitants of Cantium or Kent, ("the most civilized of all the Britons" as early as the time of Cæsar,) and even to represent those only when, in accordance with a Celtic custom, they had thrown off their garments of skin or dyed cloths to rush upon an invading enemy.

That all the Britons stained themselves with woad, which gave a blueish cast to the skin and made them look dreadful in battle, is distinctly stated by Cæsar: but he also assures us expressly that the inhabitants of the southern coasts differed but little in their manners from the Gauls, an assertion which is confirmed by the testimony of Strabo, Tacitus, and Pomponius Mela, the latter of whom says "the Britons fought armed after the Gaulish manner."

The following description therefore of the Gauls by Diodorus Siculus becomes an authority for the arms and dress of the Britons, particularly as in many parts it corresponds with such evidence as exists in other cotemporaneous writers respecting the dress of the Britons themselves.

"The Gauls wear bracelets about their wrists and arms, and massy chains of pure and beaten gold about their necks, and weighty rings upon their fingers,* and corslets of gold upon their breasts.† For stature they are tall, of a pale complexion, and red-haired, not only naturally, but they endeavour all they can to make it redder by art.‡ They often wash their hair in a water boiled with lime, and turn it backwards from the forehead to the crown of the head, and thence to their very necks, that their faces may be fully seen. . . . Some of them shave their beards, others let them grow a little. Persons of quality shave their chins close, but their moustaches they let fall so low that they even cover their mouths.§ . . . Their garments are very strange, for they wear party-coloured tunics (flowered with various colours in divisions) and hose which they call *Bracæ*.|| They likewise wear chequered *sagas* (cloaks). Those they wear in winter are thick, those in summer more slender. Upon their heads they wear helmets of brass with large appendages made for ostentation's sake to be admired by the beholders. . . . They have trumpets after the barbarian manner, which in sounding make a horrid noise. . . . For swords they use a broad weapon called *Spatha*, which they hang across their right thigh by iron or brazen chains. Some gird themselves with belts of gold or silver."



[Gaulish Captive wearing the Torque.]

* Pliny says the Britons and Gauls wore a ring on the middle finger.

† A British corslet of gold found at Mold, in Flintshire, is now in the British Museum.

‡ Strabo says the Britons are taller than the Gauls; their hair not so yellow, and their bodies looser built.

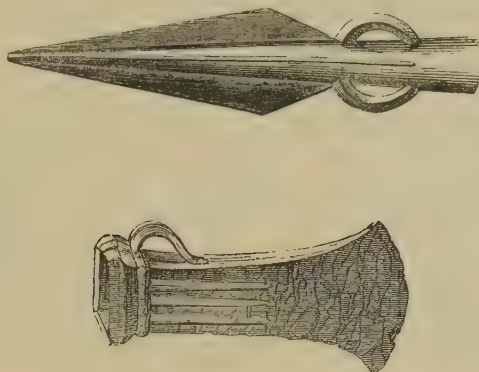
§ Cæsar tells us the Britons were long-haired, and shaved all the body except the head and the upper lip.

|| Martini has a line "Like the old brachæ of a needy Briton."—*Epiq.* ix. 21. They appear on the legs of the Gaulish figures in many Roman sculptures to have been a sort of loose pantaloons, terminating at the ankle, where they were met by a high shoe or brogue. There can be little doubt that the Highland *bracæ* is a modification of this ancient trouser, if not the identical weed itself.

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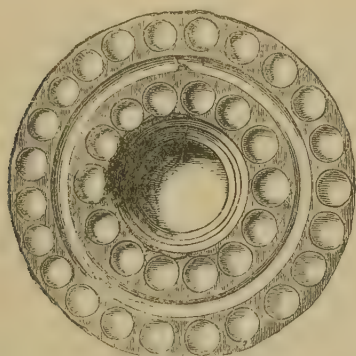
In elucidation of the particular expression made use of by Diodorus in describing the variegated tissues of the Gauls, and which has been translated "flowered with various colours in divisions," we have the account of Pliny, who, after telling us that both the Gauls and Britons excelled in the art of making and dyeing cloth, and enumerating several herbs used for dyeing purple, scarlet, and other colours, says that they spun their fine wool, so dyed, into yarn, which was woven chequer-wise so as to form small squares, some of one colour and some of another. Sometimes it was woven in stripes instead of chequers; and we cannot hesitate in believing that the tartan of the Highlanders (to this day called "the garb of old Gaul") and the checked petticoats and aprons of the modern Welsh peasantry are the *lineal* descendants of this ancient and picturesque manufacture. With respect to their ornaments of gold, we may add, in addition to the classical authorities, the testimony of the Welsh bards. In the Welsh Triads, Cadwaladyr, son of Cadwallon ab Cadwan, the last who bore the title of King of Britain, is styled one of the three princes who wore the golden bands, being emblems of supreme authority, and which, according to Turner, were worn round the neck, arms, and knees.

Of the golden neck-chains, or torques (torch or dorch in Welsh), there are several existing specimens. One has been found of silver, and several of brass. The bronze sword and small battle-axe, or celt, as it is called, of the ancient Britons, are to be found in many collections; and at



[Spear-Head and Celt.]

Goodrich Court are two very large round bronze shields of the earlier period, and an oblong one of the Roman-British era. There is a smaller round shield also in the British Museum.



In the British Museum.



[British Shields.]

In the Meyrick Collection.

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The Druids were divided into three classes. The sacerdotal order wore white, the bards blue, and the third order, the Ovates or Obydds, who professed letters, medicine, and astronomy, wore green.

Dion Cassius describes the dress of a British queen in the person of the famous Bon-luca or Boadicea. He tells us that she wore a torque of gold, a tunic of several colours all in folds, and over it a robe of coarse stuff. Her light hair fell down her shoulders far below the waist.

The costume and arms of the Romans will be noticed at considerable length in the Part appropriated to the Tragedies of Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar.



[Conflict between Romans and Barbarians. From the Arch of Trajan.]

SCENERY.

"THE people of Britain," says Strabo, "are generally ignorant of the art of cultivating gardens. By "the garden behind Cymbeline's palace" we should perhaps, therefore, in the spirit of minute antiquarianism, understand "a grove." But it is by no means clear that the Romans had not introduced their arts to an extent that might have made Cymbeline's palace bear some of the characteristics of a Roman villa. A highly-civilized people very quickly impart the external forms of their civilization to those whom they have colonised. We do not therefore object, even in a prosaic view of the matter, that the garden, as our artist has represented it, has more of ornament than belongs to the Druidical grove. The houses of the inhabitants in general might retain in a great degree their primitive rudeness. When Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, the people of the southern coasts had already learned to build houses a little more substantial and convenient than those of the inland inhabitants. "The country," he remarks, "abounds in houses, which very much resemble those of Gaul." Now those of Gaul are thus described by Strabo:—"They build their houses of wood, in the form of a circle, with lofty tapering roofs."—Lib. v. The foundations of some of the most substantial of these circular houses were of stone, of which there are still some remains in Cornwall, Anglesey, and other places. Strabo says, "The forests of the Britons are their cities; for, when they have enclosed a very large circuit with felled trees, they build

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within it houses for themselves and hovels for their cattle."—Lib. iv. But Cymbeline was one of the most wealthy and powerful of the ancient British kings. His capital was Camulodunum, supposed to be Maldon or Colchester. It was the first Roman colony in this island, and a place of great magnificence. We have not therefore to assume that ornament would be misplaced in it. Though the walls of Imogen's chamber, still subjecting the poetical to the exact, might by some be considered as proper to be of rude stone or wood, it may very fairly be supposed that it was decorated with the rich hangings and the other tasteful appendages described by Iachimo*—the presents of the Roman emperors, with whom Cymbeline and his ancestors had been in amity, or procured from the Greek and Phœnician merchants, who were constantly in commercial intercourse with Britain. (See, for fuller information on this subject, 'The Costume of the Original Inhabitants of the British Isles,' by S. R. Meyrick, LL.D., and Chas. Hamilton Smith, Esq.; fol. Lond. 1821.) But, after all, a play such as Cymbeline, is not to be viewed through the medium only of the literal and the probable. In its poetical aspect it essentially disregards the few facts respecting the condition of the Britons delivered down by the classic historians. Shakspeare in this followed the practice of every writer of the romantic school. The costume (including scenery) had better want conformity with Strabo, than be out of harmony with Shakspeare.

* The "*andirons*" and "*chimney-piece*" belong to the age of Elizabeth. But Shakspeare, when he commits what we call anachronisms, uses what is familiar to render intelligible what would otherwise be obscure and remote.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE. *King of Britain.*
CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *husband to Imogen.*
BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, { *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under*
ARVIRAGUS, { *the names of Polydore and Cadwal,*
 supposed sons to Belarius.

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Romans.*
IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* }
A French Gentleman, *friend to Philario.*
CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman Forces.*
A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.
PISANIO, *Gentleman to Posthumus.*
CORNELIUS, *a physician.*
Two Gentlemen of Cymbeline's Court.
Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, *wife to Cymbeline.*
IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*
HELEN, *woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers. Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*sometimes in BRITAIN*
 sometimes in ROME.



[The Garden.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns :
our bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.*

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

* The passage in the original edition (folio of 1623) stands thus:—

“ You do not meet a man but frowns.
Our bloods no more obey the heavens
Then our courtiers :
Still seem, as do's the king's.”

In several editions *courtiers* is sometimes printed as the genitive case; sometimes is cut off from the verb *seem* by a semicolon, and *the king's* is retained as the genitive case. This we have ventured to alter to *king*, as Tyrwhitt suggested. As we have punctuated the passage, we think it presents no difficulty. *Blood* is used by Shakspeare for natural disposition, as in *All's Well that Ends Well*—

“ Now his important *blood* will nought deny
That she'll demand.”

The meaning of the passage then is—You do not meet a man but frowns : our bloods do not more obey the heavens than our courtiers still seem as the king seems. As is afterwards expressed—

—“ they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks.”

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his
kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's
wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too: so is the
queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a
thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As to seek through the regions of the earth

For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.^a

1 *Gent.* I do extend^b him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His
father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their
father

(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leo-
natus^c;

Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him^d all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was ministered,
And in's spring became a harvest:^e Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature
A glass that feated^f them; and to the graver,

^a You carry your praise far.

^b *Extend* is here used in the same sense as in the fifth Scene of this Act: "His banishment, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce are wonderfully to extend him." The *Gentleman* says—I do extend him—appreciate his good qualities—but only within the real limits of what they are: instead of *unfolding* his measure duly, I crush him together—compress his excellence. Malone thinks that the term *extend* is originally legal. An *extent*, according to Blackstone, is an order to the sheriff to appraise lands or goods to their full *extended* value. It is a well-known term in old Scotch law, meaning nearly the same as a census or valuation.

^c So the folio. The variorum editors rejected the second name, reading—

"To his protection; calls him Posthumus."

To make a line of ten syllables—as if dramatic rhythm had no irregularities—they have destroyed the sense. The name of *Posthumus Leonatus* was given to connect the child with the memory of his father, and to mark the circumstance of his being born after his father's death.

^d *Puts to him* is the original reading, which has been sometimes corrupted into *puts him to*.

^e We arrange these two lines, as in the folio. Some modern editors read—

"As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd, and
In his spring became a harvest."

^f *Feated*. Johnson says, "a glass that formed them." But *feet* is used by Shakspeare for nice, exact, with propriety—as in *The Tempest*—

"And look how well my garments sit upon me
Much *feater* than before;"

A child that guided dotards: to his mistress—
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their
nursery

Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in
knowledge

Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so
convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the
gentleman,

The queen, and princess.^g [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king

and, consequently, the glass which *feats* the mature who look upon Posthumus, is "the mark and glass, copy and book," which renders their appearance and deportment as proper as his own.

^g The most important person (with reference to this conversation) who was coming is Posthumus—"the gentleman." The editors, however, quietly drop him, reading—

"We must forbear: here comes the queen, and princesses."
What can justify such capricious alterations of the text?

Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[Exit QUEEN.]

Imo. O dissembling courtesies! How fine this tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing (Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what his rage can do on me: You must be gone; And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes; not comforted to live, But that there is this jewel in the world, That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress! O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man! I will remain The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth. My residence in Rome, at one Philario's; Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter: thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure: Yet I'll move him

[Aside.]

To walk this way: I never do him wrong, But he does buy my injuries to be friends;^a Pays dear for my offences.

[Exit.]

Post. Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to air yourself, Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?— You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And sear up my embracements from a next With bonds of death!—Remain thou here

[Putting on the ring.]

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you, To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles I still win of you: For my sake wear this;

^a This sentence is obscure; but the meaning of the crafty Queen appears to be, that the kindness of her husband, even when she is doing him wrong, purchases injuries as if they were benefits.

It is a manacle of love; I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.]

Imo. O, the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If after this command thou fraught the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away! Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you! And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone. [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing, That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir, Harm not yourself with your vexation; I Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare^a Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.^b

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir, It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus: You bred him as my playfellow; and he is A man worth any woman; overbuys me Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!— 'Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

^a A higher feeling.

^b Puttock—a kite—a worthless species of hawk.

They were again together : you have done
[To the QUEEN.

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience :—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace.—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly ! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fye !—you must give way :
Here is your servant.—How, now, sir ? What
news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha !
No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes
his part,

To draw upon an exile !—O brave sir !
I would they were in Afric both together ;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your
master ?

Pis. On his command : He would not suffer
me

To bring him to the haven : left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me : you shall, at least,
Go see my lord abroad : for this time, leave me.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A public Place.

Enter CLOTEN and Two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a
shirt ; the violence of action hath made you
reek as a sacrifice : Where air comes out, air
comes in : there's none abroad so wholesome as
that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Have I hurt him ?

2 Lord. No, faith ; not so much as his pa-
tience. [Aside.

1 Lord. Hurt him ? his body's a passable car-
cass if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare for
steel if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt : it went o' the
back side the town. [Aside.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No ; but he fled forward still, toward
your face. [Aside.

1 Lord. Stand you ! You have land enough
of your own : but he added to your having ;
gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans :
Puppies ! [Aside.

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how
long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and
refuse me !

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election,
she is damned. [Aside.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty
and her brain go not together : She's a good
sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the
reflection should hurt her. [Aside.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber : 'Would there
had been some hurt done !

2 Lord. I wish not so ; unless it had been the
fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.

Clo. You'll go with us ?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores
o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. It was, 'His queen, his queen !'

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !
And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with his eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;^a
crack'd them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good
Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.*

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd
him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.^b

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do get them de-
spatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rome. *An Apartment in Phi-
lario's House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a Frenchman.^c

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Bri-
tain: he was then of a crescent note; expected

to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed
the name of: but I could then have looked on
him without the help of admiration; though the
catalogue of his endowments had been tabled
by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less fur-
nished, than now he is, with that which makes
him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had
very many there could behold the sun with as
firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's
daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather
by her value than his own,) words him, I doubt
not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that
weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,
are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to for-
tify her judgment, which else an easy battery
might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less
quality.* But how comes it he is to sojourn
with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together;
to whom I have been often bound for no less
than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so enter-
tained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of
your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I
beseech you all, be better known to this gentle-
man, whom I commend to you as a noble friend
of mine: How worthy he is I will leave to ap-
pear hereafter, rather than story him in his own
hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Or-
leans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you
for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and
yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness:
I was glad I did atone^b my countryman and
you; it had been pity you should have been
put together with so mortal a purpose as then
each bore, upon importance^c of so slight and
trivial a nature.

* *Less quality.* So the folio. It has been corrected into
more quality; but we doubt the propriety of the change.
Posthumus is spoken of by all as one of high qualifications—
and he is presently introduced as "a stranger of his quality."
He was bred as Imogen's "playfellow," and therefore cannot
be spoken of as a low man—"without *more quality*." As
this play was first printed, like many others, after Shak-
spere's death, it is probable that it contains some typogra-
phical errors. We do not feel warranted in altering the text,
or we would read, "for taking a beggar without *his* quality,"—
a beggar who does not follow the occupation of a beggar.

^b *Atone*—to make at one. ^c *Importance*—import, matter.

^a *Vantage*—opportunity.

^b So in the 18th Sonnet—

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."

^c In the stage-direction of the original, we have "a Dutch-
man and a Spaniard" brought in, as well as a Frenchman.
But these characters are mute; and may be therefore omitted
here, and in the list of persons represented. It was no
doubt the intention to show that the foolish wager of Posthu-
mus was made amidst strangers who had resorted to Rome.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not * to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 't was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Ital^v.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many:^b but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but

you know strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or the loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you

* Not is omitted in the original.

^b The passage stands in the folio—"I could not believe she excell'd many." The reasoning is then inconclusive; but the introduction of the word *but*, by Malone, gets over the difficulty.

* A friend. So the original. Warburton suggested *afraid*, and the change is made in Theobald's edition. Though we have retained the original word, we believe the correction to be right. Iachimo taunts Posthumus. "You are afraid, and therein the wiser." He adds, "I see you have some religion in you, that you fear."

cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy: she is not worth our debate. If she remain unsecluded, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;²

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch. [*Exeunt* Ladies.]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence—My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a anguishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions?^a I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,

To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:³

Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*]

Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio? Doctor, your service for this time is ended; Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*]

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

[*To* PISANIO.]

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she has Will stupify and dull the sense awhile: Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs;

Then afterward up higher; but there is No danger in what show of death it makes, More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect; and I the truer So to be false with her.

^a Conclusions—experiments.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.
[Exit.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost
thou think in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my
son,

I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depend on a thing that leans,—
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,

[The QUEEN drops a box: PISANIO
takes it up.

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy la-
bour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but
think

Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the
king

To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [Exit PISANIO.]—A sly and
constant knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The handfast* to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [Exit QUEEN and Ladies.

* *Handfast*, from the Anglo-Saxon *handfastan*, a pledge,
an assurance, was the betrothal or contract of marriage.

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.
[Exit.

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that hus-
band!

My supreme crown of grief! and those re-
peated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons* comfort.—Who may this be?
Fye!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a letter.
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her that is out of door, most rich.
[Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;⁴
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose
kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him
accordingly, as you value your trust'—

'LEONATUS.'

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

* *Seasons* is a verb. The mean have their honest, homely
wills—(opposed to the desire that's glorious)—and that cir-
cumstance gives a relish to comfort.

⁴ *Trust*. Imogen breaks off in reading the letter of
Leonatus. That which is addressed to her in the tender-
ness of affection is not "read aloud." Unmindful of this,
the passage has been altered into "Reflect upon him
accordingly, as you value your trust Leonatus." The
signature is separated from the word which has been
changed to *trust*, by the passage which Imogen glances at
in thankful silence.



J. W. Whitt

1870

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G. B. L. I. N. I.
Art. 1. So. 7

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?^a and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and
monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way
and

Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judg-
ment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,^b
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps^c you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you,
sir, desire [To PISANIO.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health,
'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
there

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much
loves

The stones of the beach are each so like the other that
the epithet *twinn'd* is appropriate. If *number'd* be the
right word it must be taken in the sense of *numerous*,
numberous. Theobald read "*th' unnumber'd beach*."

^b Dr. Johnson has given an explanation of this passage,
which is an amusing specimen of his *Lexiphanic* style:
"to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude."

^c *Raps* you—transports you. We are familiar with the
participle *rapt*, but this form of the verb is uncommon.

A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly
Briton

(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs,
cries, 'O!

Can my sides hold, to think that man,—who
knows,

By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But,
heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty to-
wards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much:
In you,—which I account his, beyond all ta-
lents,—

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me. What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. 'Pray
you,

(Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek,
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)

Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol : join gripes with hands
Made hand with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour) ; then, by-peeping^a in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 't is your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike
my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double ! To be
partner'd

With tomboys,^b hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield ! with diseas'd
ventures,

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd
stuff,

As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd :
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd !

How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest,^c betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears that
have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,

Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as
strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho ! Pisanio.—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault ; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say :
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect good-
ness

Her assur'd credit !—Blessed live you long !
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your
pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er : And he is one
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him :
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended
god :

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking, a false report which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err : The love I bear
him

Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made
you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir : Take my power i'the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your
lord,

(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled
sums,

^a By-peeping—so the original. Johnson changed it to "He peeping;" but it appears to us that "cy-peeping" is clandestinely peeping.

^b Verstegan thus defines a tomboy: "Tumbe, to dance. Tumbled, danced. Hereof we yet call a wench that skipeth or leapeth like a boy, a tomboy."

^c Diana's priest. In Pericles we have the expression, used by Diana, of "maiden priests."

To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and
jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please
you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only forthis night.
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my
word,

By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt*]



[This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

SCENE IV.—“*I would have broke mine eye-strings,*” &c.

In Arthur Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (1567) there is a description which might have suggested to Shakspeare this beautiful passage:

“She lifting up her watery eyes beheld her husband stand
Upon the hatches, making signs by becking with his hand:
And she made signs to him again. And after that the land
Was far removed from the ship, and that the sight began
To be unable to discern the face of any man,
As long as ere she could she look'd upon the rowing keel.
And when she could no longer time for distance ken it weel
She looked still upon the sails that flashed with the wind
Upon the mast. And when she could the sails no longer
find,
She gat her to her empty bed with sad and sorry heart.”

SCENE VI.—“*Whiles yet the dew's on ground,
gather those flowers.*”

The Queen, distilling herbs for wicked purposes, is a striking contrast to the benevolent Friar in *Romeo and Juliet*. Shakspeare has beautifully indicated the philosophy of the use or abuse by man of Nature's productions, in the Friar's soliloquy:—

“For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Rev'ls from true birth, stumbling on abuse.”

SCENE VI. “*Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.*”

Dr. Johnson, in that spirit of kindness which essentially belonged to his nature, remarks upon this passage:—“The thought would probably have been more amplified had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.” We are by no means

sure, however, that Shakspeare meant to apply a sweeping denunciation to such experiments upon the power of particular medicine. There can be no doubt that, the medical art being wholly tentative, it becomes in some cases a positive duty of a scientific experimenter to inflict pain upon an inferior animal for the ultimate purpose of assuaging pain or curing disease. It is the useless repetition of such experiments which makes hard the heart. It is the exhibition of such experiments in the lecture room which is “noisome and infectious.” The Queen was unauthorised by her position to

“Try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging.”

SCENE VII.—“*Or, like the Parthian, I shall
flying fight.*”

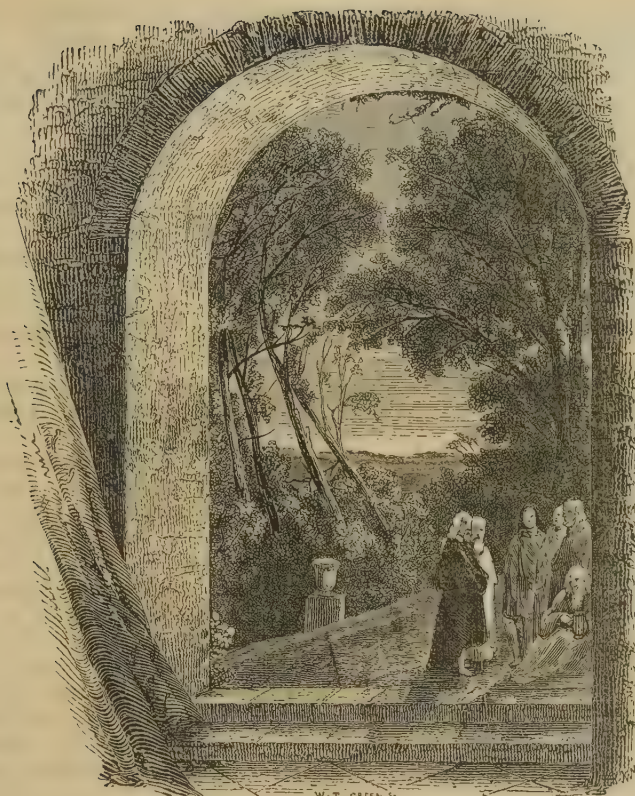
Every one will remember the noble passage in ‘*Paradise Regained*,’ book iii.:—

“He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy show'rs against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight.”

The editors of Milton refer to parallel passages in Virgil and Horace as amongst the images with which our great epic poet was familiar. The commentators of Shakspeare suffer his line to pass without a single observation. In the same scene we have the following most characteristic expression in the mouth of a Roman:—

“As common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol.”

Upon this Stevens remarks, “Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase, ‘as common as the highway.’” Shakspeare's phrase proves, amidst a thousand similar proofs, his perfect familiarity with all the knowledge that was necessary to make his characters speak appropriately with reference to their social position.



[Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CLOTEN and Two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away!^a I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

^a This is usually pointed, "when I kiss'd the jack upon an upcast, to be hit away." But the *jack* was *kiss'd* by Cloten's *bowl*, and the *up-cast* of another bowler *hit it away*. The same technical expressions of *kiss* and *cast* are used by Rowley, in "A Woman never vex'd:"—"This city bowler has *kiss'd* the mistress at the first *cast*."

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not vexed, more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion^a that you give offence to.

^a *Companion* is used here, and in other passages of Shakspeare in the same sense as *fellow* is at present. Sir Hugh Evans denounces the host of the Garter as a "scurvy, cogging companion."

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exit* CLOTEN and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband. From that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make, the heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st
stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*]

• This passage is usually printed thus:—

“A wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour!”

The reading of the original is—

“A wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband. Then that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make the heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour.”

It appears to us that, amidst such manifest incorrectness of typography, a clearer sense is attained by the change of *Then* to *From*, than by altering the construction of the sentence. The *Lord* explores that the honour of Imogen may be held firm, to resist the horrid act of the divorce from her husband which Cloten would make.

SCENE II.—*A Bed-Chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit* Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO, from the trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!

But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't—'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.*—But my design

* This celebrated passage has produced some difference of opinion amongst the commentators. First, Capell says of the word *windows*, “the poet's meaning is *shutters*.” Hammer changed the word to “*curtains*.” The *window* is the aperture through which light and air are admitted to a room—sometimes closed, at other times opened. It is the *window-door*. We have the word in Romeo and Juliet, similarly applied—

“Thy eye's *windows* fall
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life”

Capell then goes on to say, that the “white and azure” refer to the white skin, generally, laced with blue veins. Secondly, Malone thinks that the epithets apply to the “enclosed lights”—the eyes. Lastly, Warburton decides that the eye-lids were intended. We are disposed to agree with him. The eye-lid of an extremely fair young woman is often of a tint that may be properly called “white and azure;” which is produced by the net-work of exceedingly fine veins that runs through and colours that beautiful structure. Shakspeare has described this peculiarity in his Venus and Adonis—

“Her two blue *windows* faintly she upheaveth.”
And in The Winter's Tale, we have—

“*Violets* dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.”
But in the text before us, the eye-lids are not only of a “white

To note the chamber. I will write all down :
Such and such pictures :—There the window :
Such

The adornment of her bed :—The arras, figures,*
Why, such, and such :—And the contents o' the
story.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !
'T is mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To
what end ?

Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading
late

The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf 's turned down
Where Philomel gave up ;—I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye !^b I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three,—Time, time !

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

and azure" hue, but they are also "lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct"—marked with the deeper blue of the larger veins. The description is here as accurate as it is beautiful. It cannot apply with such propriety to the eye, which certainly is not lac'd with blue ; nor to the skin generally, which would not be beautiful as "white and azure." It is, to our minds, one of the many examples of Shakspeare's extreme accuracy of observation, and of his transcendent power of making the exact and the poetical blend with, and support, each other.

^a M. Mason would read "the arras-figures ;" but Iachimo subsequently describes, not only the figures of the arras, but its particular quality—

"Tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra," &c.

^b The original reads, "may bare the raven's eye." Theobald corrected it to *bare*. We are not quite sure of the propriety of the correction, though we are unwilling to disturb the received text. To *bare* the raven's eye, is to open the raven's eye—the eye of one of the earliest-waking and the quickest-seeing of birds. The predatory habits of the raven require that he should be up before the shepherd is about with his flocks ; and his piercing eye at once leads him where the feeble lamb lies in some hollow a ready victim, or where the leveret has crept abroad in the grey of the morning from the safe form of its mother. The *dawning* may have that eye ; or the *dawning* may here, may sustain, may be strong enough to produce the proof of that eye being

SCENE III.—*Without the Palace, under Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not ?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come : I am advised to give her music o' mornings ; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,^a

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On challic'd flowers that lies ?^a

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes ;^b

With everything that pretty is—My lady sweet, arise :

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better : if it do not, it is a voice^d in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts,^e nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

^a This apparently false concord is in truth a touch of our antique idiom, which adds to the beauty of this exquisite song. (See Illustration of *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Illust. 6.)

^b In one of Browne's Pastorals is a passage which illustrates this :—

"The day is waxen old,
And 'gins to shut up with the *marigold*."

^c Hanmer changed this to *bin*—a pretty word. But *is* occurs in the folio. We print the lines as they are printed in that edition ; by which, in all probability, a different time of the air was indicated—a more rapid movement.

^d Voice. So the old copies. It has been changed to *vice*.

^e Calves'-guts. So the old copy. Rowe changed this to *cats'-guts*, and he has been since followed. The word *cats'-gut*—or *catgut*—is essentially modern. We believe that there is not an example of it in any old author. In Bacon's Natural History we have a passage in which *gut*—a musical string made of an animal substance—is thus spoken of—"A viol should have a lay of wire-strings below, close to the belly, and the strings of *guts* mounted upon a bridge." Why not, then, *calves'-guts*, as well as *cats'-guts* ? We know not how the name *catgut* arose, for *cats* have as little to do with the production of such strings as mice have. At any rate, if the text of Shakspeare is an authority that such strings were made from *calves*, we are not called upon to rectify the propriety by insisting that they ought to have been made from *cats*.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done, father'y. Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king, Who lets go by no vantages that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly solicits; and, befriended With aptness of the season, make denials Increase your services: * so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her, that you in all obey her,^b Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exit CYM., QUEEN, Lords, and Mess.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,

* This is ordinarily printed,

"And be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services."

We follow a suggestion of Monck Mason.

^b This passage is generally pointed thus—

"So seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her," &c.

The meaning of the passage is clearly—"so seem, that you in all obey her, as if you were inspir'd," &c. The cutting off of the last member of the sentence is destructive to the sense. You are senseless has the meaning of be you senseless.

Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave,
ho!— [Knocks.

I know her women are about her. What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
makes
Diana's rangers false* themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:
What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave. [Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's
pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you; sell me your good
report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of
you
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet
hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much
pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so 't were as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesies
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

* False is here used as a verb. See Note in The Comedy of Errors, Act II., Sc. II.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin :

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal :^a and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself,) I hate you ; which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean ?) To knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now,
Pisanio ?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment ? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently :—

Clo. His garment ?

^a So verbal. Johnson defines this, "so verbose, so full of talk." But neither Cloten nor Imogen have used many words. Imogen has been parrying her strange admirer ; but she now resolves to speak plainly—to be verbal—and thus to forget a lady's manners.

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool :
Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's : 'shrew
me,

If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning : confident I am
Last night 't was on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :
I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go and search. [*Exit Pis.*]

Clo. You have abus'd me :—
His meanest garment ?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir.
If you will make 't an action call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :
She's my good lady ;^a and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clo. I'll be reveng'd :—
His meanest garment ?—Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in
Pailario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir ; I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come : In these sear'd
hopes,^b

I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly : And, I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)

^a *She's my good lady.* This phrase is used ironically. To "stand my good lord," is—to be my good friend.

^b *Sear'd hopes.* This was ordinarily printed *fear'd hopes*—a reading silently adopted by the commentators in the variorum editions, but explained by Eccles. in his edition of this drama (1801), as "hopes blended with fears." We have ventured to change the text to *sear'd hopes*. "In the present winter's state" the hopes of Posthumus are *sear'd* ; but they still exist, and in cherishing them, *with'd* as they are, he barely gratifies his friend's love. Mr. Dyce says that the alteration of *fear'd* to *sear'd* is marked in Tyrwhitt's copy of the second folio in the British Museum. We had not seen that copy when we made the change.

That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline
(Now mingled* with their courages) will make
known

To their approvers, they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See ! Iachimo !

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by
land :

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best : or let her
beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there ?^b

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

* *Mingled.* The folio is distinctly printed *wing-led*—the compound word, with a hyphen. It was altered by Rowe to *mingled*, and Malone justifies it, because in the folio *wind* has been printed for *mind*. This reason in not very strong, for those who have watched the progress of printers' errors know that an uncommon word is not ordinarily substituted for a common one. We would restore *wing-led* to the text, because the phrase conveys one of those bold images which are thoroughly Shaksperian ; but we feel that the speaker is deliberately reasoning, and does not use the language of passion, under which state Shakspeare for the most part throws out such figurative expressions. The simple word *mingled* is most in harmony with the entire speech. Tieck, however, adopts *wing-led* in his admirable translation.

^b This speech, in the original, belongs to Posthumus. But he is intent upon his letters.

Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport : I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant : Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours : If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride : A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; which I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

Post. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves : the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted :^a Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids

Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.^a

Post. This is her honour!^a—
Let it be granted you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel:^b See!—
And now 't is up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 't is true. Here, take this
too; [*Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't:—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are
made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is
nothing:—

O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being cor-
rupted.

Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so I hope he came by 't:—Back my
ring;—

Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

^a Iachimo has just said—

"I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour."

^b Johnson interprets this reading, "if you can forbear to
flush your cheek with rage." Boswell says, "if you can
restrain yourself within bounds. To pale is commonly
used for to confine or surround." Iachimo has produced
no effect upon Posthumus up to this moment; but he now
says, if you *can*, be pale: I will see what this jewel will do
to make you change countenance.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
swears.

'T is true;—nay, keep the ring—'t is true, I am
sure

She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to
steal it!

And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore
thus dearly.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you

Phi. Sir, be patient!
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the
turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limbs
meal!

I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert^a the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the
same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but
women

^a *Pervert*—for avert.

Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his
tools

Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, ven-
geance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I
thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the
devils!—

This yellow Iachino, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, oh! and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,

hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell
knows,

Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all:
For ev'n to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.^a

[Exit.]

^a This is the same idea that is more piously expressed by Sir Thomas More—"God could not lightly do a man more vengeance than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes."



[Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.]



[Monument in Lichfield Cathedral.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE II.— “*Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes.*”

THE whole of this scene in its delicacy and beauty has some resemblance to the night scene in Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*. Indeed Shakspeare, in one or two expressions, seems to have had his own poem distinctly present to his mind. For example :

“ By the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies.”

Again ; Iachino says of Imogen—

“ O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
And be her sense but as a *monument*,
Thus in a chapel lying ! ”

Lucretia is in the same way described as a monumental figure reposing upon a pillow :

“ Where, like a virtuous *monument* she lies.”

The best illustration of this beautiful image is presented by Chantrey's exquisite monument of the *Sleeping Children*.

² SCENE III.—“*Hark, hark, the lark.*”

Steevens asserts, without offering the slightest evidence in support of his assertion, that George

Peele was the author of this song. The mode, however, in which Cloten speaks of it, “ A wonderful sweet air, with admirable sweet words to it,” is not exactly in Shakspeare's manner ; and yet, if it had been the work of any other poet, the compliment from the mouth of such a character as Cloten would have been rather equivocal. In our poet's 29th Sonnet we have these lines :—

“ Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings *hymns at heaven's gate.*”

But in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, which was first printed in 1584, we have the image even more closely resembling the words of the song. Our readers will not object to see Lyly's poem entire.

“ What bird so sings, yet so does wail ?
O 't is the ravish'd nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, teureu she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick song ! who is't now we hear ?
None but the *lark* so shrill and clear ;
Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin red-breast tunes his note ;
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing,
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring.
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring.”

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

³ SCENE IV.— “The roof of the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted.”

Steevens calls this “a tawdry image.” Douce justly says, “The poet has, in this instance, given a faithful description of the mode in which the rooms in great houses were sometimes ornamented.”

⁴ SCENE IV.— “Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids,” &c.

We have no doubt that in this description Shak-

spere literally describes some work of art which he had seen. At Knowle, one of the most interesting of ancient mansions, there are “andirons,” of which the “two winking Cupids of silver” are not, indeed, “each on one foot standing,” but in an attitude sufficiently graceful to show us that such furniture was executed not only of costly materials, but with a skill such as the Florentine artists applied to the ornamental appendages of the palaces of the great.





[Restoration of the Roman Forum. Scene VII.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears and tongues Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it,) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,

P 2

The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle, which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks^a unscaleable, and roaring waters; With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,

But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his ship-ping

(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas, Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof, The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point (O, giglot^b fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword, Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,¹ And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

^a *Rocks.* The original reads *oaks*. We have no doubt of the propriety of the correction, which is Hamner's.

^b *Giglot.* The term may be explained by its application to Joan of Arc, in the First Part of Henry VI.—

"Young Talbot was not horn
To be the pillage of a giglot's hench."

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's
ambition,^a

(Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of
Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and
franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius
made our laws,^b

Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.^c

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look

^a Steevens would leave out *from us* in this line, as unnecessary words, which only derange the metre. We must again, and again, beg the reader to bear in mind that this mode of corrupting the text is totally at variance with the practice of all the great dramatists of Shakspeare's age; it sacrifices force and variety, to produce feebleness and monotony.

^b We have another example of a similar corruption, adopted from Hamner by Steevens, who walks amidst the luxurious growth of Shakspeare's versification like a gardener who has predetermined to have no shoot above ten inches long in his whole parterre. This line, in all the modern editions (except Malone's of 1821), stands thus:—

"Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius."

His reasons for this merciless lopping are as follows:—

"The old copy, in contempt of metre, and regardless of the preceding words—

Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws;—

most absurdly adds,

made our laws."

Is it not evident that the oratorical construction of the sentence requires this repetition, after the long parenthesis which occurs after the first mention of Mulmutius? The skill of Shakspeare is shown in repeating the idea, without repeating precisely the same words; of which skill there are two other signal examples, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *Troilus and Cressida*. (See *Illustrations of Love's Labour's Lost*: Act iv.)

For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me;³ my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance.^a I am perfect^b
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If
you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall
find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us
out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adven-
ture, our crowns shall fare the better for you;
and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter PISANIO, reading a Letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore writs
you not

What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!

O, master! what a strange infection

Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian

(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath pre-
vail'd

On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No;

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low as were

Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder
her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I

Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her
blood?

If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity

So much as this fact comes to?—Do't: The
letter

^a Utterance. To fight at utterance is to fight without quarter—to the death; the French—*Combat à outrance*.

^b Perfect—assured. So in *The Winter's Tale*—

"Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia."

^c The original has, *what monsters her accuser?* The modern correction, which is Rowe's, appears to be justified by the subsequent passage, *what false Italian?*

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity :^a—O damn'd paper !
Black as the ink that's on thee ! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary^b for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without ? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio ?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord ? Leonatus ?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters ;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
Some griefs are med'cinable ; that is one of
them,
For it doth physic love ;—of his content,
All but in that !—Good wax, thy leave :—
Bless'd be

^a The original stage direction at the commencement of this scene is—"Enter Pisanio reading of a letter." The modern editors, when they come to the passage beginning *do't*, insert another stage direction—*reading*. Upon this Malone raises up the following curious theory :—"Our poet from negligence sometimes makes words change their form under the eye of the speaker, who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. * * * * * The words here read by Pisanio from his master's letter (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*) are not found there, though the substance of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader." Now, we would ask, what can be more natural—what can be more truly in Shakspeare's own manner, which is a reflection of nature—than that a person having been deeply moved by a letter which he has been reading, should comment upon the substance of it *without* repeating the exact words ? The very commencement of Pisanio's soliloquy—"How ! of adultery !"—is an example of this. The word *adultery* is not mentioned in the letter upon which he comments. Malone refers to a similar *negligence* in the last scene of *All's Well that Ends Well*, where Helena thus addresses Bertram—

"There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter: This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring," &c.

Malone adds, "she reads the words from Bertram's letter." He has no right to assume this, nor does he even give a stage direction to that effect in his edition ; but, because the letter which Helena reads in Act III. contains these words—"when thou canst get the ring upon my finger,"—Shakspeare has been guilty of negligence, oversight, inattention, &c. &c., in not giving the exact words of the letter, when she offers it to Bertram. Really, a critic, putting on a pair of spectacles, to compare the recollections of deep feeling with the document which has stirred that feeling, as he would compare the copy of an affidavit with the original, is a ludicrous exhibition.

^b *Feodary*—feudary. Hanmer says, "A feodary is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord." Malone says, "The feodary was the escheator's associate, and hence Shakspeare, with his usual licence, uses the word for a confederate or associate in general." We beg to refer our readers to the Illustrations of Henry IV., Part I., Act I., in which we endeavour to show that the *feudal vassal* and the *companion* were each meant by the same word—*foe*—*feudary*—*feodary*.

You bees that make these locks of counsel !
Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike ;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.^a—Good news,
gods ! [Reads.]

'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.^b Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven : What your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

‘LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.’

O, for a horse with wings !—Hear'st thou, Pisanio ?

He is at Milford-Haven : Read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day ?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who

long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me :—yet
long'st,—

But in a fainter kind :—O, not like me ;
For mine's beyond beyond,^c say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford : And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven : But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence ; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-
going

^a This address to the bees contains one of Shakspeare's legal allusions. The *forfeiters* (in the first folio *forfeytours*) had sealed to dangerous bonds ; and in that age the seal was as binding as the signature, and rather more so.

^b This sentence is very difficult ; but it does not appear to us to be mended by the departure from the original reading, which we ordinarily find—"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes." Malone inserted *not* ; and explains the reading thus—Justice, &c., could not be so cruel to me, *but that you would be able to renew me, &c.* This may be the meaning ; but it is scarcely borne out by the construction of Malone's improved sentence. In the original it stands thus—"Justice, and your father's wrath, (should he take me in his dominion,) could not be so cruel to me, as you : (oh the dearest of creatures) would even renew me with your eyes." It is here evident that the printer has mistaken the sense in his "could not be so cruel to me, as you ;" and when printers have a crochets as to the meaning of a sentence, they seldom scruple to deviate from the copy before them. The *so* required therefore from them its parallel conjunction *as*. But if we alter a single letter we have a clear meaning, without any forced construction. *An* is often used familiarly for *if* by Shakspeare and the other old dramatists, as it was in discourse and correspondence. We have the word repeatedly in Measure :—for example, "*An* he should, it were an aim to hang him." Let us therefore read the sentence with the substitution of *an* for *as*—"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, *an* you, (O the dearest of creatures,) would even renew me with your eyes." *Even* is here used in the old sense of equally, *even-so*, and is opposed to "*so cruel*."

^c *Beyond beyond*. The second *beyond* is used as a substantive, which gives us the meaning of *further than beyond*. The Scotch have a saying—"at the back of beyond."

And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithce, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is
foolery:

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me,
presently,

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit

A franklin's housewife.⁴

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.⁵ Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. *A mountainous Country,
with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop,^b boys:
This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and
bows you
To a morning's holy office: The gates of mo-
narchs

Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven,
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon
hill,

^a Monck Mason has, we think, given us the true interpretation of this passage. *I see before me, man, is, I see clearly that my course is for Milford. Nor here, nor here, nor what ensues*—neither this way, nor that way, nor the way behind me,—but have a fog in them.

^b *Stoop.* The original reads *sleep*—a manifest error. Rowe corrected it to *see*; Malone would read *sweet*. The correction of *stoop*, by Hammer, is certainly conceived in a poetical spirit. It accords with—

"This gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office."

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.

Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have
told you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:

This service is not service, so being done,

But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,

Draws us a profit from all things we see:

And often, to our comfort, shall we find

The sharded beetle⁵ in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life

Is nobler, than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;⁶

^a These lines are ordinarily printed, as in the folio—

"O, this life

Is nobler than attending for a check;

Richer than doing nothing for a babe."

Conjecture has here exhausted itself, and has fallen back upon the authority of the original text. We shall endeavour to explain the whole passage, and to justify our adoption of Hammer's alteration of *babe* to *bribe*, by referring to the source of the ideas thus briefly expressed, which we think Shakspeare had in his mind. We believe that source to have been Spenser's 'Mother Hubbard's Tale.' Belarius begs his boys to

"revolve what tales I have told you

Of courts, of princes;"

and he then goes on to say that their own life

"is nobler than attending for a check."

Spenser describes, in one of the finest didactic passages of our language, the condition of the man "whom wicked fate hath brought to court:"

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,

What hell it is in suing long to bide:

To lose good days that might be better spent;

To waste long nights in pensive discontent;

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;

To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;

To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers';

To have thy asking, yet wait many years;

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;

To eat thy heart through comfortless despair:

To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,

To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,

That doth his life in so long tendance spend!"

Here we have the precise meaning of *attending* furnished us by *tendance*; and, we think, the meaning of *check*, which has been controverted, is supplied us by *to be put back to-morrow*. The whole passage is, indeed, a description of the alternate *progress and check*, which the "miserable man" of Spenser receives. Compared with such a life of humiliation, the wild mountain life is *nobler*. We have next the life described in a line, than which the mountain life is *richer*. According to the original text it is, "than doing nothing for a babe." If we take it in the common sense of *babe*, (in which sense it occurs again in the same scene—"I stole these babes,") it is impossible to extract a meaning from it. Warburton reads, therefore, *hauble*. Steevens *babe*, which he says was the ancient spelling of *bauble*. Capell affirms that *babe* and *babe* are synonymous. Johnson would read *brabe*, from *brabium*, a badge of honour. Looking at the usual course of typographical errors, we should say, it is the easiest thing possible for *babe* to be printed for *brabe*, even if the word were *brabe* in the manuscript. But, putting aside these considerations, and rejecting altogether the nonsense of George Chalmers, that the word was *babee* (the Scotch *baubee*), what is the meaning of doing nothing for a *babe*, *babe*, or *bauble*? Is it, that the courtier is *idle*, that he may receive some outward mark of honour—a *title*, as Capell says? We think not. Spenser has told us distinctly what it is to do nothing for a *bribe*—to give nothing in return for a bribe; and we believe Shakspeare had this in view. His mountain life is certainly *richer* than riches so corruptly derived.

But it is not so much conjecture as to the word of the original text. The Correction of Mr. Collier's *folio* has *bub*.

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gains the cap of him that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd :^a no life to ours.

Gwi. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor
unfedg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor
know not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
With your stiff age : but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling : the toil of the
war,

A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour : which dies i' the
search ;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well : what's worse,

which Mr. Collier interprets to mean a *blow*. Shakspeare
uses *bob* in two senses. He has "beaten, *bobbed*, and
thumped" (Richard III. Act v. Sc. II.), where *bob* has the
meaning of a blow. But he also has, "You shall not *bob*
us out of our melody" (Troilus and Cressida, Act III. Sc. I.).
Massinger has one of his characters describing a king
whispering, the object of which was, he says, "to give me
the *bob* (Maid of Honour). The word in these cases seems
to mean to get rid of—to put aside. In this sense *bob* may
be used in the passage before us. But, nevertheless, *drive*
will not be hastily rejected.

^a As we have had the *nobler* and the *richer* life, we have
now the *prouder*. The mountain life is compared with that
of

"Rustling in unpaid-for silk."

The illustrative lines which are added, we take it, mean that
such a one as does rustle in unpaid-for silk receives the
courtesy (*gains the cap*) of him that makes him fine, yet he,
the wearer of silk, keeps his, the creditor's, *book uncross'd*.
To *cross the book* is, even now, a common expression for
obliterating the entry of a debt. It belongs to the rude age
of credit. The original reading is,

"Such *gain* the cap of him that makes *him* fine ;"

but the second *him* is generally altered to *them*. We have
adopted the slighter alteration of *gains*

Must court'sy at the censure :—O, boys, this
story

The world may read in me : My body's mark'd
With Roman swords ; and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;
And when a soldier was the theme my name
Was not far off : Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but, in one
night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gwi.

Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told
you oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans : so,
Follow'd my banishment ; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my
world :

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the
mountains ;

This is not hunters' language :—He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
valleys. [*Exeunt GUL. and ARV.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !
These boys know little they are sons to the
king ;

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine : and, though train'd
up thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow,^a their thoughts
do hit

The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly
out

Into my story : say,—'Thus mine enemy fell ;
And thus I set my foot on his neck'—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
posture

^a The old reading is, *whereon the bowe*—clearly a misprint.
It was corrected by Warburton, with this explanation : "In
this very cave, which is so low that they must bend or bow
on entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted," &c.

That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,

(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from
horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus?^a What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,^b
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

^a *Posthumus*. "Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning." So decides Steevens, but he adds, with great candour, "It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded." Ritson blunders upon the truth—"Shakspeare's ignorance of the quantity of Posthumus is the rather remarkable as he gives it rightly both when the name first occurs and in another place—"

'To his protection; calls him Posthumus!—"
'Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas!'"

Both these critics knew perfectly well that all the poets of Shakspeare's age were in the habit of changing the accentuation of proper names, to suit their versification; and that learning or no learning had nothing to do with the matter.

^b *Summer-news*. Our poet has the same idea in his 98th Sonnet—

"Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell."

Pis.

Please you read:

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword?
the paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander,—

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world,—kings, queens, and
states,

Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer,
madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be
false?

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—
Iachimo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, me-
thinks,

Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,^a hath betray'd
him:

^a *Some jay of Italy, &c.* The Italian *putta* has a double meaning. The jay of Italy is the "Roman courtesan," as well as the painted bird. This is one of the many proofs of Shakspeare's acquaintance with the Italian. But how shall we explain the original reading, "whose mother was her painting?" Johnson says, "the creature not of nature but of painting." In this sense painting may be not improperly termed her mother. Steevens, in illustration of this, gives a quotation from an old comedy:—"A parcel of conceited feather-caps, whose fathers were their garments." The reading of the original, on the authority of the Corrector of the folio of 1632, has been changed by Mr. Collier to

"Some jay of Italy,

Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him."

Mr. Collier, in his admiration of the correction, hazards the assertion, that "genuine passion avoids figures of speech." Certainly Shakspeare is not an example of this proposition. Although the original passage may be obscure, it contains a strong poetical image. The correction is prosaic enough to suit any Shakspeare made Easy.

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the
walls,

I must be ripp'd:^a—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good
seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Post-
hūmus,

Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjurd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou
honest:

Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st
him

A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-
slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart;

Something's afore 't;^a—Soft, soft; we'll no
defence;

Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here;
The scriptures of the loyal Leonates,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are
betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,

And make me put into contempt the suit
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy
knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.^a

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent when thou has ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How
live?

^a *Afore't*. The original reads *afont*—evidently an error.

^a In the original the line stands, "I'll wake mine eye-
balls first." Hammer and Johnson suggested the insertion
of *blind*.

in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? P' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is—and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger;—you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That, though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(T'is in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him
know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means
abroad,^a

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor suppleymēt.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
well;

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office;

The due of honour in no point omit.

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

^a Malone interprets this, "As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me." Surely *abroad* is not here used in the sense of being in foreign parts. It is the old adverb *on bred*. The means of Imogen are far off—not at hand—all abroad—as we still say. But Pisanio tells her, failing her own means, "you have me, rich."

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us

That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'T is all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'T is not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no
answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her.
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great
court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her door's lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I
fear

Prove false!

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen.

Go, look after.—

[*Exit CLOTEN.*]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd
her;

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'T is certain she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[*Exit QUEEN.*]

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and
royal;

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman;^a from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore. But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and, in that
point,

I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. 'For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?

Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

^a There is a somewhat similar form of expression in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II., Sc. III.—"To any count; to all counts; to what is man."

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see 't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.*
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Humph!
Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O
Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

[*Aside.*]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.—
Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do
me true service, undergo those employments
wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a
serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er
I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—
I would think thee an honest man; thou should'st
neither want my means for thy relief nor my
voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not
in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower
of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse.
Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy
possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that
suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot
to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon:—
Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill

thee.—I would these garments were come. She
said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch
from my heart), that she held the very garment
of Posthumus in more respect than my noble
and natural person, together with the adornment
of my qualities. With that suit upon my back
will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her
eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will
then be a torment to her contempt. He on the
ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead body,—and when my lust hath dined
(which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in
the clothes that she so praised), to the court I'll
knock her back, foot her home again. She hath
despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my
revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-
Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that
is the second thing that I have commanded thee;
the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute
to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment
shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge
is now at Milford: 'Would I had wings to follow
it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to
thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow,
flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his meed!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd
thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars
told me

I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them knowing 't is

* Pisanio, in giving Cloten a letter which is to mislead him, means to say, I must either adopt this stratagem or perish by his fury.



THE SWORD

THE DART

A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in
fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on
thee

My hunger's gone; but even before I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak;—if savage—
Take, or lend.^a—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best wood-
man, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty^b sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in ap-
petite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll
browze on that

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay: come not in:
[*Looking in.*]

^a It is scarcely necessary to affix a very precise meaning to words which are meant to be spoken under great trepidation. The poor wanderer entering the cave, which she fears is "some savage hold," exhorts the inhabitant to *speak* if civil—if belonging to civilized life. This is clear. But we doubt whether she goes on to ask the savage to *take* a reward for his food or to *lend* it; for, in that case, she would address ideas to the savage which do not belong to his condition. Yet this is the general interpretation of the passage. The *take* or *lend* more belong to the civilized being that may dwell in the cave, than to the savage one. We have, therefore, ventured to point the passage as if the expression, *if savage*, were merely the parenthetical whisper of her own fears—"If anything that's civil, speak; take or lend." The *if savage* is interposed, when no answer is returned to *speak*. Johnson suggested a transposition of the sentence—

"If any thing that's civil, take or lend,
If savage speak."

^b *Resty*. So the original (*restie*). Steevens, by one of his dashing corrections; changed the word to *restive*. *Resty*, *reasty*, *raisty*, is rancid—a provincial expression, generally applied to bacon spoiled by long keeping; which the Londoners have changed into *rusty*. *Reasty* and *rusty* are most probably the same words, meaning, spoiled for want of use.

But that it eats our victuals I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought what I have took:

Good troth,

I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I
had found

Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my
meat:

I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.
Boys bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom.—In ho-
nesty,

I bid for you as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make 't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours:^a—Most wel-
come!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends
If brothers?—Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons, then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. [*Aside*]

^a *Such is yours*. So the folio. Some modern editions read, *such as yours*, thereby spoiling the sense.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Gui. 'Would I could free 't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
 What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
 That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience seal'd them (lay-
 ing by
 That nothing gift of differing multitudes),^a
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus false.
Bel. It shall be so.
 Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth,
 come in:
 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have
 supp'd,
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the
 lark, less welcome.

^a *Differing multitudes.* In the Second Part of Henry IV. we have—

“The still *discordant*, wavering multitude;
 and the word *differing* is most probably used here in the
 same sense.

Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ.
 That since the common men are now in action
 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
 And that the legions now in Gallia are
 Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
 The gentry to this business. He creates
 Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!
Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
2 Sen. Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 Sen. With those legions
 Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be suppliant: The words of your com-
 mission
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their despatch.
Tri. We will discharge our duty.
 [*Exeunt.*



[Well, madam we must take a short farewell.]



[Coin of Augustus.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE I.—“*The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once
at point
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright.*”

MALONE has the following observation upon this passage: “Shakspeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. ‘The same historie (says Holinshed) also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield, by a blow which Cæsar struck at him.’” Malone has here fallen into an error, from a too literal acceptance of Shakspeare's words. To be *once at point to master Cæsar's sword*, is to be once nearly vanquishing Cæsar. We can put our finger upon the passage in Holinshed's Chronicle which Shakspeare had in view: “Our histories far differ from this (Cæsar's account), affirming that Cæsar, coming the second time, was by the Britains with valiancy and martial prowess beaten and repelled, as he was at the first, and specially by means that Cassibelane had pight in the Thames great piles of trees, piked with iron, through which his ships, being entered the river, were perished and lost. And after his coming a land he was vanquished in battle, and constrained to flee into Gallia with those ships that remained. For joy of this second victory (saith Galfrid) Cassibelane made a great feast at London, and there did sacrifice to the gods.” The victory and the rejoicing are exactly in the same juxta-position as in Shakspeare.

The *Lud's town* of the old chroniclers is London. They considered that London was the town of Lud; and, in a similar manner, that Lud-gate was the gate of Lud. The tradition that Lud rebuilt the ancient Troinovant is given in Spenser: [Fairy Queen, canto x. book ii.]

“He had two sons, whose eldest, called Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endless monuments of his great good.
The ruin'd walls he did re-edify
Of Troinovant, 'gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight.”

But Verstegan, in his very amusing ‘Restitution of Decayed Intelligence concerning Britain,’ objects to the connexion both of Lud's town and Lud-gate with King Lud:—

“As touching the name of our most ancient, chief, and famous city, it could never of Lud's-town take the name of London, because it had never anciently the name of Lud's-town, neither could it, for that town is not a British, but a Saxon word; but if it took any appellation after King Lud, it must then have been called *Caer-Lud*, and not *Lud's-town*; but, considering of how little credit the relations of Geffery of Monmouth are, who from Lud doth derive it, it may rather be thought that he hath imagined this name to have come from King Lud, because of some nearness of sound, for our Saxon ancestors, having divers ages before Geffery was born called it by the name of London, he, not knowing from whence it came, might straight imagine it to have come from Lud, and therefore ought to be *Caer-Lud*, or *Lud's town*, as after him others called it; and some also of the name of London, in British sound made it *L'hudain*, both appellations, as I am persuaded, being of the Britains first taken up and used after the Saxons had given it the name of London.

“But here I cannot a little marvel how Tacitus (or any such ancient writers) should call it by the name of *Londinium* (that having been, as it should seem, the Latin name thereof since it hath been called London), which appellation he could never have from the ancient Britains, seeing they never so called it. Julius Cæsar seemed not to know of the name of *Londinium*, but nameth the city of the *Trinobantes*; and a marvel it is, that, between the time of Cæsar and Tacitus, it should come to get the new name of *Londinium*, no man can tell how. To deliver my conjecture how this may chance to have happened, I am loth, for that it may peradventure be of some disallowed, and so, omitting it, I will leave the reader to note that the reign of King Lud, from whom some will needs derive the name of London, was before Julius Cæsar came into Britain, and not after, for Cæsar

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

first entered Britain in the time of Cassibelan, who was brother unto Lud, and succeeded next after him; and in all likelihood, if Lud had given it after himself the new name of *Caer-Lud*, or, as some more fondly have supposed, of *Lud's-town*, Julius Cæsar, who came thither so soon after his death, could not have been so utterly ignorant of the new naming of that city, but have known it as well as such writers as came after him.

"Evident it is, that our Saxon ancestors called it *Lunden*, (in pronunciation sounded *London*) sometimes adding thereunto the ordinary termination which they gave to all well-fenced cities, or rather such as had forts or castles annexed unto them, by calling it *Lundenbirig*, and *Lunden-ceaster*, that is, after our latter pronunciation, *Londonbury* or *London-chester*. This name of *Lunden*, since varied into *London*, they gave it in regard and memory of the ancient famous metropolitan city of *Lunden*, in *Sconeland* or *Scotia*, sometime of greatest traffic of all the east parts of Germany.

"And I find in *Crautzius* that *Eric*, the fourth of that name, King of Denmark, went in person to Rome to solicit Pope *Paschal* the Second that Denmark might be no longer under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the bishop of *Hambrough*, but that the Archbishop of *Lunden* should be the chief Prelate of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the which in fine was granted. As for the name of *Ludgate*, which some will needs have so to have been called of King *Lud*, and accordingly infer the name of the city, I answer, that it could never of *Lud* be called *Ludgate*, because *gate* is no British word, and, had it taken name of *Lud*, it must have been *Ludporth*, and not *Ludgate*. But how cometh it that all the gates of *London*, yea, and all the streets and lanes of the city, having English names, *Ludgate* only must remain British, or the one half of it, to wit, *Lud*,—*gate*, as before hath been said, being English? This surely can have proceeded of no other cause than of the lack of heed that men have taken unto our ancient language; and *Geffery* of *Monmouth*, or some other as unsure in his reports as he, by hearing only of the name of *Ludgate*, might easily fall into a dream or imagination that it must needs have had that name of King *Lud*. There is no doubt but that our Saxon ancestors (as I have said), changing all the names of the other gates about *London*, did also change this, and called it *Ludgate*, otherwise also written *Leodgate*; *Lud* and *Leod* is all one, and, in our ancient language, *folk* or *people*, and so is *Ludgate* as much to say as *Porta populi*, the gate or passage of the people. And if a man do observe it, he shall find that, of all the gates of the city, the greatest passage of the people is through this gate; and yet must it needs have been much more in time past before *Newgate* was builded, which, as *Mr. John Stow* saith, was

first builded about the reign of King *Henry* the Second. And therefore the name of *Leodgate*, was aptly given in respect of the great concourse of people through it."

2 SCENE I.—"*Mulmutius made our laws*," &c.

According to *Holinshed*, *Mulmutius*, the first King of Britain who was crowned with a golden crown, "made many good laws, which were long after used, called *Mulmutius' laws*, turned out of the British speech into Latin, by *Gildas Priscus*, and long time after translated out of Latin into English, by *Alfred*, King of England, and mingled in his statutes."

3 SCENE I.—"*Thy Cæsar knighted me*."

Shakspeare still follows *Holinshed* literally:—"This man was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by *Augustus Cæsar*." Douce objects to the word *knight* as a downright anachronism; as well as to another similar passage, where *Cymbeline* addresses *Belarius* and his sons:—

"Bow your knees:

Arise my knights o' the battle."

Both *Holinshed* and *Shakspeare*, in applying a term of the feudal ages to convey the notion of a Roman dignity, did precisely what they were called upon to do. They used a word which conveyed a distinct image much more clearly than any phrase of stricter propriety. They translated ideas as well as words.

4 SCENE II.—"*A franklin's housewife*."

The *franklin*, in the days of *Shakspeare*, had become a less important personage than he was in those of *Chaucer*:—

"A *Frankleyn* was in this compaignie;
White was his berd as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
To live in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicures owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was verailly felicitee parfitte.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envuyed man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It shewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle delitees that men coude of thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his sounpere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewes,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewes.
Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
Poynant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered all the longe day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour."

Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, 338.

CYMBELINE

But, a century and a half later than Chaucer, he was still a dignified member of the landed aristocracy. "England is so thick spread and filled with rich and landed men, that there is scarce a small village in which you may not find a knight, an esquire, or some substantial householder, commonly called a *frankleyn*; all men of considerable estates." This is the description of Sir John Fortescue, in the reign of Henry VI. The *franklin* in the time of Shakspeare had, for the most part, gone upward into the squire, or downward into the yeoman; and the name had probably become synonymous with the small freeholder and cultivator. "A franklin's housewife" would wear "no costlier suit" than Imogen desired for concealment. Latimer has described the farmer of the early part of the sixteenth century:—"My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by year, at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine."

SCENE III.—"The sharded beetle."

There is a controversy about the meaning of the word *shard* as applied to a beetle. In *Hamlet*, the priest says of Ophelia—

"*Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.*"

A *shard* here is a thing divided; and it is used for something worthless,—fragments. Mr. Tollet says that *shard* signifies dung; and that "the shard-born beetle" in *Macbeth* is the beetle born in dung. This is certainly only a secondary meaning of *shard*. We cannot doubt that Shakspeare, in the passage before us, uses the epithet *sharded* as applied to the flight of the beetle. The *sharded*

beetle,—the beetle whose scaly wing-cases are not formed for a flight far above the earth,—is contrasted with the *full-wing'd eagle*. The shards support the insect when he rises from the ground; but they do not enable him to cleave the air with a bird-like wing. The *shard-borne beetle* of *Macbeth* is therefore, the beetle supported on its shards.

SCENE IV.—"And, for I am richer than to be hang'd by the walls, I must be ripp'd."

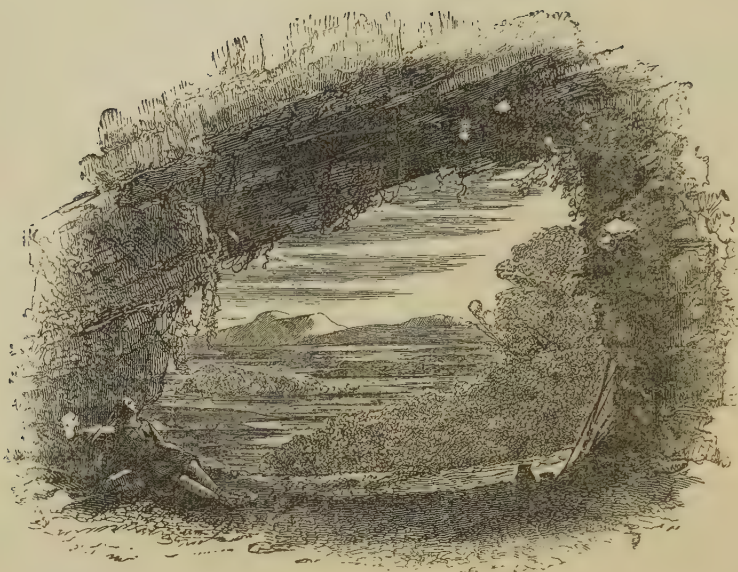
Steevens has an interesting note upon this passage:—

"To 'hang by the walls' does not mean, to be converted into *hangings* for a room, but to be *hung up*, as useless, among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. So, in Measure for Measure:—

'That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall.*'

"When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

"Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials; were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung upon wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and, though such cast-off things as were composed of rich substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses (viz. mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds), articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations"



[The Cave. SCENE II.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 't is said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber,) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant^a thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off;

^a *Imperseverant*. Mr. Dyce changes this to *imperceivable*, without the power of perceiving. The *im* is a prefix to *perseverant*; in the same way as *impassioned*.

thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:^a and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*To IMOGEN.*] remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv.

Brother, stay here:

[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

^a Some would read, *before her face*,—Imogen's face; but Cloten, in his brutal way, thinks it a satisfaction that, after he has cut off his rival's head, the face will still be present at the destruction of the garments

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting : I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not ;—yet I am not well :
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick : So please you, leave me ;

Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me

Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :

I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason ; the bier at door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
'My father, not this youth.'

Bel. O noble strain !

[*Aside.*

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.

I'm not their father ; yet who this should be

Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—

'Tis the ninth hour of the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures.

Gods, what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say all's savage, but at court :

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !

The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisano,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him :

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—
We'll leave you for this time ; go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit IMOGEN.*

This youth, howe'er distress'd he appears, hath had

Good ancestors.*

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery !¹ He cut our roots in characters ;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs^b together.

Arv. Grow, patience
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine !^c

* The passage stands thus in the original—

" This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors."

In some modern editions we find the following punctuation, without any comment—

" This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors."

To us this is unintelligible ; and we therefore venture upon the transposition in our text ; assuming that the printer, having left out the *he* in his first proof, inserted it as a correction in the wrong place. This is one of the commonest of typographical errors, and the folio edition of *Cymbeline*, being printed from a manuscript after the author's death, was open to such mistakes. The wonder is that they are not more frequent.

^b *Spurs*. Pope calls this an old word for the fibres of a tree. We cannot find any authority for his assertion. The support of a post placed in the ground is still technically called a *spur*. The large leading roots of a tree may, in the same way, have been called *spurs*, from their lateral projections, which hold the plant firm and upright. Shakspeare uses the word in this sense in *The Tempest*—

" The strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*
Pluck'd up the pine and cedar."

^c Instead of *untwine* it has been proposed to read *entwine*. Monck Mason says, " Though Shakspeare is frequently inaccurate in the use of his prepositions, to *untwine with* would rather exceed his usual licentiousness." This " licentiousness " is a favourite word with the commentators ; they having agreed that the only correct standard of the English language was to be found in the formal construction of the eighteenth century. In this case, however, they appear to

Bel. It great morning. Come; away.—
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some am-
bush.

I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he:—We are held as outlaws:—
Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother
search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou?
Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear
not

My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
fool;

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder,
spider,

'T would move me sooner.

have mistaken the poet's meaning. The root of the elder is
short-lived and perishes, while that of the vine continues to
flourish and increase:—let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
his root which is perishing with (in company with) the vine
which is increasing.

Clo.

To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence those I fear; the
wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo.

Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake
him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
favour

Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am abso-
lute

'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors, for defect of judgment,
As oft the cause of fear.* But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty
purse,—

There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
none:

* The word *defect*, of the original, was changed by Theo-
bald to the *effect*; and the passage so corrected is thus given
in most of the modern editions—

"He had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear."

Hammer reads—

"For defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear;"

which reading is adopted by Malone. It is evident that the
passage as it stands in the original is contradictory. But it
appears to us that the corrections, both of Theobald and
Hammer, are somewhat forced; and we rather adopt the very
ingenious suggestion of the author of a pamphlet printed at
Edinburgh, 1814, entitled 'Explanations and Emendations
of some Passages in the Text of Shakspeare, &c. In this
reading of *as for is*, Belarius says that Cloten, before he
arrived to man's estate, had not apprehension of terrors on
account of defect of judgment, which defect is as often the
cause of fear. The passage as it thus stands appears to us
one of the many examples of condensed truths which this
play presents.

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's
head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)
they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to
lose,

But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For^a we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his
humour^b

Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse,—not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he
hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and
swear

He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have
ta'en

His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek

Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reckon. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 't will be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done 't!

though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, re-
venges,

That possible strength might meet, would seek
us through

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 't is done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for
danger

Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our
rock;

You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,^a
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st:
In these two princely boys! They are as
gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as
rough,

Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder^b
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other: valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's c'otpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

^a Steevens prints this—

"I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood."

^b *Humour*. In the original *honour*. Theobald made the emendation, which is certainly called for; and is further justified by the fact that, in the early editions of Shakspeare, *humour* and *honour* are several times misprinted each for the other.

But the meaning is, I would let blood a parish of such Clotens.
^b *Wonder*. So the original. Pope changed it to *wonderful*.

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of my
dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad ?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead
in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for !

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to
sixty,

To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one-half so
well,

As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish
crare^a

Might easiliest harbour in ?—Thou blessed
thing !

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ;
but I,

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy !^b
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark,^c as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right
check

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagued : I thought he slept ; and
put

^a *Crare*. The original reads *care* : but the image is incomplete unless we adopt the correction. *Crare* is a small vessel ; and the word is often used by Holinshed and by Drayton.

^b We print the passage as in the original, the meaning of which is, Jove knows what man thou might'st have made, but I know thou diedst, &c. Malone thinks that the pronoun *I* was probably substituted by mistake for the interjection, *Ah!* which is commonly printed *ay* in the old copies ; *ay* being also as commonly printed *I*.

^c *Stark*—stiff.

My clouted brogues^a from off my feet, whose
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will ~~not~~ come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ;
nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock
would,²

With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother ; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with
thee :

For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys :
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that : Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust ; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely ;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.

^a *Brogues*—rude shoes.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to
the east :

My father hath a reason for't.

Arr. 'T is true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the light'ning flash;
Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies :³ Come, lay
him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight,
more :

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the
night

Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their
faces :—

You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away : apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them
again :

Their plagues here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGUS.]

Imo. [*awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
Which is the way ?

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far
thither ?

'Ods pittikins !—can it be six miles yet ?—

I have gone all night :—Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

But, soft ! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddesses !
[*Seeing the body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the
world ;

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I
dream ;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures : But 't is not so ;

'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very

eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
faith,

I tremble still with fear : But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
The dream's here still : even when I wake it is

Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man !—The garments of Posthu-

mus !

I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand ;

His foot Mercurial : his Martial thigh ;

The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face—

Murder in heaven ?—How ?—'T is gone.—
Pisanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,

Conspir'd with that irregular* devil, Cloten,

Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read

Be henceforth treacherous !—Damn'd Pisanio

Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world

Struck the main-top !—O, Posthumus ! alas,

Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ah me !
where's that ?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,

And left this head on.—How should this be ?
Pisanio ?

'T is he, and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant,

pregnant !

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was pre-
cious

And cordial to me, have I not found it

Murderous to the senses ? That confirms it
home :

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !—

Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,

That we the horrid may seem to those

Which chance to find us : O, my lord, my lord !

* *Irregular*—irregular—disorderly. The word is only
found in this passage of Shakspeare.

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle,⁴ wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,

(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)

Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that some-
time

It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—
Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems
They crave to be demanded: Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was
he,

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy
interest

In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master.
A very valiant Briton, and a good,

That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding; Say his name, good
friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. [*Aside.*] Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very
same:

Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy
name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with
me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the
gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—

My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come; arm him.^a—Boy, he is pre-
fer'd

By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine
eyes:

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 't is with
her.

A fever with the absence of her son;

^a *Arm him*—take him in your arms.

A madness, of which her life's in danger :—
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from
thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis.

Sir, my life is yours,

I humbly set it at your will : But for my mis-
tress,

I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your
highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord.

Good my liege,

The day that she was missing he was here :
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym.

The time is troublesome :

We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy

[*To PISANIO.*

Does yet depend.*

1 Lord.

So please your majesty,

The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen !

I am amaz'd with matter.

1 Lord.

Good my liege,

Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more
you're ready ;

The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym.

I thank you : Let's withdraw :

And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but

We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Ereunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter^b from my master since

I wrote him Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : Neither know I

What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :
Wherein I am false I am honest ; not true to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my
country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in
them.

All other doubts by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel.

Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
lock it

From action and adventure ?

Gui.

Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us ? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us ; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel.

Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not
muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui.

This is, sir, a doubt

In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv.

It is not likely

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel.

O, I am known

Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

* Does yet depend—is yet depending, as we say of an action at law.

^b Hamner reads, *I've had no letter*. Malone suggests that by *letter* is not meant an epistle ; but that the phrase is equivalent to *I heard no syllable*.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arr. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and ve-
nison ?

Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

Arr. So say I ; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
boys :

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead.—The time seems long : their blood
thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt*



[The Forest.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE II.—“*But his neat cookery.*”

MRS. LENNOX has the following remark upon this passage :—“ This princess, forgetting that she had put on boy's clothes to be a spy upon the actions of her husband, commences cook to two young foresters and their father, who live in a cave; and we are told how nicely she sauced the broths. Certainly this princess had a most economical education.” Douce has properly commented upon this impertinence :—“ Now what is this but to expose her own ignorance of ancient manners? If she had missed the advantage of qualifying herself as a commentator on Shakspeare's plots by a perusal of our old romances, she ought at least to have remembered, what every well-informed woman of the present age is acquainted with, the education of the princesses in Homer's ‘*Odyssey*.’ It is idle to attempt to judge of ancient simplicity by a mere knowledge of modern manners; and such fastidious critics had better close the book of Shakspeare for ever.” (‘*Illustrations*,’ vol. ii. page 104.)

² SCENE II.—“*The ruddock would,*” &c.

Percy asks, “ Is this an allusion to the babes of the wood? or was the notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies general before the writing of that ballad?” It has been shown that the notion has been found in an earlier book of natural history; and there can be no doubt that it was an old popular belief. The redbreast has always been a favourite with the poets, and

“ Robin the mean, that best of all loves men,”

as Browne sings, was naturally employed in the last offices of love. Drayton says, directly imitating Shakspeare :—

“ Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye
The little redbreast teacheth charity.”

In the beautiful stanza which Gray has omitted from his *Elegy* the idea is put with his usual exquisite refinement :—

“ There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.”

³ SCENE II.—“*We have done our obsequies.*”

In the Introductory Notice we have given an opinion as to the *dramatic* value of the dirge of Collins as compared with that of Shakspeare. Taken apart from the scene, it will always be read with pleasure.

A SONG,

Sung by Guiderius and Arriragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Below'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

⁴ SCENE II.—“*I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle.*”

The annexed beautiful coin of Domitian is the best illustration of this passage.



[Roman Eagle.]



[Combat of Posthumus and Iachimo. Scene II.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying^a but a little!—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on^b this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance: But,
 alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,^c

^a *Wrying*. The use of *wry* as a verb is uncommon. We have a passage in Sidney's 'Arcadia' which is at once an example and an explanation:—"That from the right line of virtue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts."

^b *To put on*—to instigate.

^c "The last deed is certainly not the oldest," says Dr. Johnson. That is, perhaps, prosaically true; but as the man who goes on in the commission of ill is older when he commits the last ill than when he committed the first, we do not believe that Shakspeare, as Malone says, "*inadvertently* considered the latter evil deed as the elder." The confusion, if

And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.^a
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought
 hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'T is enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress. Peace
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
 heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose; I'll disrobe me

there be any, in the text may be reconciled by Bacon's notion, that what we call the old world is really the young world; and so a man's first sin is his youngest sin.

^a The sentiment here is excessively beautiful; but, from the elliptical form of expression which so strikingly prevails in this play, is obscure. Posthumus, it appears to us, is comparing his own state with what he supposes is that of Imogen. She is snatched "hence, for little faults;" he remains "to second ills with ills." But how is it that such as he "*dread it*?" The commentators believe that there is a misprint. Theobald would read *dreaded*; Johnson *deeded*. Steevens interprets "to make them *dread it* is to make them persevere in the commission of *dreadful* action"—*dread it* being used in the same manner as Pope has "to sinner it or saint it." The author of the pamphlet we have already quoted, 'Explanations and Emendations,' &c., thinks that the *it* refers to *vengeance*, which occurs four lines above. We cannot feel confident of this; nor do we think with Monck Mason that *thrift* means something higher than worldly advantages—the repentance which issues from the *dread*. We cannot help believing that some word ought to stand in the place of *dread it*; and, as the small offender is cut off, in love, "to fall no more," so the hardened doer is left to thrive in his offences, as far as this life is concerned. We are inclined to conjecture, although we cannot presume to alter the text, that *dread it* has been misprinted for *do each*.

"To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them *do each* to the doer's thrift."

Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion less without, and more within.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter at one door LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army;^a and the British army at another. LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.^a

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me. Or, could this earl,^b
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[Exit.]

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage
of the ground;

The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

Gai. Arr. Stand, stand, and fight!
Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save
thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'T is their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the
stand?

Post. I did;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Fost. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
damn'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country,—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base,^a than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may
save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.'—
These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, 'stand,
stand,'

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, (which could have
turn'd

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,

^a Country-base—the rustic game of prison bars, or prison
base.

^a It will be observed throughout this act that the stage-
directions are extremely full, and that the action of the
drama at the close of the third scene is entirely what was
called a dumb show. The drama preceding Shakspeare was
full of such examples. But Shakspeare uniformly rejected the
practice, except in this instance. We do not believe that
these directions for the dumb show were interpolated by the
players, as Ritson thinks; and in the Introductory Notice we
have expressed our opinion that this, combined with other
circumstances, presents some evidence that Cymbeline was
a *risfaccimento* of an early play. We would here observe
that we have followed in these stage-directions the original
copy.

^b Cori—churl.

Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some,
turn'd coward
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like hounds
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
slaves,

The strides they victors made: And now our
cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need, having found the back-door
open

Of the unguarded hearts: Heavens, how they
wound!

Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs^a o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. Lack, to what end!

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry.
[Exit.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble
misery!

To be i' the field, and ask what news of me!
To day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,^b
Could not find death where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will
find him:

^a Bugs—terrors.

^b Warburton remarks that this alludes to the common
superstition of charms having power to keep men unhurt in
battle. Macbeth says, "I bear a *charm'd* life"—Posthumus,
"I, in mine own woe *charm'd*."

For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton,^a I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is
taken:

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront^b with them.

1 Cap. So 't is reported:
But none of them can be four.—Stand! who
is there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags
his service

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AR-
VIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The
Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE,
who delivers him over to a Gauler.*

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Gaulers.

1 Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you
have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[Reunt Gaulers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art
a way
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had
rather

^a We follow the original. After the time of Hammer the
passage was changed to—

"For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton."

We think the change was uncalled for; because Posthumus,
in his heroic conduct, has been really "a favourer to the
Briton," but, being about to resume the part he came in, he
is *no more a Briton*, and he immediately afterwards surrenders
himself as a Roman.

^b Affront—encounter.

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou
art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: You good
gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every
stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great
powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. *[He sleeps.]*

Solemn Music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies;
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ripp'd,
Came crying 'mongst his loes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati's seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we can,
Our parents and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion: help
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. *[A scene.]*
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof:—Away I and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a
 grandsire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers; But—O scorn!—
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
 And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
 Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O
 rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled* world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
 without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece
 of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped
 branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
 be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall
 Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and
 flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be
 ready for that you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spec-
 tators the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But
 the comfort is, you shall be called to no more
 payments, fear no more tavern bills; which
 are often the sadness of parting, as the pro-
 curing of mirth; you come in faint for want
 of meat, depart reeling with too much drink;
 sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry
 that you are paid too much; purse and brain
 both empty; the brain the heavier for being too
 light, the purse too light, being drawn of hea-
 viness: O! of this contradiction you shall now
 be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it

sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true
 debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and
 to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen,
 book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
 tooth-ache: But a man that were to sleep your
 sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think
 he would change places with his officer; for, look
 you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then;
 I have not seen him so pictured: you must
 either be directed by some that take upon them
 to know; or take upon yourself that which I am
 sure you do not know; or jump the after-
 inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall
 speed in your journey's end I think you'll never
 return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want
 eyes to direct them the way I am going, but
 such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a
 man should have the best use of eyes to see the
 way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way
 of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your
 prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news;—I am called
 to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler;
 no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows,
 and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so
 prone.* Yet, on my conscience, there are verier
 knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman:
 and there be some of them too that die against
 their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would
 we were all of one mind, and one mind good;
 O, there were desolation of gaolers and gal-
 lowses! I speak against my present profit; but
 my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AR-
 VIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and At-
 tendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods
 have made

* *Fangled.* This word is very rarely used without the
 epithet *new*; yet *jungle* means an innovation. We have it
 in Anthony Wood—"A hatred to *jungles* and the French
 fooleries of his time."

* *Prono*—forward.

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked
breast

Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found :
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead
and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward ; which I will add
To you the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGUS.

By whom I grant she lives :—'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are :—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :
Arise, my knights o' the battle ; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces :—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become ? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you : These her women
Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you :
only

Affected greatness got by you, not you ;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :

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And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. You daughter, whom she bore in hand
to love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her slight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is 't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess
she had

For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show : yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown :
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected : so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming : it had been
vicious

To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS behind,
and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made
suit

That their good souls may be appeas'd with
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have
granted :

So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : suffice it
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :

Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Among'st the rarest of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature;³ for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Pos-
thumus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took this hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it
begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with
him

Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his ear. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus
quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks

Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost,
[*Coming forward.*

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer!^a Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 't was!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear!—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou
scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthu-
mus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike
me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are!

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio

^a *Justicer.* This fine old word is used several times in
Lear. It is found in our ancient law-books.

Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.
[*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame
ye not;
You had a motive for it.

[*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it
was

That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord
Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth,
and swore

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate

My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithce, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: The wrongs he did
me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and
must

Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[*To the guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject
who

Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age:^a indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

^a Assum'd this age—put on these appearances of age.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my
knee;

Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old
Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle bro-
thers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where, how
liv'd you,

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded;

And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,

Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother: So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and
grac'd

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*]
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,

Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd;
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord
of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, me-
thought,

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection^a of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece
of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall
Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish
in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;

^a Collection—consequence deduced from premises. So in
Hamlet—

"Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection."

The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To CYMBELINE.*]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.^a

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely
eagle,

The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their
nostrils

From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town
march;

And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there;—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a
peace. [*Exeunt.*]

^a The particle *on* is understood. The same form of *on*
pression occurs in Othello—

"What conjurations and what mighty magic
I won his daughter [with]."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

¹ SCENE II.—“Enter at one door *Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army.*”

THE engraving below, from one of the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan, offers a striking illustration of the “pomp and circumstance” of Roman war.

² SCENE IV.—“*A heavy reckoning for you, sir,*” &c.

Walter Whiter has remarked upon this passage, —“M. Voltaire himself has nothing comparable to the humorous discussion of the philosophic jailer in *Cymbeline*.” But it is something more than humorous. It is as profound, under a gay aspect, as some of the highest speculations of Hamlet.

³ SCENE V.—“*Postures beyond brief nature,*” &c.

Warburton remarks, “It appears from a number of such passages as these that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts;” to which Steevens replies, “The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty

imputed to the different deities; and, as Shakspeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of Homer, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598. and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting.” Steevens has here missed the point, as it was likely he would do. That Shakspeare was familiar with works of art we have abundant proof. Take, for example, his vivid description in the *Tarquin and Lucrece* of

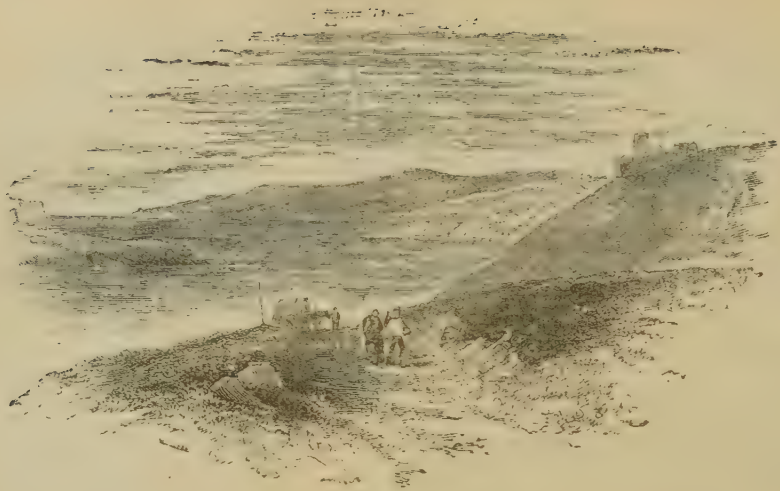
“A piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy.”

But the passage before us indicates something more. In “postures beyond brief nature” is shadowed the highest principle of high art—that it is not essentially imitative—that it works in and through its own power, not in contradiction to nature, but heightening and refining reality. We have the same indication of the poet's profound knowledge of these subjects in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:—

“O'erplotting that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature.”



[Roman General, Standard Bearers, &c.,]



[View near Milford.]

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CRITICISM, even of that school to which we now yield our obedience—the school which has cast off the shackles of the unities, and judges of the romantic drama by its own laws—has not looked very enthusiastically upon *Cymbeline* as a dramatic whole. To the exquisite character of *Imogen*, taken apart, full justice has been done. Richardson, not often a very profound critic, has seized upon the leading points with great correctness, and has carried them out with elegance, if not with force. Nothing can be more just, for example, than this observation: “The sense of misfortune, rather than the sense of injury, rules the disposition of *Imogen*.”* *Mrs. Jameson*, again, has analysed the character with her usual acuteness and delicacy of perception: “Others of *Shakspeare’s* characters are, as dramatic and poetic conceptions, more striking, more brilliant, more powerful; but of all his women, considered as individuals rather than as heroines, *Imogen* is the most perfect.”† But the relation of *Imogen*, as the centre of a dramatic circle, has scarcely, we think, been adequately pointed out. We pass over what *Dr. Johnson* says, in a tone of criticism which belongs as much to the age as to the man, about “the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life.” When *Johnson* wrote this he reposed upon an implicit belief in his own canons of criticism—the opinions upon which *Thomas Warton* has explained his own depreciation of *Ariosto* and *Spenser*: “We, who live in the days of writing by rule, are apt to try every composition by those laws which we have been taught to think the sole criterion of excellence. Critical taste is universally diffused, and we require the same order and design which every modern performance is expected to have, in poems where they never were regarded or intended.”‡ *Warton* was a man of too high taste not in some degree to despise this “criterion of excellence;” but he did not dare to avow the heresy in his own day. We have outlived all this. The “critical taste” to which *Warton* alludes belongs only to the history of criticism. But even amongst those upon whom we have been accustomed to rely as infallible guides, it does appear to us that *Cymbeline* has been, in some degree, considered a departure from the great law of unity—not of time, nor of place, but of feeling—which *Shakspeare* has unquestionably prescribed to himself. *Tieck* highly praises this drama; but his praise almost leads to the opinion that he regarded the work as wanting coherency,—as a succession of harmonies, but not as one harmony. “In no other

* *Essays on Shakspeare’s Dramatic Characters.*

† *Characteristics of Women.* Vol. II. p. 50.

‡ *Observations on the Fairy Queen.* Vol. I.

CYMBELINE.

work of Shakspeare does there reign so great a difference of style; the gallant tone of the court, the tragic expression of the passions, the splendour of imagery, the tenderness of love, the perfect naturalness, the entire plainness, almost amounting to rusticity, of many passages, in antithesis to the obscurity of others. This piece still retains possession of the English stage—highly attractive, because it is at the same time history, popular tale, tragedy, and comedy, more boldly mixed, and more freshly coloured, than in any other similar work even of this author.* Schlegel says—“Cymbeline is one of Shakspeare's most wonderful compositions. He has connected a novel of Boccaccio with traditionary tales of the ancient Britons, reaching back to the times of the first Roman Emperors; and he has contrived, by the most gentle transitions, to blend together into one harmonious whole the social manners of the latest time with heroic deeds, and even with the appearances of the gods.”† This is a defence, and a just one, of what Johnson calls “faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.” But neither Tieck, nor Schlegel, according to their usual custom, attempt to show that any predominant idea runs through Cymbeline. They each speak of it as a succession of splendid scenes, and high poetry; and, indeed, it cannot be denied that these attributes of this drama most forcibly seize upon the mind, somewhat, perhaps, to the exclusion of its real action. In Cymbeline, we are thrown back into the half-fabulous history of our own country, and see all objects under the dim light of uncertain events and manners. We have civilisation contending with semi-barbarism; the gorgeous worship of the Pagan world subduing to itself the more simple worship of the Druidical times; kings and courtiers surrounded with the splendour of “barbaric pearl and gold;” and, even in those days of simplicity, a wilder and a simpler life, amidst the fastnesses of mountains, and the solitude of caves—the hunters' life, who “have seen nothing”—

“Subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf.”—

but who yet, in their natural piety, know “how to adore the heavens.” If these attributes of the drama had been less absorbing, we perhaps might have more readily seen the real course of the dramatic action. We venture with great diffidence to express our opinion, that one predominant idea does exist; for Coleridge, even more distinctly than the German critics, if we apprehend him rightly, inferred the contrary:—“In the Twelfth Night, Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It, and Winter's Tale, the total effect is produced by a co-ordination of the characters as in a wreath of flowers. But in Coriolanus, Lear, Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Othello, &c., the effect arises from the subordination of all to one, either as the prominent person, or the principal object.” Coleridge is speaking of the great significancy of the names of Shakspeare's plays. The consonancy of the names with the leading ideas of each drama is exemplified in this passage. He then adds—“Cymbeline is the only exception;” that is, the name of Cymbeline neither expresses the co-ordination of the characters, nor the principal object. He goes on to say, “Even that” (the name of Cymbeline) “has its advantages in preparing the audience for the chaos of time, place, and costume, by throwing the date back into a fabulous king's reign.” We do not understand that Coleridge meant to say that the play of Cymbeline had neither co-ordination of characters nor a prominent object; but we do apprehend that the name was symbolical, in his belief, of the main features of the play—the chaos of time, place, and costume. For he proceeds, immediately, to remark, in reference to the judgment displayed by our truly dramatic poet in the management of his first scenes, “*With the single exception of Cymbeline*, they place before us at one glance both the past and the future in some effect, which implies the continuance and full agency of its cause.”‡ We venture to believe that Cymbeline does not form an exception to the usual course pursued by Shakspeare in the management of his first scenes; and that the first scenes of Cymbeline do place before us the past and the future in a way which we think very strikingly discloses what he intended to be the leading idea of his drama.

The dialogue of the “two Gentlemen” in the opening scene makes us perfectly acquainted with the relations in which Posthumus and Imogen stand to each other, and to those around them. “She's wedded, her husband banish'd.” We have next the character of the banished husband, and of the unworthy suitor who is the cause of his banishment; as well as the story of the king's two lost

* Shakspeare's Dramatische Werke. Vol. IX. p. 374.

† Lectures on Dramatic Literature. Vol. II.

‡ Literary Remains. Vol. II. p. 207.

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sons. This is essentially the foundation of the past and future of the action. Brief indeed is this scene, but it well prepares us for the parting of Posthumus and Imogen. The course of their affections is turned awry by the wills of others. The angry king at once proclaims himself to us as one not cruel but weak; he has before been described as "touch'd at very heart." It is only in the intensity of her affection for Posthumus that Imogen opposes her own will to the impatient violence of her father, and the more crafty decision of her step-mother. But she is surrounded with a third evil,—

"A father cruel, and a step-dame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady."

Worse, however, even than these, her honour is to be assailed, her character vilified, by a subtle stranger; who, perhaps more in sport than in malice, has resolved to win a paltry wager by the sacrifice of her happiness and that of her husband. What has she to oppose to all this complication of violence and cunning? Her perfect purity—her entire simplicity—her freedom from everything that is selfish—the strength only of her affections. The scene between Iachimo and Imogen is a contest of innocence with guile, most profoundly affecting, in spite of the few coarsenesses that were perhaps unavoidable, and which were not considered offensive in Shakspeare's day. The supreme beauty of Imogen's character soars triumphantly out of the impure mist which is around her; and not the least part of that beauty is her ready forgiveness of her assailant, briefly and flutteringly expressed, however, when he relies upon the possibility of deceiving her through her affections:—

"O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!"

This is the First Act; and, if we mistake not the object of Shakspeare, these opening scenes exhibit one of the most confiding and gentle of human beings, assailed on every side by a determination of purpose, whether in the shape of violence, wickedness, or folly, against which, under ordinary circumstances, innocence may be supposed to be an insufficient shield. But the very helplessness of Imogen is her protection. In the exquisite Second Scene of the Second Act, the perfect purity of Imogen, as interpreted by Shakspeare, has converted what would have been a most dangerous situation in the hands of another poet—Fletcher, for example—into one of the most refined delicacy:—

" 'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus."

The immediate danger is passed; but there is a new danger approaching. The will of her unhappy husband, deceived into madness, is to be added to the evils which she has already received from violence and selfishness. Posthumus, intending to destroy her, writes "Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow." She does follow her own love;—she has no other guide but the strength of her affections; that strength makes her hardy and fearless of consequences. It is the one duty, as well as the one pleasure, of her existence. How is that affection requited? Pisanio places in her hand, when they have reached the deepest solitude of the mountains, that letter by which he is commanded to take away her life. One passing thought of herself—one faint reproach of her husband,—and she submits to the fate which is prepared for her:—

"Come, fellow, be thou honest.
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart."

But her truth and innocence have already subdued the will of the sworn servant of her husband. He comforts her, but he necessarily leaves her in the wilderness. The spells of evil wills are still around her:—

"My noble mistress,
Here is a box, I had it from the queen."

Perhaps there is nothing in Shakspeare more beautifully managed,—more touching in its romance,—more essentially true to nature,—than the scenes between Imogen and her unknown brothers.

CYMBELINE

The gentleness, the grace, the "grief and patience," of the helpless Fidele, producing at once the deepest reverence and affection in the bold and daring mountaineers, still carry forward the character of Imogen under the same aspects. Belarius has beautifully described the brothers:—

"They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enshaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale."

It was in their gentleness that Imogen found a support for her gentleness;—it was in their roughness that the roughness of Cloten met its punishment. Imogen is still saved from the dangers with which craft and violence have surrounded her. When she swallows the supposed medicine of the queen, we know beforehand that the evil intentions of her step-mother have been counteracted by the benevolent intentions of the physician:—

"I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature."

"The bird is dead;" she was sick, and we almost fear that the words of the dirge are true:—

"Fear no more the frown of the great,
Thou art pass'd the tyrant's stroke."

But she awakes, and she has still to endure the last and the worst evil—her husband, in her apprehension, lies dead before her. She has no wrongs to think of—"O my lord, my lord," is all, in connexion with Posthumus, that escapes amidst her tears. The beauty and innocence which saved her from Iachimo,—which conquered I'sanio,—which won the wild hunters,—commend her to the Roman general—she is at once protected. But she has holy duties still to perform:—

"I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me."

It is the unconquerable affection of Imogen which makes us pity Posthumus even while we blame him for the rash exercise of his revengeful will. But in his deep repentance we more than pity him. We see only another victim of worldly craft and selfishness:—

"Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent: and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance."

In the prison scene his spirit is again united with hers:—

"O Imogen,
I'll speak to thee in silence."

The contest we now feel is over between the selfish and the unselfish, the crafty and the simple, the proud and the meek, the violent and the gentle.

It is scarcely within our purpose to follow the unravelling of the incidents in the concluding scene. Steevens has worthily endeavoured to make amends for the injustice of the criticism which Cymbeline has received from his associate commentator:—"Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatic violence, than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expense of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature."

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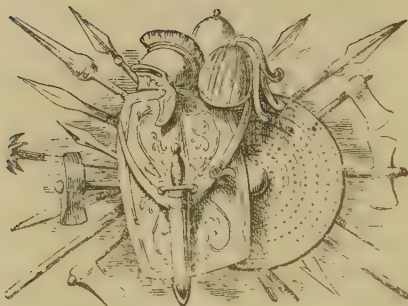
The conclusion of *Cymbeline* has been lauded because it is consistent with *poetical justice*. Those who adopt this species of reasoning look very imperfectly upon the course of real events in the moral world. It is permitted, for inscrutable purposes, that the innocent should sometimes fall before the wicked, and the noble be subjected to the base. In the same way, it is sometimes in the course of events that the pure and the gentle should triumph over deceit and outrage. The perishing of Desdemona is as *true* as the safety of Imogen; and the poetical truth involves as high a moral in the one case as in the other. That Shakspeare's notion of poetical justice was not the hackneyed notion of an intolerant age, reflected even by a Boccaccio, is shown by the difference in the lot of the offender in the Italian tale and the lot of Iachimo. The Ambrogio of the novelist, who slanders a virtuous lady for the gain of a wager, is fastened to a stake, smeared with honey, and left to be devoured by flies and locusts. The close of our dramatist's story is perfect Shakspeare:—

Post. Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first.
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all."



[Roman and British Weapon]





[General of Venice, in time of war. Vecellio—Habiti Antichi.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF OTHELLO.

ON the 6th of October, 1621, Thomas Walkley entered at Stationers' Hall 'The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice.' In 1622, Walkley published the edition for which he had thus claimed the copy. It is, as was usual with the separate plays, a small quarto, and it bears the following title:— 'The Tragœdy of Othello, the Moore of Venice. As it hath bene diverse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friars, by his Majesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare.' It contains, also, a prefatory address, which is curious:—"The Stationer to the Reader. To set forth a book without an Epistle were like to the old English proverb, *a blue coat without a badge*; and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of work upon me: to commend it I will not: for that which is good, I hope every man will commend, without entreaty: and I am the bolder, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his work. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure. Yours, Thomas Walkley."

'The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice,' commences on page 310 of the Tragedies in the first folio collection. It extends to page 339; and after it follow, Antony and Cleopatra, and Cymbeline. It is not entered at Stationers' Hall by the proprietors of the folio edition, which affords some presumption that Walkley was legally entitled to his copy. But it is by no means certain to our minds that Walkley's edition was published before the folio. The usual date of that edition is, as our readers know, 1623; but there is a copy in existence bearing the date of 1622. We have, however, no doubt, that the copy of Othello in the folio was printed from a manuscript copy, without reference to the quarto; for there are typographical errors in the folio, arising, no doubt, from illegibility in the manuscript, which would certainly have been avoided had the copy been compared with an edition printed from another manuscript. The fair inference, therefore, is, that the Othello of the folio was printed off before the quarto of 1622 appeared. Had it been the last play in the book we should have retained the same opinion, from internal evidence. As two plays succeed it in the volume, we are strengthened in the belief that the original quarto and folio editions were printing at one and the same time.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

The modern editors of Shakspeare, without regard to these circumstances, speak of the quarto edition of *Othello* as the first edition—the more ancient copy. We can understand how they have attached, and, in some instances very properly, great importance to an edition which has been printed in the author's lifetime. They have, indeed, in our opinion, not allowed sufficient importance to the fact, that the editors of the folio explicitly declare that those plays which have been printed before the folio are in that edition offered to the reader's view "cured, and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he (Shakspeare) conceived them;" and, further, they have resolved to overlook their affirmation that they printed from manuscript:—"what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." But in some cases, such as *The Merchant of Venice*, and *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the quarto and the folio editions vary so slightly, that we can scarcely doubt that each was printed from the author's unaltered copy. In the case before us the differences are most startling. The stationer who publishes the quarto copy tells us that the author is dead, and that he has ventured to print the play; but he does not tell from what copy he printed it, nor how he obtained the copy. The editors of the folio distinctly tell us that they have printed from the author's manuscript—that other copies are stolen and surreptitious, maimed and deformed. There must surely, then, have been some very strong reason for inducing the later and more authoritative editors, Steevens and Malone, to make the quarto the basis of their text of *Othello*, instead of the folio. Speaking without the least desire beyond that of wishing to present our readers with the most genuine text, we cannot call their preference of the quarto to the folio, in this instance, by any other name than judicial blindness; and we have, therefore, after the most careful examination, but without the slightest doubt, adopted the text of the folio. The folio edition is regularly divided into acts and scenes; the quarto edition has not a single indicator of any subdivision in the acts, and omits the division between Acts II. and III. The folio edition contains 163 lines which are not found in the quarto, and these some of the most striking in the play; namely, 35 in Act I.; 6 in Act II.; 20 in Act III.; 75 in Act IV.; and 27 in Act V.: the number of lines found in the quarto which are not in the folio do not amount to 10. The quarto, then, has not the merit of being the fuller copy. But is it more accurate in those parts which are common to both copies? This is a question which we cannot here enter upon in detail. In our foot-notes we have set forth every deviation from the current text which we have made upon the authority of the folio, and each reading must be judged upon its own merits. We venture to think that in some remarkable instances we have restored Shakspeare to what he really was. With an old author it sometimes happens as with an old picture—what is genuine lies beneath dirt and varnish. There is a quarto edition of 1630, which differs in some readings from both of the previous editions, but which is generally held as of no value.

The date of the first production of *Othello* is settled as near as we can desire it to be. The play certainly belongs to the most vigorous period of Shakspeare's intellect—"at its very point of culmination." Chalmers, upon the very questionable belief that the expression *new heraldry* refers to the creation by James I. of the order of baronets, gave it to 1614; Malone, in the early editions of his 'Essay,' to 1611; Drake, to 1612. In the later edition of Malone's 'Essay,' published by Boswell, in 1821, Malone says, without any explanation, "*we know it was acted in 1604, and I have therefore placed it in that year.*" Mr. Peter Cunningham confirms this, by having found an entry in the Revels at Court of a performance of *Othello* in 1604. Mr. Collier has attempted to place it two years earlier, upon the authority of detailed accounts preserved at Bridgewater House, in the handwriting of Sir Arthur Mainwaring, of the expenses incurred by Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Lord Ellesmere, in entertaining Queen Elizabeth and her court three days at Harefield. Amongst the entries in these accounts is the following:—

"6 Aug. 1602. Rewardes to the Vaulters Players and Dauncers. Of this
£10 to Burbidge's players of *Othello* 64 18 10."

Without venturing an opinion ourselves, we are bound to observe that Mr. Grant White says, "this document, which will be found reprinted in full at p. 342 of 'The Egerton Papers,' edited by Mr. Collier, and published by the Camden Society, is one of those, his discovery of which at Bridgewater House, Mr. Collier announced in 1835; and all of which, with one exception, have been pronounced forgeries by various competent authorities." Mr. Staunton also says,—"*the suspicion long entertained that the Shakspearian documents in that collection are modern fabrications, having now deepened almost into certainty, the extract in question is of no historical value.*"

OTHELLO.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

Of the novel of Cinthio, '*Il Moro di Venezia*,' from which the general notion of Othello was unquestionably derived, we have given an extract in our Supplementary Notice. It is not improbable that the tale is of Oriental origin; for the revenge of the Moor, as described by Cinthio, is of that fierce and barbarous character which is akin to the savage manner in which supposed incontinence is revenged amongst the Arabs. The painfully affecting tale of the 'Three Apples,' in '*The Thousand and One Nights*,' is an example of this; and, further, there is a similarity between the stolen apple and the stolen handkerchief. The malignity of the slave in the Arabian tale, too, is almost as motiveless as that of Iago. We extract the main incidents of the tale from the beautiful translation of Mr. Lane.

"Know, O Prince of the Faithful, that this damsel was my wife, and the daughter of my uncle; this sheykh was her father, and is my uncle. I married her when she was a virgin, and God blessed me with three male children by her; and she loved me and served me, and I saw in her no evil. At the commencement of this month she was attacked by a severe illness, and I brought to her the physicians, who attended her until her health returned to her; and I desired them to send her to the bath; but she said to me, I want something before I enter the bath, for I have a longing for it. What is it? said I. She answered, I have a longing for an apple, to smell it, and take a bite from it. So I went out immediately into the city, and searched for the apple, and would have bought it had its price been a piece of gold; but I could find not one. I passed the next night full of thought, and when the morning came I quitted my house again, and went about to all the gardens, one after another, yet I found none in them. There met me, however, an old gardener, of whom I inquired for the apple, and he said to me, O my son, this is a rare thing, and not to be found here, nor anywhere excepting in the garden of the Prince of the Faithful at El-Basrah, and preserved there for the Khaleefen. I returned therefore to my wife, and my love for her so constrained me that I prepared myself and journeyed fifteen days, by night and day, in going and returning, and brought her three apples, which I purchased of the gardener at El-Basrah for three pieces of gold; and, going in, I handed them to her; but she was not pleased by them, and left them by her side. She was then suffering from a violent fever, and she continued ill during a period of ten days.

"After this she recovered her health, and I went out and repaired to my shop, and sat there to sell and buy; and while I was thus occupied, at mid-day there passed by me a black slave, having in his hand an apple, with which he was playing; so I said to him, Whence didst thou get this apple, for I would procure one like it!—upon which he laughed, and answered, I got it from my sweetheart: I had been absent, and came and found her ill, and she had three apples; and she said to me, my unsuspecting husband journeyed to El-Basrah for them, and bought them for three pieces of gold; and I took this apple from her. When I heard the words of the slave, O Prince of the Faithful, the world became black before my face, and I shut up my shop, and returned to my house, deprived of my reason by excessive rage. I found not the third apple, and said to her, Where is the apple? she answered, I know not whither it is gone. I was convinced thus that the slave had spoken the truth, and I arose, and took a knife, and, throwing myself upon her bosom, plunged the knife into her; I then cut off her head and limbs, and put them in the basket in haste, and covered them with the *izâr*, over which I laid a piece of carpet; then I put the basket in the chest, and, having locked this, conveyed it on my mule, and threw it with my own hands into the Tigris."

PERIOD OF THE ACTION, AND LOCALITY.

The republic of Venice became the virtual sovereigns of Cyprus, in 1471; when the state assumed the guardianship of the son of Catharine Cornaro, who had married the illegitimate son of John III., of Lusignan, and, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the state to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine, in 1489, abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II., in 1571. From that period it has formed a part of the Turkish empire. Leikosia, the inland capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal sea-port, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident, therefore, that we must refer the action of Othello to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scenes after the first Act must be placed at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified,—a fact which Shakspeare must have known, when in the second Scene of the third Act he says,—

"I will be walking on the *works*."

The interesting series of sketches, of which we have been fortunate in obtaining copies from the portfolio of Mr. Arundale, exhibit to us the principal remains of the old fort and town of Famagusta, in which the towers and colonnades of the Venetians are mingled with the minarets of the Turks, and where the open space in which stands the half ruin of a fine old Christian church is now called "the Place of the Mosque."

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.



[Morien. Meyrick's Collection.]

COSTUME.

The general costume of Venice, both male and female, as well as the official habits of the doge and senators,* at the close of the sixteenth century, having been described in the prefatory notice to *The Merchant of Venice*, we have now but to speak of the military costume of the republic at that period, to which also belongs the tragedy of *Othello*.

To commence with its dusky hero. There has been much difference of opinion concerning the proper habit of this character, some contending that as general of the Venetian army he should wear a Venetian dress, and others, that the Moorish garb was the most correct, as well as the most effective. To decide this point it must first be ascertained whether *Othello* is a *Christian* or a *Mohammedan*; and his marriage with a lady of the former persuasion would be alone sufficient to prove that he had renounced the creed of his ancestors, had we not the express testimony of *Iago* as to the fact:—

"And then for her,
To win the Moor—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin—
His soul is so enfetters'd to her love," &c.—ACT II. SC. III.

There ought, therefore, to be no question as to which habit is the more correct of the two, as the convert would indubitably put off his turban with his faith, and assume the dress of that republic whose religion he had adopted, and whose officer he had become. Indeed, from the commencement of the second act, there can be neither doubt nor choice allowed on the subject, as the general of the Venetian forces, to whatever nation he might trace his birth (and it was always a *foreigner* who was selected for that office, "Lest," as *Paulus Jovius* says, "any one of their own countrymen might be puffed up with pride, and grow too ambitious"), assumed, on the day of his election, a peculiar habit, consisting of a full gown of crimson velvet with loose sleeves, over which was worn a mantle of cloth of gold, buttoned upon the right shoulder with massy gold buttons. The cap was of crimson velvet, and the baton of office was of silver,† ensigned with the winged lion of St. Mark.‡ The figure engraved at p. 255 is from *Vecellio's* often quoted work, and represents the identical dress worn by prince *Veniero*, when he was raised to that dignity on the very occasion which *Shakspeare* has selected for the like appointment of his "valiant Moor," namely, the Turkish war, A. D. 1570. §

Another portrait of prince *Veniero* is engraved in a work entitled, '*Habiti d' Huomini e Donne Venetiane*,' 4to. Ven. 1609, representing him in armour, but still wearing the mantle and bearing the baton aforesaid. In one part of the play, it may be remembered, *Othello* speaks of "his helm," and the last-mentioned portrait shows that *in absolute action* he would have worn the armour of the period, which was nearly the same all over Christian Europe. *Howell* states that Venice had in perpetual pay "600 men of arms," who were for the most part gentlemen of Lombardy; these served on horseback, and were armed cap-à-pié. None of these, however, were in Cyprus at the period alluded to in this tragedy, as appears by the following passages:—

* We take this opportunity of mentioning that the cuts representing "a Venetian Clarissimo," and "a Doctor of Laws of Padua," in the notice of the Costume of the Merchant of Venice, were by accident transposed in part of the impression. The figure with his back turned to the spectators is that of the Paduan LL.D. The other exhibits the gown with sleeves "a comito," or "a gomito," which may be rendered *elbowed sleeves*, and was the general out-of-door habit of the nobility of Venice,—the official gown of the members of the Council, the Savi, *Proveditore*, &c., having large open sleeves hanging almost to the ground.

† "Portando in mano il baston d'argente."—*C. Vecellio*, edit. 1590

‡ Vide Portrait of Prince *Veniero*.—"Habiti d' Huomini e Donne Venetiane."—4to. Ven. 1609.

§ "Io ho cavato questo da un ritratto del Principe *Veniero*, dipinto in quell' habito ch'è gli porte quando fu *crociato* generale della Republica Venetiana nell' ultima guerra che ella hebbe con *Selino Gran Turco*."—*C. Vecellio*, edit. 1590.

OTHELLO.

"The ordinary garrison of the island was about 2,000 Italian foot, and some thousand recruits sent from the firm land with Martinenjo, &c. . . . For *cavalry* there were but 500 Stradiots, which were upon the pay of the republic.* Of the "Italian foot," Vecellio gives us a specimen. His defensive armour consists of a back and breast-plate, mail sleeves, and that peculiar species of head-piece called a morion.

A splendidly embossed Italian morion of this period is engraved here from the original in the armoury at Goodrich Court, and the figures upon it are additional authorities for the military costume of the time.

The Stradiots (Estradiots, or Stratigari), mentioned by Howell, were Greek troops, first employed by the Venetians, and afterwards by Charles VIII. of France. Philip de Comines thus speaks of them: "Estradiots sont gens comme Genetaires, vestus à pied et à cheval comme Turcs, sauf la teste, où ils ne portent cette toile qu'ils appellent turban, et sont durs gens, et couchent dehors tout l'an, et leurs chevaux; ils étoient tous Grecs," &c.—Liv. 8, c. 5.

The figure of one of these picturesque auxiliaries is engraved at p. 286 from Boissard's '*Habitus Variarum Orbis Gentium*,' 1581. The sabre of an Estradiot is engraved in Skelton's '*Specimens*,' from an original at Goodrich Court. "The lads of Cyprus,"—"the very elements of that warlike isle,"—may with great probability be supposed to have belonged to their body of Greek cavalry. Vecellio presents us with the costume of a "*soldato disarmato*," which would be that of Cassio and Iago when off guard. Its characteristics are the buff jerkin and the scarf of company. To the first it is that Cassio alludes when he says—

"That thrust had been my enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine"—

and not to any "secret armour." The second was the only uniform then known amongst officers, who wore a silken scarf of the colours of the captain under whom they served,† the origin of the modern sash. This figure is engraved below.

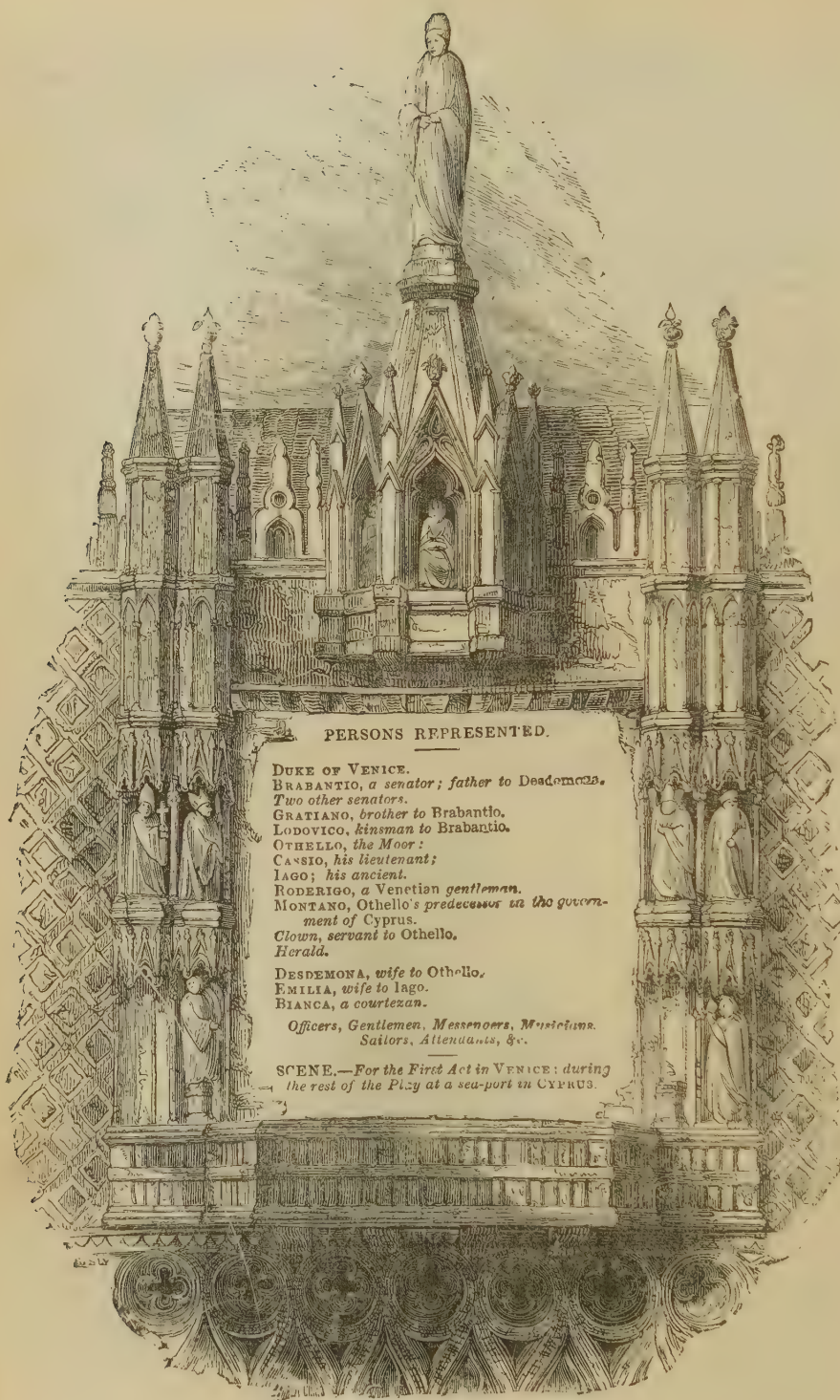
Plate 90 of Skelton's '*Specimens of the Armour at Goodrich Court*' contains four varieties of Venetian halberds; and plate 85 of the same work presents us with the blade of a very beautiful glaive carried by the guards of the doge, 1556. (See p. 321.)

* Howell's Survey of the Signory of Venice.—London, 1651.

† "A traverso del petto una banda di ormesino di diversa colori, secondo la divisa del suo capitano."—*C. Fieschi*, edit. 1590. In a later edition, 1598, the hat is said to have been usually white—"la maggior parte di color argentino."



[Soldier off Guard. Vecellio—*Habitu Antich.*]



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a senator; father to Desdemona.
Two other senators.
GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, the Moor;
CASIO, his lieutenant;
IAGO, his ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the govern-
ment of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.
Herald.
DESDEMONA, wife to Othello.
EMILIA, wife to Iago.
BIANCA, a courtesan.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians.
Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—For the First Act in VENICE; during
the rest of the Play at a sea-port in CYPRUS.



VENICE: THE DUCAL PALACE.

Othello. Act I, sc. 1.



[Court of the Ducal Palace, Venice.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Never tell me, I take it much unkindly^a
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of
this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me. If ever I did
dream
Of such a matter, abhor me.^b

^a The differences of the readings of the folio of 1623, which we adopt, with few exceptions, as our text, and those of the quarto of 1622, which is the basis of every other modern text, are so numerous, that it would be out of our power, without crowding our pages beyond all reasonable limits, to indicate every slight variation. The more important we shall of course point out; and the reader may rely that we have followed the folio in all minute deviations from the common text. The line to which this note belongs is an example of one, out of many, of these slight changes. It is ordinarily written,—

"*Tush*, never tell me, I take it much unkindly."—

The folio omits *tush*. Was this accidental? We think not. The reading,—

"Never tell me, I take it much unkindly,"—
is somewhat more in Roderigo's vein.

^b Steevens writes these lines thus, after the quarto of 1622:—

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in
thy hate.

"'Sblood, but you will not hear me;
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me."

Steevens adds, "The folio suppresses this oath '*'sblood*,' but he does not tell us what the folio does besides. It accommodates the rhythmical arrangement of the sentence to the suppression of the oath, giving the lines as we print them. This is certainly not the work of some botcher coming after the author. Such instances of right feeling and good taste, in the omission of offensive expressions, constantly occur throughout this play, in the folio edition. In the quarto such offensive expressions are as constantly found. The modern editions cling to the quarto in this particular, upon the supposition that in the folio the passages were struck out of the copy by the Master of the Revels. The Master of the Revels must have been an exceedingly capricious person if he thus exercised his office in 1623, (the date of the folio,) and thus neglected it in 1622 (the date of the quarto). We have not a doubt, seeing that the structure of the verse is always accommodated to the alteration, that every such change was made by the author of the play. It was not that the Master of the Revels was scrupulous in the use of his authority with the folio, and negligent with the quarto, but that both the quarto and the folio were printed at a period when the statute of 1604, for restraining the profane use of the sacred name in stage-plays, had fallen into neglect. But the quarto was printed from an early copy of the play, which existed before the statute came into operation. The folio contains the author's additions and corrections. This would be a sufficient reason, we think, if there were no other reason, for preferring the text of the folio in this as well as in other matters.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd^a to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them; with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
Nonsuits my mediators. For, certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer,^b
And what was he?
Firssooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,^c

^a *Off-capp'd*. So the folio; the quarto, *off capp'd*. The reading of the quarto was adopted by the variorum editors, and was used as an example of the antiquity of the academical phrase *to-cap*, meaning to take off the cap. We admit that the word *cap* is used in this sense by other early English authors: we have it in 'Drant's Horace,' 1567. But, we would ask, is *off capp'd* supported by the context? As we read the whole passage, three great ones of the city wait upon Othello; they *off-capp'd*—they took cap-in-hand—in personal suit that he should make Iago his lieutenant; but he evades them, &c. He has already chosen his officer. Here is a scene painted in a manner well befitting both the dignity of the great ones of the city and of Othello himself. The audience was given, the solicitation was humbly made, the reasons for refusing it courteously assigned. But take the other reading, *off capp'd*; and then we have Othello perpetually haunted by the three great ones of the city, capping to him and repeating to him the same prayer, and he perpetually denying them with the same bombast circumstance. Surely this is not what Shakspeare meant to represent.

^b These lines, following the quarto, are ordinarily printed thus:—

"But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; for, certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer."

Circumstance is circumlocution. The passage, as it appears to us, has been entirely mistaken. Iago does not mean to say that Othello made a long rigmarole speech to the three great ones, and then in conclusion nonsuited the mediators by telling them he had already chosen his officer. But, in the spirit of calumny, he imputes to Othello that, having chosen his officer before the personal suit was made to him for Iago, he suppressed the fact; evaded the mediators; and nonsuited them with a bombast circumstance. We follow the punctuation of the folio which distinctly separates, *for, certes*, says he, from *nonsuits my mediators*. Othello, according to Iago's calumnious assertion, says the truth only to himself.

^c *A Florentine*. "It appears," says Hamner, "from many passages of this play, rightly understood, that Cassio was a Florentine, and Iago a Venetian." We may as well dispose of this question at once, to avoid the repetition in subsequent notes. Iago here calls Cassio a Florentine. But there are some who maintain that Cassio was not therefore a Florentine. It is not to be forgotten that Iago, throughout the whole course of his extraordinary character, is represented as utterly regardless of the differences between truth and falsehood. The most absolute lie,—the half lie,—the truth in the way of telling it distorted into a lie, are the instruments with which Iago constantly works. This ought to be borne in mind with reference to his assertion that Cassio was a Florentine. But in the second act we find, in the modern editions, the following lines spoken by a gentleman of Cyprus:—

"The ship is here put in.
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore."

Here the ship is the Veronese. But, although the text looks plausible, the editors stumble at it because *Verona* is an inland city. They settle it, however, in the usual way, by saying that Shakspeare knew nothing of the topography of

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish
theorick,
Wherein the tongued^a consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the
election:

And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christen'd^b and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and
calm'd^c

By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I,—bless the mark! his Moorship's an-
cient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been
his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy, 't is the curse
of service:

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge
yourself,

Italy. But the original quarto and folio each agree in the punctuation of the passage:

"The ship is here put in
A Veronese, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come ashore."

Here Cassio is the Veronese. But we retain the word *Veronese*, because we apprehend that it must be taken as a feminine, and as such applicable to the ship, and we alter the punctuation accordingly. The city of Verona, subject to Venice, might furnish ships to the Republic. In the third act Cassio, when Iago is proffering his services to him, says,

"I humbly thank you for 't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest."

One meaning of his words is, that Iago being a Florentine, Cassio never knew one of that country more kind and honest. The other meaning is, that Cassio never knew even a Florentine, even one of his own countrymen, more kind and honest. This is Malone's interpretation; and "Iago," he adds, "is a Venetian," because he says, speaking of Desdemona,

"I know our country disposition well;"

and again, calls Roderigo, of Venice, his *countryman*. These assertions, be it again observed, rest upon the authority of Iago, the liar. We do not, however, think that it is proved, as Tieck maintains, that Iago is the Florentine, and Cassio the Veronese; but we distinctly agree with him that Iago meant to speak disparagingly of Cassio when he called him a Florentine. He was an "arithmetician," a "counter-caster," a native of a state whose inhabitants, pursuing the peaceful and gainful occupations of commerce, had armies of mercenaries. Cassio, for this reason, upon the showing of Iago, was one "that never set a squadron in the field." According to Tieck, this imputation of being a Florentine must solve the enigma of the next line—

"A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife."

But we are of opinion that it is not necessary to find any mystical meaning in these words; and that Iago distinctly refers to Bianca.

^a *Tongued*. So the folio. The quarto gives us *toged*.

^b *Christen'd*. In the quarto *Christian*.

^c *Be-lee'd and calm'd*. Iago uses terms of navigation to express that Cassio had out-sail'd him

Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and when he's old,
cashier'd;

Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have
lin'd their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have
some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.
In following him I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern,^a 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a fall Fortune does the Thick-
lips¹ owe,
If he can carry 't thus!^b

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,

^a *In complement extern.* Johnson interprets this—"In that which I do only for an outward show of civility." Surely this interpretation, by adopting the secondary meaning of *complement* (compliment), destroys Iago's bold avowal, which is, that when his actions exhibit the real intentions and motives of his heart, *in outward completeness*, he might as well wear it upon his sleeve.

^b This is ordinarily printed, following the quarto,—

"What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe."

This is simply, *how fortunate he is*. The reading of the folio, which we adopt, conveys a much more Shaksperian idea. If the Moor can carry it thus—appoint his own officer, in spite of the great ones of the city who cap'd to him, and, moreover, can secure Desdemona as his prize,—he is so puff'd up with his own pride and purposes, and is so successful, that *fortune owes him a heavy fall*. To *owe* is used by Shakspeare not only in the ancient sense of *to own*, *to possess*, but in the modern sense of *to be indebted to*, *to hold or possess for another*. Fortune here owes the thick-lips a fall, in the same way that we say, "He owes him a good or an evil turn." The reading which we adopt is very much in Shakspeare's manner of throwing out a hint of coming calamities. The commentators do not even notice this reading.

Yet throw such chances^a of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call
aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and
dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence^b) the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! signior Bra-
bantio, ho!

Iago. Awake; what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your
bags!

Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above*.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible sum-
mons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame^c put on
your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my
doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in mad-
ness,

(Being full of supper and distempering draughts,)

Upon malicious knavery,^d dost thou come

To start my quiet.²

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,

^a *Chances.* The quarto reads *changes*, which most have adopted. When Roderigo suggests that fortune owes Othello a fall, Iago eagerly jumps at the *chances of vexation*, which the alarm of Desdemona's father may bring upon him.

^b We adopt the parenthetical punctuation of the folio, which, if it had been followed, might have saved the discussion as to Shakspeare's carelessness in making the fire spied "by night and negligence."

^c *For shame.* This is not used as a reproach, but means—*for decency put on your gown*.

^d *Knavery.* The quarto *bravery*.

My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this
is Venice;

My house is not a grange.^a

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we
come to do you service, and you think we are
ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with
a Barbary horse: you'll have your nephews^b
neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins,
and gennets for Germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you
your daughter and the Moor are making the
beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I
beseech you,

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,^c
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,³
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me

^a *Grange.* Strictly speaking, the farm-house of a monastery. But it is used by the old writers as a separate dwelling, as in Spenser:—

"Ne have the watery fowls a certain grange
Wherein to rest."

Shakspeare, in *Measure for Measure*, gives the feeling of *loneliness* (which Brabantio here expresses) in a few words:—
"At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana." Mr. Tennyson, in his exquisite poem upon that theme, gives us the idea of desolation more fully:—

"With blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange."

^b *Nephews.* The word was formerly used to signify a grandson, or any lineal descendant. In Richard III. (Act I., Scene 1) the Duchess of York calls her grand-daughter, niece. *Nephew* here is the Latin *nepos*.

^c The seventeen lines beginning, "If 't be your pleasure," are not found in the quarto of 1622. We cannot, therefore, consult that quarto here, as in other instances, when a doubtful reading occurs. We have two difficulties here. First, what is the *odd-even* of the night? It is explained to be the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning. But then, secondly, an auxiliary verb is wanting to the proper construction of the sentence; and Capell would read, "be transported." We can only give the passage as we find it.

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her
leave,—

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant^a and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy your-
self:

If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper; call up all my people:
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Relief of it oppresses me already:

Light, I say! light! [*Exit from above.*]

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,
(However this may gall him with some check,)
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
find him,

Lead to the Sagittary^b the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants, with
torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where did'st thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor say'st thou?—Who would be a
father?—
How did'st thou know 't was she?—O, she de-
ceives me.

^a In this passage conjecture has been busy. Some of the commentators propose to change *tying* to *laying*, and *In to On*. Mr. Collier, after the Corrector of his folio of 1632, alters *wheeling to wheeling*. We say *wrapped in him*; why not, then, *tied in him*? As to *wh-edling*, it is wholly inappropriate as applied to Othello. Roderigo says she is gone off with a stranger—an erratic and shifting man, that will have no fit home for her.

^b *The Sagittary.* This is generally taken to be an inn. It was the residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of an archer, with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place. Probably Shakspeare had looked upon that sculptured.

^c The quarto reads, "Thou deceiv'st me."

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act.—Are there not charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo, Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;

I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night.^a—

On, good Roderigo. I will deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff^b o' the conscience, To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity Sometime to do me service: Nine or ten times I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.^c

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated, And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms Against your honour, That, with the little godliness I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir, Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,^a That the magnifico is much belov'd, And hath, in his effect, a voice potential, As double as the duke's;^b he will divorce you; Or put upon you what restraint and grievance The law (with all his might to enforce it on) Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite: My services, which I have done the signiory, Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,

(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour

I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being From men of royal siege;^c and my demerits May speak, unbonneted,^d to as proud a fortune As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago, But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my unhous'd^e free condition Put into circumscription and confine For the sea's worth.^f But, look! what lights come yond?

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:

You were best go in.

Oth.

Not I: I must be found;

^a The quarto reads—*for be sure of this.*

^b *As double as the duke's.* Most of the editors give this; a literal construction, supposing that Shakspeare adopted the popular though incorrect notion, that the duke had two voices in the senate. Capell calls *as double* a Grecism, signifying *as large*, as extensive. It is clear that Shakspeare did not take the phrase in a literal sense; for, if he had supposed that the duke had a double voice as duke, he would not have assigned the same privilege to the senator Brabantio.

^c *Siege.* The quarto reads *height*. A *siege* royal was a throne, an elevated seat. We have in Spenser,—

"A stately *steege* of sovereign majesty."

^d *Unbonneted.* Theobald says, to speak unbonneted is to speak with the cap off, which is directly opposed to the poet's meaning. Mr. Fusell suggested an ingenious explanation, that as at Venice the cap or bonnet constituted an important distinction, so the demerits of Othello might speak for themselves without any extrinsic honours. *Demerits* is used in the sense of *merits*; *mereo* and *demereo* being synonymous in Latin. We have the same words in Coriolanus:—

"Opinion, that so sticks on Martius, may Of his demerits rob Cominius."

^e Johnson explains *unhous'd*—free from domestic cares. Whalley says that Othello, talking as a soldier, means that he has no settled habitation. Mr. Hunter (*Disquisition on the Tempest*) points out that Shakspeare "Italianates" in the use of the word *unhous'd*, which, he adds, "to an English ear suggests nothing that a man would not willingly resign; but it would be different with an Italian." It appears to us that Othello had expressed no satisfaction at having been houseless, but that he simply uses *unhous'd* for *unmarried*. The husband is the head or band of the house—the unmarried is the *unhouse-banded*—the *unhous'd*.

^f So in Henry V., Act I., Scene II.,

"As rich with praise As is the ooze and bottom of the sea With sunken wreck and sumless treasures."

^a *Officers of night.* So the quarto. The folio reads *officers of night*. Malone has given a quotation from the Commonwealth of Venice, a translation from the Italian, printed in 1599, from which it appears that, the city being divided into six tribes, each tribe furnished an officer of the night, "To make rounds about his quarter, till the dawning of the day, being always guarded and attended on with weaponed officers and sergeants."

^b *Stuff.* Matter—material. The stuff of the conscience is the very substance of the conscience.

^c Iago is preparing Othello for the appearance of Roderigo with Brabantio, which he does by representing that Roderigo has communicated to him his intention to apprise Desdemona's father of her flight, and that he resented his expressions towards Othello.

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke; and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat. The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls,^a rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly
call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carack;^b

If it prove lawful prize he's made for ever

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the
dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with
years

Than with your weapons.

^a *Consuls.* In the first scene we have "the tongued consuls;" doubtless the senators are meant in both passages.

^b *Carack.* A vessel of heavy burden.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou
stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
(If she in chains of magic were not bound,^a)

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled dearling^b of our nation

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou,—to fear,^c not to delight

Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or
minerals,

That weaken motion:^d—I'll have it disputed
on;

'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest:

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied;

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state,

To bring me to him?

Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior,

The duke's in council; and your noble self,

I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council?

In this time of the night?—Bring him away:

Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own:

For if such actions may have passage free,

Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a This line is wanting in the quarto.

^b *Dearling.* So in the folio, using the old Saxon word *dearling* in a plural sense. The quarto has *darlings*.

^c *To fear.* Brabantio calls Othello, a thing to terrify, not to delight.

^d So the folio. The passage in which the word *weaken* occurs, beginning at "Judge me the world," and ending at "palpable to thinking," is not found in the quarto. The commentators, therefore, change *weaken* to *weaken*, which they elucidate by three pages of notes, which are neither satisfactory in a critical point of view, nor edifying in a moral one.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Council Chamber.*

The Duke, and Senators, sitting; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news, That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd; My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred: But though they jump not on a just account, (As in these cases where the aim reports,^a 'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:

I do not so secure me in the error, But the main article I do approve In fearful sense.

Sailor. **[Within.]* What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;⁴

So was I bid report here to the state,

By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be, By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant, To keep us in false gaze: When we consider The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk; And let ourselves again but understand That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes, So may he with more facile question bear it, For that it stands not in such warlike brace, But altogether lacks the abilities That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful, To leave that latest which concerns him first, Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain, To wake and wage a danger profitless.^b

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,

^a *The aim reports.* Aim is used in the sense of conjecture, as in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

"But fearing lest my jealous aim might err."

^b The preceding seven lines are only found in the folio.

Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,

Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes towards Cyprus. Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor, With his free duty, recommends you thus, And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos,^a is not he in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him, post—post-haste, despatch.^b

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior:

[To BRABANTIO.]

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: good your grace, pardon me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business, Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature, That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows, And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks: For nature so preposterously to err, Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,^c Sans witchcraft could not—

^a *Marcus Luccicos.* Both the folio and the quarto give this proper name thus. Capell changed it to *Marcus Lucchesé*, saying that such a termination as *Luccicos* is unknown in the Italian. But who is the duke inquiring after? Most probably a Greek soldier of Cyprus—an Estradiot—one who from his local knowledge was enabled to give him information. Is it necessary that the Greek should bear an Italian name? And does not the termination in *cos* better convey the notion which we believe the poet to have had?

^b This is ordinarily printed after the quarto—

"Write from us; wish him post-post-haste: despatch."

^c This line is wanting in the quarto.

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,^a
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Be ~~in~~ in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say
to this? [*To OTHELLO.*]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend
signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little bless'd with the soft^a phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years'
pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted,^b they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won her daughter.^c

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself: and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment main'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess, perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,

^a *Soft.* The quarto *set.* We have a similar use of the word *soft* in *Coriolanus*:—

“Say to them,
Thou art their *soldier*, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the *soft* way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use.”

^b He had been unemployed during nine months.
See note in *Cymbeline*, Act v., Sc. v.

That with some mixtures powerful o'er the
blood,

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof;
Without more wider^a and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,^b
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them: you best know
the place.

[*Ereunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,^c
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune,^d
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance. In my traveller's history,^e

^a *Wider.* The quarto *certain.*

^b This line is wanting in the quarto.

^c This line is also wanting in the quarto.

^d The reading of the folio is—*battle, sieges, fortune.*

^e *Traveller's history.* Othello modestly, and somewhat
jocosely, calls his wonderful relations, a *traveller's history*—
a term by which the marvellous stories of the Lithgows and
Coryats were wont to be designated in Shakspeare's day.
This is enfeebled by the quarto into *travel's history*. We
have ventured to change the punctuation of the text, for the
ordinary reading is certainly unintelligible. We subjoin
that reading as it is found in the current editions:—

“Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven
It was my hint to speak, such was the process.”



THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

Othello.
"These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
And with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse."—*Othello*. Act i., sc. 1

(Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,^a
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak,) such was my process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow^b beneath their shoulders.^c These things
to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently: ^d I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs: ^e
She swore, ^f—In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing
strange;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she
wish'd

That heaven had made her such a man: ^g she
thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd
her,

I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake:

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

^a *Idle*. Sterile, barren. Pope reads *wild*, which he found in the second folio; and Gifford somewhat peevishly defends that reading, in a note on Ben Jonson's 'Sejanus.'

^b *Do grow*, as in the quarto. The folio, *grow*.

^c *Intently*. So the quarto; the folio reads *instinctively*—a decided typographical error. This, and a few other errors of the same sort which are corrected by reference to the text of the quarto, prove that the folio was printed from a manuscript copy: and printed most probably before the publication of the quarto: for had it been consulted these mistakes would not have occurred.

^d So in the quarto; the folio, *kisses*.

^e *She swore*. Stevens has a most extraordinary note upon this expression. He discovered in Whitaker's 'Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots,' that to aver upon faith and honour was called swearing. He had previously considered that Desdemona had come out with a good round oath—a bold and masculine oath, as he calls it—and, having this impression, he had often condemned the passage "as one among many proofs of Shakspeare's inability to exhibit the delicate graces of female conversation!"

^f Tieck says that Eschenburg has fallen into the mistake of translating this passage as if Desdemona had wished that heaven had made such a man for her, instead of wishing that heaven had created her as brave as the hero to whose story she had given "a world of sighs." We are not sure that Eschenburg is wrong.

This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mis-
tress;

Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;—
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my
husband;

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a
sentence,

Which, as a grise, or step, may help these
lovers.^a

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pendend.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from
the thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not so long as we can smile.

^a The quarto adds, *into your favour*.

He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he
hears:

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruise'd heart was pierced through the
ear.^a

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty pre-
paration makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the forti-
tude of the place is best known to you: And
though we have there a substitute of most
allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a more sove-
reign mistress of effects, throws a more safer
voice on you: you must therefore be content to
slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with
this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize^b
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why; at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I. I would not there reside,^c
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;^d
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I love the Moor to live with
him,

^a *Pierced.* Steevens, accepting this literally, says "the consequence of a bruise is sometimes matter collected, and this can no ways be cured without piercing—letting it out." Warburton proposed to read *pieced*. Spenser has,—

"Her words . . .
Which passing through the ears would pierce the heart."
(Spenser—*Fairy Queen*, Book iv. C. 8.)

Pierced is not here used by Spenser in the sense of *wounded*—but simply *penetrated*, which is probably the meaning of the text.

^b *Agnize.* Confess, acknowledge.

^c So the quarto. The folio, "Nor would I there reside."

^d *Your prosperous ear.* The quarto reads, *a gracious ear.*
^e The quarto reads, *That I did love the Moor.* But her love remains, and the word *did*, though it assists the rhythm, entitles the sense.

My downright violence and storm^a of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights for why I love him are bereft of me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voice.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me defunct and proper satisfaction;)^c
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you
think

I will your serious and great business scant,
When she is with me: No, when light-wing'd
toys

Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instrument,^d
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries
haste,
And speed must answer it.

^a *Storm* in the folio; *scorn* in the quarto, which Mr. Dyce thinks right.

^b So the folio. The quarto reads,—

"Your voices, lords, beseech you let her will
Have a free way, I therefore beg it not," &c.

The modern editions give us a made-up text of the folio and the quarto, altogether one of the worst modes of emendation.

^c This passage, Steevens says, will prove a lasting source of doubt and controversy. In the original it stands thus:—

"Nor to comply with heats the young affects
In my defunct and proper satisfaction."

Upton suggested the change of *my* to *me*, and the parenthetical punctuation.

^d The reading of the quarto is—

"No, when light-wing'd toys,
And feather'd Cupid foils with wanton dulness,
My speculative and active instruments."

The modern editors have made up a text between the quarto and the folio. They reject the *foils* of the quarto, and adopt the *seel* of the folio; while they substitute the *active* of the quarto for the *offic'd* of the folio. Having accomplished this hocus pocus, they tell us that speculative instruments are the eyes, and active instruments the hands and feet; that to *seel* is to close the eyelids of a bird, which applies very probably to the speculative instruments, but that *foils* better suits the active. It is their own work that they are quarrelling with, and not that of the author. Either reading is good, if they had let it alone. The speculative and active instruments, which are *foiled*, are the thoughts and the senses; the speculative and *offic'd* instrument, which is *seeled*, is the whole man in meditation and in action. When the poet adopted the more expressive word *seel*, he did not leave



Desdemona

1 *Sen.* You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.^a

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[To BRABANTIO.]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;^b

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I prithee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment: and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an in-

jury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect^d or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour^e with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring^c barbarian and super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning

^a The ugly anomaly which the commentators have made. He took the whole man as an instrument, spiritual and material, and metaphorically seeled the perceptions of that instrument.

^b The reading of the quarto, which the variorum editors did not hesitate to follow, is,—

And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke.

This night.

Oth.

With all my heart."

It appears to us that the careful rejection of the speech of Desdemona was a great improvement in the folio.

^c The quarto reads—have a quick eye to see.

^d A sect. What we now call in horticulture a cutting.

^e Defeat thy favour—change thy countenance

^c Erring—used in the same sense as extrinsigant, in c previous scene.

thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money: I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is nearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

[*Rod.* What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.]

Rod. [I am changed.] I'll sell all my land.

Iago. [Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse.]^a [*Exit* RODERIGO.]

^a The passages in brackets are not in the folio.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well:
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
In double knavery,—How? how?—Let's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to
be so;

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,

As asses are.

I have 't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light. [*Exit.*]



[Arsenal at Venice.]

^a lead to the Sagittary the raised scorch.



[Rhodes.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE I. — "*The thick-lips.*"

THIS passage has been received as indicating the intention of Shakspeare to make Othello a Negro. It is very probable that the popular notion of a Moor was somewhat confused in Shakspeare's time, and that the descendants of the proud Arabs who had borne sovereign sway in Europe ("men of royal siege"), and, what is more, had filled an age of comparative darkness with the light of their poetry and their science, were confounded with the uncivilized African—the despised slave. We do not think, however, that Shakspeare had any other intention than to paint Othello as one of the most noble and accomplished of the proud children of the *Omniades* and the *Abbasides*. The expression, "*thick-lips*," from the mouth of Roderigo, can only be received dramatically, as a nick-name given to Othello by the folly and ill-nature of this coxcomb. Whatever may have been the practice of the stage even in Shakspeare's time—and it is by no means improbable that Othello was represented as a Negro—the whole context of the play is against the notion. Coleridge has very acutely remarked, with reference to the present practice of making him a black-a-moor—"Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakspeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages?"* Rymer, in his most amusingly-absurd attack upon this tragedy, seems to confound the notion of Moor and Negro, without any reference to the stage. "The character of that state (Venice) is to employ strangers in their wars; but shall a poet thence fancy that

they will set a Negro to be their general, or trust a Moor to defend them against the Turk? With us a black-a-moor might rise to be a trumpeter; but Shakspeare would not have him less than a lieutenant-general. With us a Moor might marry some little drab, or small-coal wench; Shakspeare would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord, or privy councillor; and all the town should reckon it a very suitable match. Yet the English are not bred up with that hatred and aversion to the Moors as are the Venetians, who suffer by a perpetual hostility from them. *Littora littoribus contraria*. Nothing is more odious in nature than an improbable lie; and certainly, never was any play fraught, like this of Othello, with improbabilities."* Rymer's accuracy is not more to be depended on than his taste. In a subsequent page he says, "This senator's daughter runs away to a *carrier's inn*, the Sagittary, with a black-a-moor." Shakspeare's local knowledge was more to be depended upon than the guessing learning of the editor of the *Federa*. The Sagittary was not an inn (see note on that passage); nor were the Venetians in perpetual hostility with the Moors. Upon this subject we are favoured with the following observations from the friend who contributed some local illustrations to *The Merchant of Venice*.

Every shade of complexion is even now familiar to Venetians, and was yet more so in former days. Groups of Greeks, Africans, and natives of both *Indies*, may be daily seen in the great squares of Venice, conversing in the arcades, or gathered about the cafés. In the ages of her splendour, Venice was thronged with foreigners from every climate of the earth; and nowhere else, perhaps,

* Literary Remains. Vol. ii. p. 257

* Short View of Tragedy, 1693, p. 91.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

has prejudice of colour been so feeble. A more important fact, as regards Desdemona's attachment, is that it was the policy of the Republic to employ foreign mercenaries, and especially in offices of command, for the obvious purpose of lessening to the utmost the danger of cabal and intrigue at home. The families of senators, or other chief citizens, were in the habit of seeing, in their dark-complexioned guests, those only who were distinguished by ability, and by the official rank thereby gained:—picked men, whose hue might be forgotten in their accomplishments.

2 SCENE I.—“*To start my quiet.*”

The singular quiet of residences on the canals of Venice seems to have been, at all times, a temptation to “start” it by practical jokes. The houses may be approached and quitted so stealthily as to render it extremely easy to cause an alarm. We have seen great confusion occasioned by a single wag, who, late in the evening, kept up a succession of thundering knocks at the great palace-doors on either side of the Grand Canal, approaching each by swimming, and diving the moment the trick was played. The starting the quiet of elderly citizens was an easy revenge for the disappointed lovers of their daughters, and an infliction with which old Brabantio seems to have been well acquainted. (M.)

3 SCENE I.—“*Transported with no worse, ————— a gondolier.*”

The word “knave,” with its answering terms in foreign languages, seems to be the most approved description of an ancient and modern gondolier. The reply in Venice to our question, whether gondoliers really were usually knaves, was, “O! oui,—naturellement.” The explanation of “naturellement” is, that the gondoliers are the only conveyers of persons, and of a large proportion of property, in Venice; that they are thus cognizant of all intrigues, and the fittest agents in them, and are under perpetual and strong temptation to make profit of the secrets of society. Brabantio might well be in horror at his daughter having, in “the dull watch o’ the night,” “no worse nor better guard.” (M.)

4 SCENE III.—“*The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes.*”

Reed, in his edition of Shakspeare has the following observation:—“We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts which happened when Mustapha, Selymus’s general, attacked Cyprus in May, 1570.”

5 SCENE III.—“*the bloody book of law You shall yourself read in the bitter letter.*”

We now know for a certainty, through the re-
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searches of Mr. Collier, that Othello was performed in 1602; and yet it would seem that this passage has a direct allusion to a statute of the first James. When Othello says,—

“I will a round unvarnish’d tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what *drugs*, what *charms*,
What *conjur*ation, and what mighty *magic*,
(For such proceeding I am charg’d withal,)
I won his daughter,”

he almost uses the very words of the statute, which enacts, That if any person or persons should take upon him or them, by *witchcraft, incantment, charm, or sorcery*—to the intent to provoke any person to unlawful love, and being thereof lawfully convicted, he or they should, for the first offence, suffer imprisonment, &c. Might not this passage have been added to the original copy of the tragedy? This particular superstition was, however, much earlier than the period of our witch-hunting James. We find a curious story of this nature in Skelton, about the enchantment of Charlemagne, which he says he had from

“Fraunces Petrarke,
That much noble clerke.”

6 SCENE III.—“*The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads Do grow beneath their shoulders.*”

In the third act of the Tempest, Gonzalo says,—

“When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp’d like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out of one for five will bring us
Good warrant of.”

A few lines before, Antonio, half sneeringly, remarks,—

“Travellers ne’er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.”

The *putter-out of one for five* was the travelling adventurer, who effected an insurance on his own risk—the very opposite of the principle of life-insurances. He was to be the gainer if he survived the dangers of his expedition. (See Illustrations of The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I. Sc. III.) Mr. Hunter considers that the satire of The Tempest is most distinctly pointed at Raleigh’s marvellous tales in his voyage to Guiana, in 1595. The passage in Raleigh is certainly a singular proof of his credulity, for he only affirms his own belief upon the report of others. “Next unto the Arvi” (a river, which he says falls into the Orenoque, or Oronoko), “are two rivers, Atoica and Caova; and on that branch which is called Caova are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which, though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every childe in the province of Arromania and Canuri affirme the same. They are called Ewaipanona; they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that

OTHELLO.

a long traine of haire groweth backward betweene their shoulders."* Hondius, the Dutch geographer, published in 1599 a Latin translation of the more remarkable passages of Raleigh's tract, with plates of Anthropophagi, Amazons, and headless men. We give a copy of one of these, omitting the Amazon. But these tales are as old as Pliny, and of his account of the headless men there is an almost literal translation in Sir John Maundevile's 'Travels.' "And in another yle, toward the southe, duellen folk of foule stature, and of cursed kynde, that han no hedes, and here eyen bin in here scholdres." Mr. Hunter is so sure that the passage in *The Tempest* is meant to be an attack upon Raleigh, that he proposes it as one of his special proofs that the play was written as early as 1596. But we may ask how we are to account for the difference of tone in *Othello*? In the passage before us there is no ridicule—nothing in the slightest degree approaching to a sarcasm.

* Raleigh's 'Narrative,' printed in Hackluyt's 'Voyages,' 1600.

Othello, perfectly simple and veracious, though enthusiastic, and it may be credulous, speaks precisely in the same spirit of his own

"—Most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;"

and of

"The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

In a passage which has always been misprinted "*my travel's history*," he certainly mentions his adventures as "*my traveller's history*," which we accept as a playful allusion to the somewhat licensed relations of travellers' marvels, and he may have had Raleigh in his mind. But there is nothing ill-natured in this;—nothing, as Mr. Hunter contends for the passage in *The Tempest*, "to show Shakspeare bearing an effective testimony against public and mischievous delusions." Raleigh himself would certainly not have taken it as a rebuke that the valiant and high-minded Othello should be made to speak after his example!



["The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."]



[Citadel, Famagusta.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.¹

Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven^a and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud
at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:

If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise?^b what shall we hear of
this?

^a Heaven. The quarto reads *haven*, which Malone adopts, because he objects to "hyperbolic language in the mouth of a gentleman, answering a serious question." It is well when some reason is given for spoiling poetry. When Shakspeare wrote this passage, and when he made the Clown in *The Winter's Tale* say, "Between the sea and the firmament, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point," the poetry of the image was equally preserved, though the expression was modified by the characters of the speakers.

^b Mortise. The hole of one piece of timber fitted to receive the tenon of another.

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chidden^a billow seems to pelt the clouds;

The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,^b

^a Chidden. The quarto *chiding*, which the variorum editors adopted without noticing *chidden*. How weak is the *chiding* billow *elting* the clouds! but the billow *chidden* by the blast is full of beauty.

^b Mane. In the folio this word is spelt *maine*: in the quarto *mayne*. In each the spelling of *main* in the third line of this scene is the same. But we have ventured to reject this consistency of orthography, and for the first time to print the word *mane*. For what is "high and monstrous *main*?" We use the word *main* elliptically, for the main sea, the great sea, as Shakspeare uses it in the passage "twixt the heaven and the main." The main is the ocean. Substitute that word, and what can we make of the passage before us!—"The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous ocean." But adopt the word *mane*, and it appears to us that we have as fine an image as any in Shakspeare. It is more striking even than the passage in Henry IV.—

"In the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads."

In the *high and monstrous mane* we have a picture which was probably suggested by the noble passage in Job: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" One of the biblical commentators upon this passage remarks that Homer and Virgil mention the mane of the horse; but that the sacred author, by the bold figure of thunder, expresses the shaking of the mane, and the flaking of hair which suggest the idea of lightning. The horse of

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On th' enshafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are
drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lads!^a our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wrack^b and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronessa: Michael Cassio,^c
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he
speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,—ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so.
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of the warlike isle,^d

Job is the war-horse, "who swalloweth the ground with
fierceness and rage;" and when Shakspeare pictured to him-
self his *mane* wildly streaming, "when the quiver rattlieth
against him, the glittering spear and the shield," he saw an
image of the fury of "the wind-shak'd surge," and its
very form; and he painted it "with high and monstrous
mane." Our arguments have prevailed, and recent editors
have thrown overboard the *main* of Steevens, Malone, and
Company, and have quietly adopted our *mane*, without the
slightest acknowledgment.

^a *Lads.* The quarto, *lods*.

^b *Wrack.* Mr. Hunter ("Disquisition on the Tempest")
has with great propriety suggested the restoration of the
old word *wrack* to Shakspeare's text instead of *wreck*. He
observes that we still use the familiar phrase "wrack and
ruin;" and he asks, upon the principle of substituting
wreck, what are we to do with this couplet of Lucrece:—

"O this dread night, would'st thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack?"

^c See note on Act I. Sc. I.

^d The reading of the quarto is,—

"Thanks to the valiant of this worthy isle."

That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
pilot

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.*

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'
the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the go-
vernor.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of
courtesy: [*Guns heard.*]
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a
maid

That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.^b—How now? who has
put in?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy
speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,

* Dr. Johnson proposed to alter this passage, saying that
he could not understand "how hope can be surfeited to death,
that is, can be increased till it be destroyed." As "hope
deferred maketh the heart sick," so hope upon hope, without
realization, is a surfeit of hope, and extinguishes hope. Cassio
had some reasonable facts to prevent his hope being "sur-
feited to death."

^b So the folio, or rather *ingeniuer*. The quarto reads,
"Does bear all excellency." Johnson says that the reading
of the folio is the best reading, and that which the author
substituted in his revision. The text of the folio presents no
difficulty when we understand the word *ingener*. The
word *engine* is so called "because not made without great
effort (*ingeniti*) of genius, of ingenuity, of contrivance."—
(Richardson). The *ingener*, then, is the contriver by in-
geniuty—the designer—and here applied to a poet is almost
literally the Greek *ποιητης*—maker. Daniell uses the word
ingenite in the sense of *so contrive*; Ben Jonson, *engine* for
understanding.

Traitors ensteep'd^a to enlog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty do omit
Their mortal^b natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello
guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,^c
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
[And bring all Cyprus comfort!]^d—O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is^e come on shore!
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and
skies

Parted our fellowship: But hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail! a sail! Then guns heard.*

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome,
mistress:— [To EMILIA.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy,

[*Kissing her.*

^a *Ensteep'd.* Steevens here complains of the confusion of Shakspeare's metaphorical expressions. But what confusion is here? Rocks and sands are *beneath the water*, as the critic might have learned from Gay's ballad; and what is beneath the water is *steep'd* in the water. The identical word thus applied is in Spenser (*Fairy Queen*. B. 1. C. 11.):—

"Now 'gan the golden Phœbus for to steep
His fiery face in billows of the west."

^b *Mortal.* Deadly.

^c The editors have for once adopted an improved line from the folio. The quarto has,—

"And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms."

^d The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^e *Riches* is used as a singular noun in the 57th Sonnet.

"And for that riches where is my deserving."

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still when I have list^a to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on: you are pictures
out of door;

Bells in your parlours; wild cats in your kitchens;

Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;

Players in your huswifery; and huswives in your
beds.^b

Des. O, fy upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st write of me if thou
should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;

For I am nothing if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to
the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—

It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.^c

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable
praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish there-
unto,

^a *List* in the quarto; *leave*, in the folio.

^b These lines are printed as prose in the folio, but are arranged as we give them in the quarto. The sentiments are an amplification of some proverbial slanders which were current in Shakspeare's day.

^c These lines are also printed as prose in the folio.

But does foul prauks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud; Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud; Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay; Fled from her wish, and yet said,—now I may; She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh, Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly; She that in wisdom never was so frail, To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;^a She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,

See suitors following, and not look behind; She was a wight, if ever such wights^b were,

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal^c counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may re-lish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.^d You say true; 't is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good! well kissed, and excellent courtesy!^e 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—*[Trumpet.]* The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

^a "To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail" is to exchange the more delicate fare for the coarser. In the household-book of Queen Elizabeth it is directed that "the master cooks shall have to fee all the salmon's tails."

^b *Wights.* The quarto, *wight*.

^c *Liberal*—licentious.

^d The quarto reads, *I will catch you in your own courtesies.* Courtship is used for paying courtesies, as in Richard II.—

"Obser'd his courtship to the common people."

^e *Courtesy.* Johnson has an extraordinary note upon this:—"Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtsies." A *courtesy*, *courtesy*, *courtesy*, was anciently used for any courteous mode of demeanour, and not, as Johnson receiveth it, as exclusively a female action. But he was betrayed into this mistake by the reading of the quarto—"Well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy."

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!^a

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content, To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd death! And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas, Olympus-high; and duck again as low As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear My soul hath her content so absolute, That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid But that our loves and comforts should increase, Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—I cannot speak enough of this content, It stops me here; it is too much of joy; And this, and this, the greatest discords be

[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now! But I'll set down the pegs^b that make this music, As honest as I am. [*Aside.*]

Oth. Come; let us to the castle.—News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?° Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus, I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago, Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers: Bring thou the master to the citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DES. and Attend.*]

^a The term *warrior* applied to a lady is somewhat startling. In the third act Desdemona says of herself, "Unhandsome warrior that I am." Stevens says that it was a term of endearment which we derive from the old French poets, and that Ronsard, in his sonnets, frequently calls the ladies *guerrières*. But we cannot avoid thinking that Othello playfully salutes his wife as a *warrior*, in compliment to her resolution not to—

—"be left behind.

A moth of peace, and he go to the war."

When Desdemona repeats the word in the third act, the name which her husband has given her may, in the same manner, be floating in her memory. We have no parallel use of the word in Shakspeare.

^b *Set down.* In the variorum editions this is *let down*, which is certainly the meaning of *set down*.

^c The quarto reads—

"How do, our old acquaintance of the isle!"

In the folio *acquaintance* is used in the singular as a noun of multitude.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither.^a If thou be'st valiant, (as they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,) list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies: To love him still for prating,—let not thy discreet heart think it.^b Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to leave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does;—a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slipper and subtle knave;^c a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have loved the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul

thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply,^a may strike at you: Provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.^b

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even'd^c with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—

^a We find in the quarto, "Haply with his truncheon may strike at you."

^b The quarto reads, "If I can bring it to any opportunity." But Roderigo is not one of those who relies upon himself; and the reading of the folio, "If you can bring it to any opportunity," is far more characteristic. Iago replies to this expression of reliance upon him, "I warrant thee."

^c Even'd. The quarto, even.

^a Thither. The quarto reads *hither*.

^b The quarto reads, *And will she love him still for prating?*

^c The quarto reads, "A subtle slippery knave," which some editors change into *a slippery and subtle knave*. Why, when they followed the folio in the arrangement of the words, could they not have retained the fine old adjective *slippery*?

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace^a
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the right^b garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward
me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere^c perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph: some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:^d So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

^a The reading of the quarto is,—

"If this poor trash of Venice, whom I crush
For this quick hunting."

Crush is evidently a corruption, and is properly rejected. But why do the commentators reject the *trace* of the folio, substituting *trash*? because they say *trace* is a corruption of *trash*. Now, on the contrary, the noun *trash*, and the verb *trace*, are used with perfect propriety. The *trash* is the thing *traced*, put in *traces*—confined—as an untrained worthless dog is held, and hence the present meaning of *trash*. There is a letter on this subject in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1763, which satisfactorily establishes the propriety of the word *trace*.

^b Right. The quarto, *rank*.

^c Mere—entire.

^d Nuptial. The quarto, *nuptials*. The modern editors in adopting *nuptials* have departed from the usual phrase of Shakspeare; as, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, "This looks not like a nuptial."

Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest.^a

Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[To DESDEMONA.

That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—

Good night. [Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attend.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o' th' clock: Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine: and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too,—and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me.

[Exit CASSIO.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

^a With your earliest. The quarto and folio both read *your earliest*, yet in the editions previous to our Pictorial we find *our earliest*. It is scarcely worth while to trace where this corruption originated.

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,
Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,^a
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads^b of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock
of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and
Gentlemen.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a
rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,
as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink, [*Sings.*
And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man; O man's life's but a span;^c
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed,
they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your
German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—
Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite^d in his
drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your
Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow
your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit,
ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you
justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,^e
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'T is pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

^a *Out.* The quarto, outward.

^b *Lads* in the quarto; in the folio, else.

^c The quarto reads, "A life's but a span."

^d *Exquisite.* The quarto, expert.

^e The folio,—

"And take thy auld cloak about thee.

Cas. Why this is a more exquisite song than
the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of
his place that does those things.—Well,—Hea-
ven's above all; and there be souls must be
saved, and there be souls must not be saved.^a

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the
general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be
saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me;
the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.
Let's have no more of this: let's to our affairs.
—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look
to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am
drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right
hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now;
I can stand well enough, and I speak well
enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not
think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's
set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice:
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 't is pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'T is evermore his prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,^b
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well

The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,

And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How, now, Roderigo! [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit RODERIGO.*

Mon. And 't is great pity, that the noble
Moor

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,

^a The quarto omits "And there be souls must not be saved."

^b Shakspeare here adopts the English division of time, in which the day is divided into two portions of twelve hours each, "the double set" of the horologe.

With one of an ingraft infirmity :
It were an honest action, to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island :
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what
noise ?^a

Enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave !—teach me my duty !

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.^b

Rod. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

[*Striking RODERIGO.*

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant ;

[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk ! [They fight.]

Iago. Away, I say ! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[*Aside to Rod. who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho !—Lieutenant,—sir Montano,^c—

Help, masters !—Here's a goodly watch, indeed !

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that which rings the bell ?—Diablo, ho !

The town will rise : Fie, fie, lieutenant ! hold ;

You'll be asham'd for ever.^d

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. I bleed still ; I am hurt to the death.—

He dies—^e

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho ! Lieutenant,—sir Montano,

—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?

Hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, for shame !

^a We here find in the quarto, *help, help within !* as a stage direction.

^b *Twiggen bottle.* The quarto reads *wicker bottle*, which gives the explanation.

^c *Sir Montano.* So both the old editions, not only here but in a subsequent line. In all modern texts it is given as *Sir ! Montano !* Iago is pretending to separate the lieutenant and Montano, but he is not familiar with Montano, the ex-governor, and he gives him a title of courtesy.

^d The quarto, "*you will be sham'd for ever*"—a very different meaning.

^e *He dies.* These words are not found in the quarto, the line there being eked out with *sounds !* Malone supposed that they were absurdly inserted as a stage direction. *He faints* is found as a stage direction in the quarto of 1630. In the folio we have "he dies" as a part of the speech of Montano. It is evident that, although Montano fancies himself hurt to the death, he is still ready to attack Cassio, as his words express, *he dies !* If he were to faint when he says "I am hurt to the death," why should Iago say

"Hold, ho ! Lieutenant,—sir Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot."

Oth. Why, how now, ho ! from whence
arise this ?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous
brawl :

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, mas-
ters ?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this ? on thy love I charge
thee.

Iago. I do not know ;—friends all but now,
even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed : and then, but now,

(As if some planet had unwitting men.)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast^a

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds ;

And, 'would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus
forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be
civil ;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger ;

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech, which something now
offends me,—

Of all that I do know : nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night ;

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend ourselves it be a sin

When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;

And passion, having my best judgment collied,^b

Assays to lead the way : If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

^a *One at other's.* All the variorum editions give this phrase properly ; but in the smaller editions of the text it used to be *one at another's*. Typographical mistakes were formerly multiplied in every common edition.

^b *Collied*—blackened—discoloured. The quarto reads *cooled*, evidently a mistake.

How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a
birth,

Shall loose me.^a—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of
safety!^b

'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in
office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my
mouth,

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—This it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd
sword,

To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of
foot,

Outran my purpose; and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close to-
gether,

At blow, and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:—
But men are men: the best sometimes for-
get:—

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them
best,—

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

^a *Loose me.* So both the original editions. In the modern editions it is invariably printed, *lose me*; the same word, certainly, but differently applied. By the employment of *lose* we destroy the force of "Though he had twinn'd with me."

^b Malone reads,—

"In night, and on the court of guard and safety."

Stevens and he have a great controversy about it: Malone contending that *court of guard* is a proper technical expression.

Oth.

I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well, sweeting.

Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
tracted.

Come, Desdemona: 't is the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with
strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O,
I have lost my reputation! I have lost the im-
mortal part of myself, and what remains is
bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought
you had received some bodily wound; there is
more sense^a in that than in reputation. Repu-
tation is an idle and most false imposition; oft
got without merit, and lost without deserving:
You have lost no reputation at all, unless you
repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there
are ways to recover the general again: You are
but now cast in his mood, a punishment more
in policy than in malice; even so as one would
beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious
lion: sue to him again, and he is yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to
deceive so good a commander with so slight, so
drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk?
and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger?
swear? and discourse fustian with one's own
shadow?^b—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if
thou hast no name to be known by, let us call
thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with
your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

^a *Sense.* The quarto reads *offence*. The sense of a wound is its sensibility.

^b This most expressive sentence, from *drunk* to *shadow*, is not found in the quarto.

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause,* transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement^b of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint,^c between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona

to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probal^a to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most eas The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul is so enfetters'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will the blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, As I do now: For whiles this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repeals him for her body's lust; And by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time. Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,

^a The quarto reads, *joy, revel, pleasure, and applause.* We are glad to "recover" *pleasance*.

^b *Devotement.* Theobald changed this to *denotement*.

^c *Broken joint.* The quarto *broil*.

^a *Probal*—probably—an abbreviation not found in any other writer, we believe

And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd
Cassio:

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—In troth, 't is morn-
ing;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem
short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit. Rod.*] Two things
are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,
I'll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;

Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit*]



[Entr'act.]



[View of Cerini.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE I.—“*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.*”

IN the Introductory Notice we have noticed the locality of the port in Cyprus which is associated with the fate of the unfortunate Othello and Desdemona. That Famagusta was the chief port and stronghold, during the Venetian rule in Cyprus, there can be little doubt. But, as an illustration of the general scenery of that island, we present our readers with an engraving of Cerini, the ancient Cerinia, on the north-coast, from an original sketch by Mr. Arundale.

² SCENE III.—“*King Stephen was a worthy peer.*”

Percy, in his ‘Reliques,’ has printed from a manuscript the exceedingly interesting ballad from which Shakspeare adopted this verse. The reading in the manuscript of that verse is somewhat different, although Percy adopted Shakspeare’s reading, generally, in his printed ballad :—

“ King Harry was a very good king,
I trow his hose cost but a crown;
He thought them *12d.* to deere,
Therefore he calld the taylor clowne.
He was king and wore the crowne,
And thouse but of a low degree;
12d. pride that puts this coun’tye downe,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.”

Our readers will not be displeased to have the entire ballad here reprinted. Percy thinks that it was originally Scotch.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

This winter’s weather itt waxeth cold,
And frost doth freeze on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
That all our cattell are like to spill ; *
Bell, my wife, who loves noe strife,
She sayd unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cow Crumbocke’s life,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin;
It is soe bare and overworne,
A cricke † he theron cannot renn : ‡
Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,
For once Ile new appareld bee,
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

* *Spill.* To spoil; to come to harm.

† *Cricke.* A small insect.

‡ *Renn.* Run.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
 Shee ha beene alwayes true to the payle.
 She has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
 And other things shee will not fayle:
 I wold be loth to see her pine,
 Good husband, counsell take of mee
 It is not for us to go soe fine,
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake,
 Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
 But now it is not worth a groat;
 I have had it four-and-forty yeere.
 Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,
 'Tis now but a sigh-clout,* as you may see,
 It will neither hold out winde nor raine,
 And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four-and-fortye yeeres agoe
 Since the one of us did the other ken;
 And we have had betwixt us twoe
 Of children either nine or ten:
 Wee have brought them up to women and men;
 In the feare of God I trow they bee;
 And why wilt thou thyselfe misken?†
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

* *Sigh-clout*. A clout, or cloth, to strain milk through.
 A *syne-clout*, that which severs, divides the milk from impurities, or the curd from the whey. The word is still used in the midland counties.

† *Misken*. Mistake.

HE.

O Bell, my wiffe, why dost thou floute?
 Now is nowe, and then was then:
 Seeke now all the world throughout,
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.
 They are cladd in blacke, greene, yellowe, or gray
 Soe far above their own degree:
 Once in my life Ile doe as they,
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
 His breeches cost him but a crowne;
 He held them sixpence all too deere,
 Therefore he calld the taylor lowne.
 He was a wight of high renowne,
 And thoue but of low degree;
 Itts pride that putteth the countrye downe,
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

Bell, my wiffe, she loves not strife,
 Yet she will lead me if she can;
 And oft, to live a quiet life,
 I am forced to yield, though I me good-man.
 Itts not for a man with a woman to threape,*
 Unlesse he first give oer the plea:
 As wee began wee now will leave,
 And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

* *To threape*. To argue.



[Venetian Remains at Fasagusta.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter Cassio, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, Good-morrow, general. *[Music.]*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?^a

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tale.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music that he desires you, for love's sake,^b to make no more noise with it.

^a The quarto reads, "call'd wind instrum-nts."
^b For love's sake. The quarto has the prettier phrase, of all loves.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air;^a away.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither I shall seem to notify unto her. *[Exit.]*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. [Do, good my friend].^b—In happy time, Iago.

^a The quarto, *vanish away.*

^b The words in brackets are not found in the folio.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, *Iago*,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and busi-
ness

May be more free.

Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never
knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am
sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor
replies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus.

And great affinity; and that, in wholesome
wisdom,

He might not but refuse you: but he protests he
loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,

[To take the saf'st occasion by the front],^b

To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the senate:°
That done, I will be walking on the works,—
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we
see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I warrant^a it grieves
my husband,
As if the cause^b were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not
doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again

As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. I know't,—I thank you:° You do love
my lord:

You have known him long; and be you well
assur'd

He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame,^d and talk him out of patience,
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well; do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

^a The quarto, *know*.

^b The quarto, *ca-e*.

^c The quarto, *O! sir, I thank you*.

^d Hawks were tamed by being kept from sleep. Thus in Cartwright's 'Lady Errant'—

"We'll keep you,
As they do hawks, watching, until you leave
Your wildness."

* See note to Act I., Sc. I.

^b The words in brackets are not found in the folio

^c The quarto *state*.

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing your coming.

Oth. I do believe 't was he.

Des. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:

I prithee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him.* Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona;^b some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; on Tuesday morn;

On Tuesday noon, or night; on^c Wednesday morn;—

* The quarto, *I suffer with him*.

^b *Sweet Desdemona*. In five passages of this play, in the folio edition, Desdemona is called *Desdemona*. The abbreviation was probably not a capricious one, nor was it introduced merely for the sake of rhythm. It is clearly used as an epithet of familiar tenderness. In the present instance Othello playfully evades his wife's solicitations with a rarely-used term of endearment. In the next case, Act IV., Sc. II., it comes out of the depth of conflicting love and jealousy—

"Ah! Desdemona, away, away, away!"

In the next place where he employs it, Act V., Sc. II., it is used upon the last solemn occasion when he speaks to her,—

"Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?"

And, lastly, it is spoken by him when he has discovered the full extent of his guilt and misery:—

"O Desdemona! dead Desdemona, dead."

The only other occasion in which it is employed is by her uncle Gratiano,—

"Poor Desdemona!"

^c The repetition of the word *on*, instead of *or*, is the reading of the folio. It is much more emphatic.

I prithee name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make example
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?
'Tell me, Othello.' I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering^a on. What! Michael
Cassio,

That came a wooing with you; and so many a
time,^b

When I have spoke of you disparagingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he
will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,^c
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my
lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to
thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be as your fancies teach
you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit, with EMILIA.]

Oth. Excellent wretch!^d Perdition catch my
soul

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.

^a *Mammering*. The quarto, *muttering*. The word—having the meaning of *suspense*—*doubt*—is constantly used by our old writers, as in Lyly's 'Euphues'—"Neither stand in a *mammering*, whether it be best to depart or not."

^b Steevens struck out *so* in the course of his hood-winked pruning.

^c The quarto reads,—

"It shall be full of poise and difficult."

This is adopted without any mention of the reading *difficult weight*; and then the editors tell us that *poise* is weight. Now, in the sense before us, *poise* is *balance*, and Desdemona means to say that, when she really prefers a suit that shall task the love of Othello, it shall be one difficult to determine, and, when determined, hard to be undertaken.

^d *Wretch*. The playhouse copies, in their nicely-critical phraseology, give us *wench* instead of *wretch*. Johnson properly explains *wretch* as expressing "the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protocol."

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought; No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest? ^a Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord? Alas! thou echoest me^b As if there were some monster in thy thought Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say even now,—Thou lik'dst not that,

When Cassio left my wife: What did'st not like? And, when I told thee he was of my counsel In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'd'st, Indeed?

And didst contract and purse thy brow together, As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost; And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty, And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more: For such things in a false disloyal knave Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just, They're close delations,^c working from the heart, That passion cannot rule.

^a This re-echo of *Iago's* echo is rejected by Stevens, because it violates the measure. He could only see two syllables beyond the ten, without any regard to the force and consistency of the passage.

^b The quarto reads, "By heaven he echoes me." The quarto of 1630, "Why dost thou echo me?" There is a quiet expression of dread,—a solemn foreboding of evil—in the reading of the folio, which we give.

^c *Delations.* The quarto, *denotements*. The original word *dilations* is rejected by the editors, because they accept it either in the sense of *delays*, or *dilemmas*. We have adopted Johnson's ingenious suggestion, that the *dilations* of the folio was *delations*—secret accusations. Sir Henry Wotton uses *delations* in the same sense.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,— I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem; Or, those that be not 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this: I prithee speak to me, as to thy thinkings, As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me; Though I am bound to every act of duty, I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—

As where's that palace whereinto foul things Sometimes intrude not?—who has a breast so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions^a sit With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you, Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess, (As I confess it is my nature's plague To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy Shape faults that are not,) that your wisdom From one that so imperfectly conceits Would take no notice;^b nor build yourself a trouble.

Out of his scattering and unsure observance: It were not for your quiet, nor your good, Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom, To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

^a The quarto, *session*. The reading of the folio, *sessions*, has a parallel in that exquisite gem, the 30th Sonnet:—

"When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past."

^b The modern editors take the reading of the quarto:—

"I do beseech you, Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess, As, I confess, it is my nature's plague To spy into abuses; and oft my jealousy Shapes faults that are not.—I entreat you, then, From one that so imperfectly conceits, You'd take no notice."

They then enter into a long discussion about abruptness, and obscurity, and regulation of the pointing, without taking the slightest notice of the perfectly clear reading of the folio, which we give without the alteration of a point or letter.

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'T was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on:^a That cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly^b
loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineness,^c is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why! why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate^d and blow'd surmises,

^a This passage has always been a stumbling-block. Ham-mer reads, and Malone and Collier adopt the reading.—

"It is the green-ey'd monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on."

The commentators give us five pages for and against *mock*, leaving the matter exactly where they found it. *Mocke* is the reading both of the first quarto and the folio. The quarto of 1630 has "a green-ey'd monster," which reading has not been noticed. One of the difficulties would be got over by adopting the indefinite article; for then we should not be called upon to agree with Steevens that a tiger was meant, nor with Jennens, that it was certainly a crocodile. A green-ey'd monster leaves us the licence of imagining that the poet had some *chimera* in his mind, to which he applied the epithet, green-ey'd. It has been suggested that *Shakspeare* meant to say, that the meat mock'd the monster, instead of the monster mocking the meat. (Explanations, &c., Edinburgh, 1814.) But the inverted construction which this implies was quite uncalled for, and is not in *Shakspeare's* manner. We have no doubt that *mock* is the true word; and that it may be explained, which doth play with,—half receive, half reject.—the meat it feeds on. Farmer suggested that it was used for *man-mock*, which appears not unlikely.

^b Fondly. The quarto, strongly.

^c Fineness—endless.

^d Exsufficate. Todd, in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, says that *exsufficate* may be traced to the low

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous,

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances;^a

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:

Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw

The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;

For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;

I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;

And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—

Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you

With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,

Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.

Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;

Wear your eyes^b thus,—not jealous, nor secure;

I would not have your free and noble nature,

Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:

I know our country disposition well;

In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks

They dare not show their husbands; their best
conscience

Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,
He thought 't was witchcraft:—But I am much
to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke

Comes from my love:—But, I do see you are
mov'd:—

I am to pray you not to strain my speech.

Latin *exsufflare*, to spit down upon, an ancient form of exorcising, and figuratively to spit out in abhorrence or contempt. *Exsufflicate* may thus signify contemptible. Richardson, in his admirable Dictionary, somewhat dissents from this; considering the word "not improbably a misprint for *exsufflate*, i.e. *efflate* or *efflated*, puffed out, and, consequently, exaggerated, extravagant,—to which *blow'd* is added, not so much for the sake of a second epithet, with a new meaning, as of giving emphasis to the first."

^a Dances. The quarto adds, *well*—a weak addition, as we think. Mr. Collier says, "Southern's ear was so sensible of the deficiency, that he added the word in manuscript in his copy of the folio, 1685."

^b Eyes. The quarto, *eye*.

To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech shall fall into such vile success^a
Which my thoughts aim'd not.^b Cassio's my
worthy friend:—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold
with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,—
But, pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, happily, repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest crea-
ture, doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he
unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to
time:

Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability.)
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am.)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities,^c with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,

Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.^a Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uses. Yet 't is the plague of great
ones;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;

'T is destiny unshunnable, like death;

Even then this forked plague is fated to us,

When we do quicken. Look, where she comes:^b

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!^c—
I'll not believe 't.

Des.

How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des.

Why do you speak so faintly?^d
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching; 't will away
again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

It will be well.

Oth.

Your napkin^e is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and
it drops.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

^a The images in this sentence are derived from falconry. Some doubts exist whether the *haggard* was an unreclaimed hawk; but there is no doubt that the old adjective *haggard* means wild. The *jesses* are the footstraps of a hawk. The remainder of the passage may be illustrated by a quotation from Dryden (*Annus Mirabilis*):—

"Have you not seen, when whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And, with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind."^b

^b The quarto, *Desdemona comes*.

^c This is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads,—
"If she be false, heaven mock'd itself!"

By the reading of the folio we may understand that, if Desdemona be false,—be not what she appears to be,—heaven at her creation, instead of giving an image of itself, mocked itself,—gave a false image. The reading of the quarto is more forcible and natural.

^d The quarto, *Why is your speech so faint?*

^e *Napkin* and *handkerchief* were synonymous. The expression was used as recently as the date of the Scotch proceedings in the Douglas cause, in which we find a lady described as constantly dressed in a hoop, with a large napkin on her breast. (Warner's 'Plan of a Glossary to Shakspeare,' 1768.) A pocket-handkerchief is still a *pocket-napkin* in Scotland.

^a Success—succession—consequence.

^b The quarto, *As my thoughts aim not at.*

^c Qualities. So the quarto. The folio, *quantities*.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exit* OTH. and *Des.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en
out,^a

And give 't Iago; what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I:

I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for
you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common
thing—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me
now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No; but she let it drop by negligence:
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have
been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't:^b I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong

^a Emilia does not propose to obliterate the work, but to copy the work, and to restore the original to Desdemona. Iago's abrupt address frightens her from her purpose. That *ta'en out* means copied, we find in the subsequent scene, when Cassio says to Bianca, *take me this work out* . . . I'd have it copied.

^b The quarto reads—*Be not you known of 't*. The more poetical word *acknown*, is used in a similar manner in the 'Life of Ariosto,' subjoined to Sir John Harrington's 'Translation,' 1607:—"Some say he was married to her privily, but durst, not be *acknown* of it."

As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so^a—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor man-
dragora,^b

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of
that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on
the rack:—

I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I in^c her stolen hours of
lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well,^d was free
and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd
at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body
So I had nothing known: () now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops,^e and the big wars,

^a *I did say so*. These words are simply used in the common sense—I said so—I was right. Iago has been describing the effects of "dangerous conceits;" and when he sees Othello approaching, with a perturbed demeanour, he exclaims triumphantly, "*I did say so*—look where he comes." In the old copies, and in the modern also, the stage direction—*Enter Othello*—is placed before *look where he comes*; we have removed it to the close of Iago's speech.

^b *Mandragora*. The mandrake was used by the ancients as a powerful opiate. So in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' Act i. Sc. vi.—

—"Give me to drink *mandragora*,
That I may sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away."

^c *Is*. The quarto *of*. *Sense of* is the modern use of the term, *knowledge of*; *sense in* is the more proper and peculiarly Shaksperean use, which implies the impression upon the senses, and not upon the understanding. The difference is the same as between a *sensible man*, and a *man sensible to pain*.

^d *Fed well*. The quarto has not these words, and they are not found in some modern editions. Their rejection by the variorum editors can only be accounted for by the fact, that they would make any sacrifice of sense or poetry, and prefer the feeblest to the strongest expression, if they could prevent the intrusion of a line exceeding ten syllables.

^e *Troops*. The quarto, *troop*.

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,¹
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore;

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*Taking him by the throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou had'st been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive^a me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched
fool,

That lov'st^b to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O
world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. ^cBy the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: My name,^d that was as
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: But how? how satisfied,
my lord?

Would you the supervision^a grossly gaze on?
Behold her topp'd!

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might^b have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say,—Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my
hand,

Cry,—O sweet creature! then kiss me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,

That grew upon my lips; lay his leg o'er my
thigh,

And sigh, and kiss; and then cry,—Cursed fate
That gave thee to the Moor!

This one thought, here for the first time exhibited, pervades
all the rest of the play; and when we understand how the
poison operates upon Othello's mind, we are quite prepared
fully to believe him when he says, in conclusion,—

"For nought I did in hate, but all in honour."

The thought that his own name is now tarnished drives
him at once into a phrenzy. He has said, "*I'll have some
proof*;" but the moment that the idea of dishonour comes
across his sensitive nature, he bursts into uncontrolled
fury:—

—"If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it."

^a *Supervision.* The quarto, *supervisor.*

^b *Might.* The quarto, *may.*

^a *Forgive.* The quarto, *defend.*

^b *Lov'st.* The quarto, *lie'st*, which the modern editors
adopt. Surely the man that *loves* to carry his honesty so far
that it becomes a vice is what Iago means when he calls
himself a fool.

^c This fine speech of Othello is only found in the folio.

^d *My name.* In all modern editions, except Rowe's, this
has been changed into *her name*. There is probably not a
more fatal corruption of the meaning of the poet amongst the
thousand corruptions for which his editors are answerable.
It destroys the master-key to Othello's character. It is his
intense feeling of *honour* that makes his wife's supposed fault
so terrific to him. It is not that *Desdemona's* name is be-
grim'd and black, but that *his own name* is degraded.

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;

'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,

(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that or any, if 't was ^a her's,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:
'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!^b
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy
fraught,

For 't is of aspick's tongues!

Iago. Yet, be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind may change.^c

^a If 't was her's. This is the reading of the second folio. The quarto and the first folio have, *it was her's*,—clearly an error. Malone corrected it to *that was her's*.

^b From the hollow hell. The commentators were aware that this was the reading of the folio, yet they adopted *thy hollow cell*, from the quarto. Warburton saw that *hollow*, as applied to *cell*, was "a poor unmeaning epithet;" and he therefore gives us *th' unhallow'd cell*. Johnson, Steevens, and Malone rejected the magnificent reading of the *hollow hell*. Capell is the only one who had the taste to adopt it. If the reading, *from the hollow hell*, had failed to impress the commentators by its power, the imitations of it by Milton ought to have rendered it sacred:—

"He call'd so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded."

And

"The universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave."

But let us only mark the opposition of the two lines:—

"All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell."

Surely this alone should have been enough to have secured us what Shakspeare wrote.

^c The reading of the quarto is—

"*Iago.* Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, *perhaps*, may change."

Oth. Never, Iago.^a Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er keeps^b retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble
love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble hea-
ven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!

You elements that clip us round about!

Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever^c—

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't:

Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 't is done, at your
request:

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

^a The glorious passage from "*Like to the Pontick sea*" to "*swallow them up*," is not found in the quarto. Pope would also omit it, "as an unnatural excursion." Steevens supports the proposed rejection in his characteristic manner:—"Every reader will, I durst say, abide by Mr. Pope's censure on this passage. When Shakspeare grew acquainted with such particulars of knowledge, he made a display of them as soon as opportunity offered." He found this in the second Book and 97th chapter of Pliny's '*Natural History*,' as translated by Philemon Holland, 1601:—'*And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus*.'" It is delightful to see how Shakspeare's knowledge impresses itself, even in technicalities, upon practical men whose minds are not clouded by the low pedantry of such critics as Steevens. A gentleman who writes to us as "a sailor," begs us to notice this passage as exhibiting a proof of the poet's knowledge "of the continual flow of the tide through the Gut of Gibraltar."

^b *Keeps*. Pope changed this to *feels*. The repetition of the word *keeps* would not be objectionable if in the first instance it gave us a clear meaning—the same meaning as in the second instance; but it is not so. And yet *feels* does not seem to be the right word.

^c The quarto, "*What bloody work soever*." In both texts it is quite clear that Othello interrupts the conclusion of Iago's speech. At the moment when he has said that obedience to Othello shall stand in the place of remorse (mercy)—"*What bloody business ever*" (Othello may command), Othello, jumping at his meaning, at once sets him upon the murder of Cassio.

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies't is stabbing,

Des. Go to 't. Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of cruzadoes.^a And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born,

Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady;—[*Aside.*] O, hardness, to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;

Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout; For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand, A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so; For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old gave hands:

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.^b

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry^a rheum offends me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:

That handkerchief^c

Did an Egyptian to my mother give; She was a charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it, Or made a gift of it, my father's eye Should hold her loathly,^b and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me; And bid me, when my fate would have me wive, To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't, Make it a darling like your precious eye; To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible?

Oth. 'T is true: There's magic in the web of it: A sibyl, that had number'd in the world The sun to course^c two hundred compasses, In her prophetic fury sew'd the work: The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk; And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven that I had never seen it.

^a Sorry. The quarto, *sullen*.

^b Loathly. So the quarto. The folio, *loathed*.

^c Course. The quarto, *make*.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is't out of the way?

Des. Bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: But what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now; This is a trick, to put me from my suit; Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief.—

Des. [I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,—]

Des. A man that, all his time, Hath founded his good fortunes on your love, Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit OTHELLO.

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief; I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man: They are all but stomachs, and we all but food; They eat us hungerly, and when they are full They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,

That, by your virtuous means, I may again Exist, and be a member of his love, Whom I, with all the offic^b of my heart, Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd: If my offence be of such mortal kind, That nor my^c service past, nor present sorrows, Nor purpos'd merit in futurity Can ransom me into his love again, But to know so must be my benefit;

^a The lines in brackets are in the quarto only.

^b Office. The quarto, duty.

^c Nor my. The quarto, neither.

So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content, And shut* myself up in some other course, To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-geutle Cassio, My advocacy is not now in tune; My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him, Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd. So help me every spirit sanctified, As I have spoken for you all my best, And stood within the blank of his displeasure, For my free speech! You must a while be patient:

What I can do I will; and more I will, Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now, And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air; And, like the devil, from his very arm Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry? Something of moment, then: I will go meet him; There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so.—Something, sure, of state, [Exit IAGO.

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him, Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases, Men's natures wrangle with inferior things, Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so; For let our finger ache, and it indues Our other healthful members ev'n to a sense^b Of pain: Nay, we must think men are not gods; Nor of them look for such observancy As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia, I was (unhandsome warrior as I am^c) Arraigning his unkindness with my soul; But now I find I had suborn'd the witness, And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy, Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so; They are not ever jealous for the cause, But jealous for they're jealous: It is a monster, Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep the monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

^a Shut. The quarto, shoot.

^b A sense. The quarto, that sense.

^c See Note on Act II., Scene I.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here-
about :

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cas. What make you from home ?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?
Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times ?
O weary reckoning !

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca ;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been
press'd ;

But I shall, in a more continue^a time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S handkerchief.
Take me this work out.^b

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this ?
This is some token from a newer friend.

^a *Continue.* The quarto, *convenient.* Continue time,
is time uninterrupted

^b See Note on Scene III. of this act.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause.

Is't come to this ? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman !

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance :

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it ?

Cas. I know not, neither.^a I found it in my
chamber.

I like the work well : ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied :
Take it, and do't ; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you ! wherefore ?

Cas. I do attend here on the general ;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you ?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'T is but a little way that I can bring you
For I attend here : but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'T is very good : I must be circum-
stanc'd.^b

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Neither.* The quarto, *sweet.*

^b *I must be circumstanc'd.* I must yield to circumstances.



[Venetian General.]

"Farwell the plumed troops."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE III.—“*The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.*”

WARTON says that the fife accompanying the drum is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly in the German. There is a picture in the Ashmolean Museum, painted in 1525, representing the siege of Pavia, in which we see fifes and drums; and, in a journal of the siege of Boulogne, 1544, which is printed in Rymer's ‘Fœdera,’ mention is made of *drummes* and *riffleurs* marching at the head of the king's army. At a subsequent period, however, the fife was disused in the English armies; and was first revived, within the memory of man, says Warton, among our troops by the British guards, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maestricht, in 1747. Amongst the French regiments the fife is not found; and those who have witnessed this peculiarity must have observed how dull, and monotonous, and *un-spirit-stirring* is the drum without its *ear-piercing* companion. The fife is so completely unknown to the French in the present day, that M. Alfred de Vigny, in his translation of this passage of Othello, gives us only the drum:—

“Adieu, beaux bataillons aux panaches flottants;
Adieu, guerre, adieu, toi dont les jeux éclatants
Font de l'ambition une vertu sublime!
Adieu donc, le coursier que la trompette anime,
Et ses hennissements et les bruits du tambour,
L'étendard qu'on déploie avec des cris d'amour!”

² SCENE IV.—“*I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes.*”

The cruzado was a Portuguese coin, so called from the cross being stamped on it. Douce says that it was of gold, of the value of 9s. English; and that the sovereigns who struck this coin were Emanuel and his son John. Douce adds, that “the cruzado was not current at Venice, though it certainly was in England in the time of Shakspeare, who has here indulged his usual practice of departing from costume.” It would have been an exceedingly difficult thing for any antiquary of the last generation not to have indulged his usual practice of girding at Shakspeare, for some supposed violation of propriety. In this case, we would ask, how could the cruzado be current in England, except as an instrument of commercial exchange; and how could the same instrument of exchange be kept out of Venice, whose foreign trade at that period was much greater than that of England?

³ SCENE IV.—“*The hearts of old gave hands; But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.*”

James I., in 1611, created the order of baronets; and, in 1612, to *ampliate* his favour towards the baronets, he granted them, by a second patent, “the arms of Ulster, that is, in a field argent, a

hand *geules*, or a *bloudie hand*.” Spenser tells us, in his ‘State of Ireland,’ that “the bloody hand is O’Neel’s badge.” This was a notable device of James to raise money, for the alleged purpose of settling and improving the province of Ulster; and the sum of money paid for the patent upon each creation was 1095*l.*, estimated as equivalent to the support of thirty infantry for three years. Warburton, with these facts before him, says, “We are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author, by which he insinuates that *some* then created had hands indeed, but not hearts; that is, money to pay for the creation, but no virtue to purchase the honour.” Johnson and Douce believe in the interpretation of Warburton. Steevens and Malone are opposed to it. In his ‘Chronology’ of the plays, Malone gives a passage from the ‘Essays’ of Sir William Cornwallis, 1601, which certainly has a considerable resemblance to the passage in the text:—“We of these later times, full of a nice curiosity, mislike all the performances of our forefathers; we say they were honest plain men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. . . . They had wont to give their hands and their hearts together; but we think it a finer grace to look asquint, our hand looking one way, and our heart another.” One thing is perfectly certain:—if the passage be an allusion to the *new heraldry* of the baronets’ arms, it must have been an interpolation at least ten years after the first production of the play, for we know that Othello was performed before Elizabeth, in 1602. If, too, it were an interpolation, it must have displaced some other passage; for if we omit these two lines the context is destroyed. We do not think that Shakspeare would have gone out of his way to introduce a covert sarcasm at a passing event, offensive as it must have been if understood, and perfectly useless if not understood. The obvious meaning of the words, without any allusion, is plain enough; and our *new heraldry*, if it be any more than a figurative expression, may be easily referred to the practice of quartering or joining the arms of the husband and wife.

⁴ SCENE IV.—“*That handkerchief.*”

The description of this tremendous handkerchief in the original Italian novel is, “*lavorato alla morisco sottilissimamente.*” Mrs. Jameson thus explains this:—“Which, being interpreted into modern English, means, I believe, nothing more than that the pattern was what we now call *arabesque.*” Shakspeare has expanded this into one of the finest poetical passages in the play, in which the Moor crowds together some of the prevailing superstitions of his nation, for the purpose of disturbing the imagination of Desdemona, and thus, as he supposes, arriving at the truth through the influence of terror. This was a fatal mistake; for she loses her balance, and evades the question.



[Piazza of the Mosque at Famagusta.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 't is hers, my lord; and, be-
ing hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have
forgot it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious^a house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said I had seen him do
you wrong?

Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,
Who, having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab,)—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well
assur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

^a *Infectious* The quarto, *infected*.

Iago. Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her;—on her;—what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction.^a It is not words that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is't possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!

[Falls, in a trance.^b

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. [No, forbear: °]

The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit CASSIO.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

^a *Instruction.* Warburton would read *induction*. Johnson thus explains *instruction*:—"There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some deduction or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, 'Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without instruction.' 'It is not words that shake me thus.' This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." Instead of *shadowing passion*, Mr. Collier, upon the authority of his prosaic Corrector, would read *shuddering passion*.

^b The stage direction of the folio is, *falls in a trance*. We have altered the punctuation to express, what no doubt was meant, that Othello actually falls. The direction of the first quarto is, *he falls down*. Iago's statement to Cassio, *my lord is fallen into an epilepsy*, is not meant for a falsehood.

° The words in brackets are not in the folio.

Iago. I mock you? no, by heaven:
'Would you would bear your fortune^a like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.

O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.^b
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelm'd^c with your grief,

(A passion most unsuiting^d such a man,)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable
scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO withdraws.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio,—as 't is the strumpet's
plague,

^a *Fortune.* The quarto, *fortunes*.

^b *List.* Bound, barrier,—as in Henry V., Act v., Sc. ii. :—"Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion."

^c *O'erwhelm'd.* The quarto, *ere-while mad*. This is one evidence, amongst many, that both the texts were printed from a manuscript.

^d *Unsuiting.* So the quarto. The folio, *resulting*.

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe^a
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure
on 't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,^b
[Speaking lower.]

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! *[Aside.]*

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. *[Aside.]*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said.

[Aside.]
Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? *[Aside.]*

Cas. I marry!—what? a customer! Prithee bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. *[Aside.]*

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. *[Aside.]*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

^a *Construe.* There is an obvious association between the epithet *unbookish*, and *construe*. The folio, however, reads *conserve*. The quarto has *conster*; which satisfies us that *construe* is the right reading, the word *conster* being used in this sense in Sir Thomas Wyatt's poems:—

"*Conster* what this is, and tel not,
For I am fast sworne I may not."

The little poem of Wyatt's is a riddle to be *conster'd*.

^b *Power* in the quarto; the folio has *dower*,

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. *[Aside.]*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus^a about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. *[Aside.]*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so shakes^b and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. *[Aside.]*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There,—give it your hobby horse: wheresoever you had it I'll take out no work on 't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now, how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! *[Aside.]*

Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *[Exit.]*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must; she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come: Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. *[Exit CASSIO.]*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he

The quarto, by this hand, she falls thus,
Shakes. The quarto, *hales.*
^c The quarto—the whole work.

prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—
So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker:

You shall hear more by midnight.

[A trumpet within.]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant, something from Venice.

'T is Lodovico. This comes from the duke;^a
See, your wife's with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a packet]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [Opens the packet and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: how does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will— [Reads.]

Lod. He did not call: he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord^a and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [Striking her.]

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw 't: 'T is very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls^b would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress—

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn;

^a The quarto reads thus:—

"Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico,
Come from the duke."

^a My lord. The quarto, *thy lord*.

^b Falls, used as a verb active.

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient:—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!

[Exit DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and
monkeys! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full
senate

Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature*
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid
virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of
brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my
censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is
not,—

I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would
I knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe
him;

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech: Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor even did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-
gether.

Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I
heard

Each syllable that breath made up between
them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,
nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives^a
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[Exit EMILIA.]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle
whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her
do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress;

[To EMILIA.]

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

Des. Upon my knee what doth your speech
import?

I understand a fury in your words,

[But not the words.^b]

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal
wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
selves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
damn'd,

Swear—thou art honest.

^a The quarto—of her sex.

^b The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

* The quarto—Is this the noble nature.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?

Am I the motive^a of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity-me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place^b of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at,^c—

^a Motive. The quarto, *occasion*.

^b Place. The quarto, *part*.

^c In this passage the quarto reads, *a fixed figure*, instead of *the fixed figure*, and *unmoving*, instead of *and moving*. Rowe altered *time* to *hand*. The commentators say that Othello takes his idea from a clock; and they support this opinion, as well as the epithet *unmoving*, by these lines from the 74th Sonnet:—

"Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceive'd."

They say, too, that the finger of the dial was a technical phrase, as is seen in a passage of one of Davenant's plays. The figure meant in the Sonnet was simply the Arabic numeral from which the dial-hand went on to *distant figures*. Stevens thus paraphrases the text:—"To make me a fixed figure on the dial of the world, for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at;" and then he adds, "In the clocks of the last age there was, I think, in the middle of the dial-plate a figure of time, which, I believe, was in our poet's thoughts when he wrote the passage in the text." There certainly is a most extraordinary confusion here; for, if the figure be in the middle, the dial-hand points from it, and not at it, and there is nothing more remarkable in one numeral of a clock than in another. But why are we to have the notion of a clock at all? There is nothing whatever in the passage to warrant us in believing that the poet meant such a metaphor. By the *fixed figure* we understand, literally, a living man exposed to public shame; or, an effigy exhibited to a multitude, as Butler has it:—

"To punish in effigy criminals."

By the time we receive the same idea as in Hamlet:—

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of time?"

Time is by Hamlet distinctly used to express the *times*, the *age*; and it is used in the same way by Ben Jonson.

"O how I hate the monstrousness of time!"

In the passage before us, then, the *time of scorn* is the *age of scorn*. Mr. Hunter proposed:—

"The fixed figure of the time for scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at."

This simple transposition removes the obscurity. But, in this revision of the Pictorial Shakspeare, another transposition has suggested itself to the Editor:—

"The fixed figure for the scorn of time

To point his slow and moving finger at."

As Hamlet has "*scorns of time*,"—by which he means contemporary scorn, the idea is repeated in Othello, where the word *scorn* is printed with a capital letter, and *time* with a

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;

Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in! turn thy complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin!

Ay, there, look grim as hell!^a

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee,—'would thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write whore upon? What committed?^b

Committed?—O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it: What committed?

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian;

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,

From any other foul unlawful touch,

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

small *t*. The *slow finger* is the *passing finger*, pointed at the fixed figure; but, while it points, it *moves* in *muckery*. Shakspeare was probably thinking of the *Digitus Monstruosi* of the ancients, and it may be, also, of the finger gesticulations of the Italians. In the quarto, after *finger at*, we find, *O! O!* which interjections do not occur in the folio.

^a In all the old copies—*I here look grim as hell*. *Ay* is often printed *I*.

^b What committed? Desdemona has asked—

"Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?"

Othello, indignant at the question, with a mocking fury repeats it four times—*what committed?* The commentators have changed this into an interjectional phrase, giving it the meaning of, what! thou art committed! telling us that committed had a peculiar signification. The plain and natural interpretation seems the true one. The quarto omits the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth lines of Othello's speech, adding, after the last question, "impudent strumpet!"

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

Re-enter EMILIA.

We have done our course; there's money for
your pains;

I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.^a

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia; I cannot weep; nor answer have I none, But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change, indeed!

[*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet. How have I been behav'd, that he might stick The small'st opinion on my least misuse?^b

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches, Her father, and her country, and her friends, To be called whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't! How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain, Some busy and insinuating rogue, Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office, Have not devis'd this slander; I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—

O, heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold;

And put in every honest hand a whip, To lash the rascals^a naked through the world, Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them!^b some such squire he was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without, And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him.^c Here I kneel;

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought,^d or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

^a *Rascals.* The quarto, *rascal*.

^b *Them.* The quarto, *him*.

^c The following lines to the end of the speech are not found in the quarto.

^d *Discourse of thought.* In Hamlet we have *discourse of reason*—the discussion of reason. Sir John Davies has *the discoursing thought*. Pope changed the text before us to *discourse, or thought*.

^a Desdemona's question and this answer are omitted in the quarto.
^b On my least misuse. The quarto reads, on my great'st abuse.

And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his
humour;

The business of the state does him offence,
[And he does chide with you.*]

Des. If 't were no other!

Iago. It is but so, I warrant.
[*Trumpets.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.^b
Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly
with me.

Iago. What in the contrary

Rod. Every day thou dafts^c me with some de-
vice, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now,
keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest
me with the least advantage of hope. I will, in-
deed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet per-
suaded to put up in peace what already I have
foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words
and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted
myself out of my means. The jewels you have
had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would
half have corrupted a votarist: You have told
me she hath received them, and returned me
expectations and comforts of sudden respect and
acquaintance:^d but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man;
nor 'tis not very well. Nay, I think,^e it is
sour; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

* The line in brackets is not in the folio.

^b The quarto reads—

"And the great messengers of Venice stay."

Steevens calls the reading of the folio poor; but its precision
and familiarity make it more dramatic and characteristic.

^c *Dafts*. The Prince of Wales, in Henry IV., is described
as one "that dafts the world aside." The quarto reads,
dafts. The words are the same.

^d *Acquaintance*. The quarto reads, *acquittance*.

^e *Nay, I think*. The quarto reads, *by this hand I say*.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will
make myself known to Desdemona: If she will
return me my jewels I will give over my suit,
and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not,
assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I pro-
test intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee;
and even, from this instant, do build on thee a
better opinion than ever before. Give me thy
hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me
a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have
dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared;
and your suspicion is not without wit and judg-
ment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee
indeed, which I have greater reason to believe
now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and
valour,—this night show it: if thou the next
night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me
from this world with treachery, and devise en-
gines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and
compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come
from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and
Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and
taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, un-
less his abode be lingered here by some acci-
dent; wherein none can be so determinate as
the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of
Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit,
and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry,
and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet
of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his
going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out
between twelve and one,) you may take him at
your pleasure; I will be near to second your
attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come,
stand not amazed at it, but go along with me;
I will show you such a necessity in his death,
that you shall think yourself bound to put it on
him. It is now high supper-time, and the night
grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

O, Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[Exit OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent; And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightgown, and adieu; We must not now displease him.

Emil. Ay, would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.^a

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;^b

She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad, And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow,'^c

An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,

And she died singing it: That song, to-night, Will not go from my mind;^d I have much to do,

^a *In them.* The quarto reads, "Have grace and favour in them." The folio omits *in them*.

^b *Barbara.* *Barbarie* is the reading of the quarto and first folio; it became *Barbara* in the second folio. *Barbarie* is a pretty word, and we would not willingly change it; but it would appear like an affectation of singularity to retain it.

^c All that follows, to the end of the song, is not found in the quarto.

But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it, like poor Barbara. Prithee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. The poor soul sat singing^a by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones.

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee: he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women you'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands In such gross kind?^b

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do't as well i' the dark.

^a *Singing.* The ordinary reading is *sighing*, which is supported by the copy of the old ballad given in Percy's 'Reliques.' But as that ballad is so materially departed from by Shakspeare, it can scarcely be called an authority for the change of a word from the original text.

^b This speech of Desdemona, and Emilia's answer, are not found in the quarto.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing: 'Tis a great price for a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring;^a nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for all the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.

^a But, I do think it is their husbands' faults

^a The remainder of Emilia's speech, commencing at this line, is wanting in the quarto.

If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike

us,

Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have
some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and
smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: And doth affection breed it?

I think it doth: Is't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too: And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then, let them use us well: else, let them know

The ills we do their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me
such uses^a send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Uses. The quarto, usage.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

1 SCENE III.—*"She had a song of willow."*

IN Percy's 'Reliques' will be found an old ballad, from the black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, entitled 'A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love.' Shakspeare, in adopting a portion of this ballad, accommodated the words to the story of 'Poor Barbarie.' We subjoin four stanzas of the original from which the song in the text has been formed:—

"A poore soule sat sigbing under a sicamore tree;
 O willow, willow, willow!
 With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
 O willow, willow, willow!
 O willow, willow, willow!
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.
 The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
 O willow, willow, willow!
 The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones;
 O willow, &c.
 The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
 O willow, &c.
 She was born to be fair; I, to die for her love.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow," &c.

2 SCENE III.—*"A joint ring."*

Dryden, in Don Sebastian, has described such a ring with a minute particularity:—

———"A curious artist wrought them,
 With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd;
 Yet are they both each other's counterpart;
 Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
 (You know those names are theirs,) and, in the midst,
 A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
 Now, if the rivets of those rings enclos'd
 Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie:
 But if they join, you must for ever part."



[General View of Famagusta. From Le Brun—Voyage en Orient.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk;^a straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow;

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy stand.^b [*Retires to a little distance.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Goes to his stand.*]

^a *Bulk.* So the quarto; the folio has *bark*. We prefer the more intelligible reading of *bulk*, although we have little doubt that *bark* was correctly used. A *bar*, in all its uses, is a defence—that by which anything is fortified, strengthened, or defended.—(Tooke.) A *bark*, as we ordinarily receive it, is a strong vessel; but Shakspeare may have here used it as a projecting part of the fortification—a buttress.

^b *Take thy stand.* The quarto, *take thy sword*.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat^a almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much
peril:

No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 't is he:—Villain, thou diest.

[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.*]

^a *Quat.* The quarto reads *gnat*. Johnson explains, that a *quat*, in the midland counties, is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is rubbed to sense.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;^a
I will make proof of thine.^b

[*Draws and wounds RODERIGO.*

Rod. O, I am slain!

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho!
murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. 'T is even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'T is he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me:—Minion, your dear lies dead,

And your unblest fate hies:^c—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?^d
murder! murder!

Gra. 'T is some mischance; the voice^e is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan;—'t is heavy night:^f
These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

^a *Thou know'st.* The quarto, *thou think'st.*

^b Malone explains that Cassio's speech implies that he wore some secret armour. The *coat* was, on the contrary, the buff jerkin. (See Introductory Notice.)

^c *Your unblest'd fate hies.* The quarto, *your fate hies apace.*

^d *No passage.* No one passing.

^e *The voice.* The quarto, *the cry.*

^f The quarto reads, and so in the modern editions, "two or three groans—it is a heavy night." Lodovico does not merely say that there are two or three groans from one man, but that two or three men groan, and he adds, "these may be counterfeits." 'T is heavy night, is, 't is dark night.

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout, and cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[*IAGO stabs RODERIGO.*

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

[*Dies.**

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder! What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico.

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is 't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is 't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

* The quarto has O, O, O! which seems to stand in the place of the stage direction, *dies*.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio!
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; yes, 'tis Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle
pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my man-
ners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a
chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—
the chair:— [A chair brought in.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you,
mistress, [To BIANCA.

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend: What malice was between
you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the
man.

Iago. [To BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O
bear him o' the air.—

[CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.]

Stay you, good gentlemen.^a—Look you pale,
mistress?

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well: I pray you look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will
speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas, what is the matter? what is the
matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the
dark,

By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;

^a Good gentlemen. The quarto reads, *good gentlemen*, which Malone adopts; but Lodovico and Gratiano are going away with Cassio, when Iago stops them, to hear his accusation of Bianca

He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.^a

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good
Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring.—Prithce,
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with
me.

Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another
tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on afore? This is the night,

[Aside.
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber: ¹ DESDEMONA in
bed asleep. A light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my
soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his sword;

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then — Put out the
light?^b

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister!

^a Quite dead. The quarto omits *quite*.

^b We have pointed this controverted passage according to a suggestion of Warburton. It is usually printed as it is found in the original copies:—

"Put out the light, and then put out the light."

Warburton's explanation of his reading is as follows:—"The meaning is, I will put out the light, and then proceed to the execution of my purpose. But, the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say,—But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites." The reading of the folio in a subsequent line, "but once put out *thy* light," strengthens, we think, this interpretation of Warburton's. Instead of this, some editors have adopted the weaker reading of the quarto, "*but once put out thine*."

I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy
light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell thee on the
tree.^a— [Kissing her.

O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one
more.—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill
thee,

And love thee after:—One more, and that's the
last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's hea-
venly;

It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by
that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heavens forbid.—I would not kill thy
soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill
me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal
then,

When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear I
know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for
loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd and
gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-
bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong concep-
tion,

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O, heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's
hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither;

Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully.

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O, my fear interprets,^a—What, is he
dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to
my face?

Des. O banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

^a *I'll smell thee.* The quarto, *I'll smell it*
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^a *The quarto, my fear interprets them.*

Oth. Down, trumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.^a

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord! my lord! what
ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet
quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.^b

Emil. [*Within.*] What ho, my lord! my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would
speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'t is Emilia;—by and by:—She's
dead.

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't
good?

I think she stirs again:—No.—What's best to
do?^c

If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no
wife:

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted
globe

Did yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you that I may
speak with you,

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee
now? [*Unlocks the door.*]

^a A correspondent suggests that the reading should be, "*being down*, there is no pause." We cannot agree to receive Othello's meaning so literally. He certainly has already said, *Down, trumpet*, and has probably at that moment commenced the death-struggle; for he adds, "nay, if you strive." But the words *being done* appear to us to have a much greater depth of meaning. They are not addressed to Desdemona, but exhibit what is passing in Othello's mind. The conflict between his love and his wounded honour is over; he looks upon the act of retribution as done when he has lifted his murderous hand against his wife. It is done. For the mere completion of the violence, which will then be mercy, "there is no pause."

^b There is no stage direction at this place in the original copies; but it is most probable that the poet intended Othello here to stab Desdemona, according to the practice of the modern stage. His previous resolution, "I'll not shed her blood," is forgotten in the agony and terror of the moment, when he says, *not dead, not yet quite dead*.

^c What's best to do? The quarto, *What's the best?*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders
done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth^a than she was
wont,

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young
Venetian,

Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out
of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas; what cry— at?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's
voice:—

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell.
[*Des.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the
truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'T was I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a
devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did top her: ask thy husband
else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

^a More nearer earth. The quarto, *more near the earth*.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me on her first ;^a
An honest man he is, and hates the slune
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman ? I
say thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks
with love !—

My husband say that she was false ?

Oth. He, woman ;
I say, thy husband : Dost understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha !

Emil. Do thy worst ;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me
harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives :—Help ! help ! ho !
help !

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder !
murder !

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter !—How now, ge-
neral ?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago ? you have
done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a
man :

He says, thou toldst him that his wife was
false :

I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a
villain :

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought ; and told no
more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie ;
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie :—

She false with Cassio !—Did you say with
Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress : Go to, charm
your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue, I am
bound to speak ;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forfend !

Emil. And your reports have set the murder
on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, in-
deed.

Gra. 'T is a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act !

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy !—

I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't ;—O vil-
lainy !—

I thought so then ;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get
you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
speak ;

'T is proper I obey him, but not now :

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! [*Falling on the bed.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar :
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul !—
I scarce did know you, uncle : There lies your
nicce,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd :

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemon ! I am glad thy father's
dead ;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance,^a

Oth. 'T is pitiful ; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd
it :

And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love

^a That told me on her first. The quarto, that told me first.

^a Reprobance. The quarto, reprobation.

Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'T will out, 't will out!—I hold my peace,
sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the north;^a
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*IAGO offers to stab his wife.*

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief
thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband,
For often with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,) ^b
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She gave it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentle-
men:

O murderous coxcomb; what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious
villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure he has kill'd his
wife.

Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress'
side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this
weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damned slave.

[*Exit MONTANO.*^b

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music;—'Willow, willow, wil-
low.'—

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel
Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;^c—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with
me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain
boast!

Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
girl?

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemon! dead Desdemon! dead. Oh, oh.

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a
chair, and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate
man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain
forth.

^a As liberal as the north. The quarto, as liberal as the air.
Liberal is used in the sense of unrestrained—uncontrolled.

^b The ordinary stage-direction is here, *Exeunt Montano
and Gratiano*; and *Gratiano* is afterwards made to re-enter.
See Illustration, p. 322.

^c Ice-brook's temper. Pope and others would read *Ebro's
temper*. The practice of the Spaniards to temper their swords
by plunging them, when hot from the forge, into waters of
an icy coldness, is noticed by Martial and Justin.

Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but
that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.

[*OTHELLO wounds IAGO.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee
live;

For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his
villainy:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know,
you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath be-
fall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a
letter,

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned vil-
lain;

But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go
with us;

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state: Come, bring away.^a

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know 't;

No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian,^b threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,

^a *Bring away.* The quarto, *bring him away.*

^b *Indian.* The first quarto reads distinctly, *Indian*—the first folio, *Indian*. We might have thought that there was only a substitution in this reading of *u* for *e*, had we not turned to all the passages in that edition where Indian occurs, and found it invariably spelt *I-n-d-i-a-n*. The controversy as to reading *Indian*, or *Judean*, and who was the base *Judean*, occupies six pages of the variorum editions. Theobald maintained that he was "Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him." Steevens brings forward an old story of a Jew, which he has read in some book, who threw a pearl into the Adriatic. This story looks excessively like a forgery, in which art Steevens dabbled. Steevens will not have the *Indian*, because he thinks *base* is an improper epithet. Malone rejects him, because the word *tribe* appears to have a peculiarly Hebrew signification. To show how far conjecture wishes to impress upon us that the allusion was to Judas Iscariot. Boswell, in a very sensible note, shows that *tribe* meant in Shakspeare's day *kindred*; that *base* is used in the sense of ignorant; and, what is very important, that two poets after Shakspeare, have described the *Indians* as casting away jewels of which they knew not the value. Habbington, in his 'Castara,' has these lines:—

"So the unskilful *Indian* those bright gems
Which might add majesty to diadems
Among the waves scatters."

And Sir Edward Howard, in 'The Woman's Conquest,' has—

"Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern I'll cast away
Than *Indians* do a pearl, that ne'er did know
Its value."

The preference of Coleridge for *Indian* has great weight with us. He says "Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not to excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word '*base*,' which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's."

Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.

[*Slubs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No
way but this,

Killing myself to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog!

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed;

[*To IAGO.*]

This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—

Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you.—To you, lord
governor,

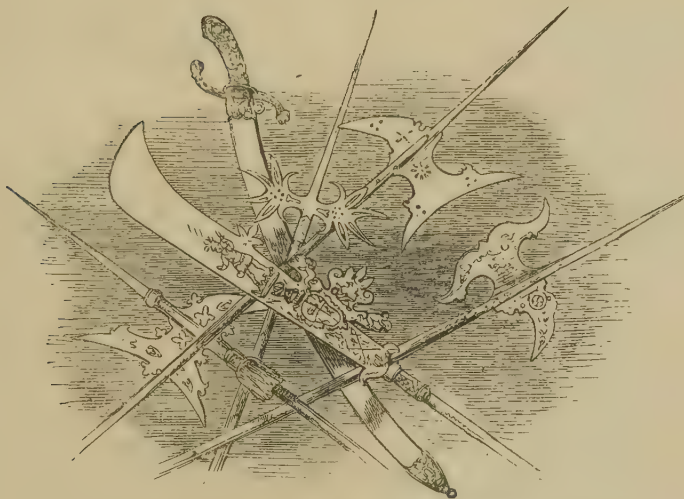
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;

The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!

Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*Exeunt.*]



(Venetian Jewels, haubercs, and sword of an Estradiot. Meyrick's Collection.)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

1 SCENE II.—“A bedchamber, &c.”

THE stage directions in the original copies of Shakspeare are very scantily supplied; and we have no indications either of general or particular localities. In the scene before us, the original direction is, *enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed*. It appears to us that, to understand this scene properly, we must refer to the peculiar construction of the ancient theatres. In *Romeo and Juliet* (Illustrations of Act III.) we have described the balcony or upper stage, in explanation of the old direction, *enter Romeo and Juliet aloft*. We there gave Malone's description of the uses of this balcony. Mr. Collier has also thus described another arrangement of the old stage, independent of the balcony: “Besides the curtain in front of the stage, which concealed it from the spectators until it was drawn on each side upon a rod, there were other curtains at the back of the stage, called *traverses*, which served, when drawn, to make another and an inner apartment, when such was required by the business of the play. They had this name at a very early date.” The German commentators upon Shakspeare have bestowed much attention upon this subject. Ulrici says, “In the midst of the stage, not far from the proscenium, was erected a sort of balcony or platform, supported by two pillars which stood upon some broad steps. These steps led up to an interior and smaller stage, which, formed by the space under the platform and betwixt the pillars, was applied to the most varied uses.” Tieck, in his notes upon *Lear* has shown, we think very satisfactorily, that the horrid action of tearing at Gloucester's eyes did not take place on the stage proper. He says, “The chair in which Gloucester is bound is that which stood somewhat elevated in the middle of the scene, and from which *Lear* delivered his first speech. This little theatre in the midst was, when not in use, concealed by a curtain: when in use, the curtain was withdrawn. Shakspeare, therefore, like all the dramatists of his age, has frequently two scenes at one and the same time. In *Henry VIII.* the nobles stand in the ante-chamber; the curtain of the smaller stage is withdrawn, and we are in the chamber of the king. Again, while Crammer waits in the ante-chamber, the curtains open to the council-chamber. We have here this advantage, that by the pillars which divided the little central theatre from the proscenium, or proper stage, not only could a double group be presented, but it could be partially concealed; and thus two scenes might be played, which could be wholly comprehended, although not everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen.” It appears to us not very material to determine whether Ulrici is right about the “broad steps.” Certainly the elevation of the “little central theatre” was not considerable—it was “somewhat elevated,” as Tieck observes. Now, let us apply this principle to the scene before us; and we doubt not that we shall get rid of some anomalies which are presented to us in the modern representations. *Enter Othello,*

to the proper stage; *Desdemona in her bed* is concealed from the audience in the little central stage, whose curtains are drawn. After Othello has said, “I'll smell thee on the tree,” he ascends the little elevated stage, and undraws its curtain. The dialogue between him and Desdemona then takes place. After the murder he remains upon the central stage, while Emilia is knocking at the door; and after

“Soft, by and by:—let me the curtains draw,”

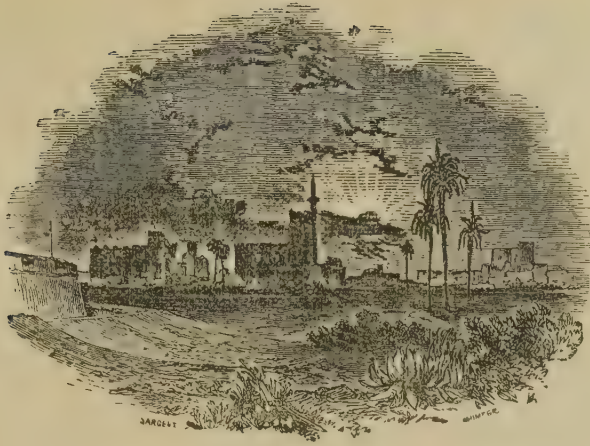
he steps down. The dialogue between Emilia and Othello at first goes on without any apparent consciousness on the part of Emilia of Desdemona's presence. When Desdemona has spoken Emilia withdraws the curtain of the secondary stage. When Montano, Gratiano, and Iago enter, a long dialogue takes place between Iago and Emilia, without Montano and Gratiano perceiving “what is the matter.” Had Desdemona been upon the stage proper, there would have been no time for this dialogue. Her murder would have been at once discovered. The actors now get over the difficulty by having a four-post bedstead, with curtains closely drawn. When, however, Emilia ascends the central stage, and exclaims,

“My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.”

a double group is presented. Emilia is in the chamber with Desdemona; Othello and the others remain on the stage proper; Montano then follows Iago out, who had previously rushed to the central stage, and stabbed his wife. Gratiano remains upon the proper stage; but why then does Montano order Gratiano to guard the door without? Othello has entered into the secondary stage, and he speaks from within the curtain to Gratiano,—

“I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.”

Gratiano, still remaining upon the proper stage, answers, “If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear.” But when Othello says, “Look in upon me then,” the curtain is withdrawn, and Gratiano ascends to the secondary stage. It is the practice of the modern theatres to get over the difficulty by making Gratiano go out with Montano, contrary to the original text; and to make him enter again when Othello says, “Look in upon me.” But how then shall we account for the speech of Lodovico, when he subsequently enters,—“Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?” without the secondary stage? From that stage Othello answers, “That's he that was Othello; here I am.” The subsequent events take place upon the stage proper; although it was probably contrived that Othello should kill himself on the secondary stage. Those who complain, with Voltaire, of an exhibition where a woman is strangled upon the stage, may be relieved by finding that in the ancient theatre “two scenes might be played which could be wholly comprehended, although not everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen.”



[Famagusta, from a recent Sketch.]

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WHEN Shakspeare first became acquainted with the 'Moor of Venice' of Giraldi Cinthio (whether in the original Italian, or the French translation, or in one of the little story-books that familiarized the people with the romance and the poetry of the south), he saw in that novel *the scaffolding* of Othello. There was formerly in Venice a valiant Moor, says the story. It came to pass that a virtuous lady of wonderful beauty, named Desdemona, became enamoured of his great qualities and noble virtues. The Moor loved her in return, and they were married in spite of the opposition of the lady's friends. It happened too (says the story), that the senate of Venice appointed the Moor to the command of Cyprus, and that his lady determined to accompany him thither. Amongst the officers who attended upon the General was an ensign, of the most agreeable person, but of the most depraved nature. The wife of this man was the friend of Desdemona, and they spent much of their time together. The wicked ensign became violently enamoured of Desdemona; but she, whose thoughts were wholly engrossed by the Moor, was utterly regardless of the ensign's attentions. His love then became terrible hate, and he resolved to accuse Desdemona to her husband of infidelity, and to connect with the accusation a captain of Cyprus. That officer, having struck a centinel, was discharged from his command by the Moor; and Desdemona, interested in his favour, endeavoured to reinstate him in her husband's good opinion. The Moor said one day to the ensign, that his wife was so importunate for the restoration of the officer, that he must take him back. 'If you would open your eyes, you would see plainer,' said the ensign. The romance-writer continues to display the perfidious intrigues of the ensign against Desdemona. He steals a handkerchief which the Moor had given her, employing the agency of his own child. He contrives with the Moor to murder the captain of Cyprus, after he has made the credulous husband listen to a conversation to which he gives a false colour and direction; and, finally, the Moor and the guilty officer destroy Desdemona together, under circumstances of great brutality. The crime is, however, concealed, and the Moor is finally betrayed by his accomplice.

Mr. Dunlop, in his 'History of Fiction,' has pointed out the material differences between the novel and the tragedy. He adds, "In all these important variations, Shakspeare has improved on his original. In a few other particulars he has deviated from it with less judgment; in most respects he has adhered with close imitation. The characters of Iago, Desdemona, and Cassio, are taken from Cinthio with scarcely a shade of difference. The obscure hints and various artifices of the villain to raise suspicion in the Moor are the same in the novel and the drama." M. Guizot,

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with the eye of real criticism, has been somewhat further than Mr. Dunlop. "There was wanting in the narrative of *Cinthio* the poetical genius which furnished the actors—which created the individuals—which imposed upon each a figure and a character—which made us see their actions, and listen to their words—which presented their thoughts and penetrated their sentiments:—that vivifying power which summons events to arise, to progress, to expand, to be completed:—that creative breath which, breathing over the past, calls it again into being, and fills it with a present and imperishable life:—this was the power which Shakspeare alone possessed, and by which, out of a forgotten novel, he has made *Othello*."

Before we can be said to understand the idea of Shakspeare in the composition of *Othello*, we must disabuse ourselves of some of the commonplace principles upon which he has been interpreted. It is with this object that we have here, instead of in our Introductory Notice, given a rapid sketch of the source from which he derived this tragedy. The novel, be it observed, is a very intelligible and consistent story, of wedded happiness, of unlawful and unrequited attachment, of revenge growing out of disappointment, of jealousy too easily abused, of confederacy with the abuser, of most brutal and guilty violence, of equally base falsehood and concealment. This is a story in which we see nothing out of the common course of wickedness; nothing which licentious craft might not prompt, and frenzied passion adopt. The *Iago* of the tragedy, it is said, has not sufficient motives for his crimes. Mr. Skottowe tells us that in the novel, except as a means of vengeance on *Desdemona*, the infliction of pain upon the Moor forms no part of the treacherous officer's design. But, with regard to the play, he informs us, that it is surely straining the matter beyond the limits of probability to attribute *Iago's* detestation of *Othello* to causes so inadequate and vague as the dramatist has assigned.* We have here the two principles upon which the novelist and the dramatist worked thoroughly at issue; and the one is to be called natural and the other unnatural. The one would have produced such an *Othello* as is cleverly described in the introduction to a French translation of the play recently published:† in which the nature of jealousy and all its cruel effects would have been explained, with great pomp of language, by a confidante in an introductory monologue; and the same subject would have served for a continued theme, until the fatal conclusion, which was long foreseen, of an amiable wife becoming the victim of a cruel oppressor. This is the *Zaire* of *Voltaire*. Upon the other principle, we have no explanations, no regular progress of what is most palpable in human action. We have the "motiveless malignity" of *Iago*,—"a being next to devil, and only not quite devil, and yet a character which Shakspeare has attempted and executed without scandal,"‡ as the main spring of all the fearful events which issue out of the unequal contest between the powers of grossness and purity, of falsehood and truth. This is the *Othello* of Shakspeare.

If it had been within the compass of Shakspeare's great scheme of the exposition of human actions and the springs of action, to have made *Iago* a supernatural incarnation of the principle of evil, he would not have drawn him very differently from what he is. In all essentials he is "only not quite devil." He is very much less "than archangel ruined." Milton, when he paints his Satan as about to plunge our first parents in irretrievable misery, makes him exhibit "signs of remorse:"—

"———Should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.
So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds."

When *Iago* beholds a picture of happiness, not much inferior to that upon which the Satan of Milton looked, he has no compunctious visitings at the prospect of destroying it:—

"———"O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am."

But there is another great poetical creation to which *Iago* bears more resemblance—the *Mephistopheles*

* *The Life of Shakspeare.* By Augustine Skottowe. Vol. II. p. 76.
† *Chefs-d'Œuvre de Shakspeare.* Tome II. Paris. 1839.

‡ Coleridge.

OTHELLO.

of Goethe. Take away the supernatural power in Mephistophiles, and the sense of the supernatural power in Faust, and the actions of the human fiend and of the real fiend are reduced to pretty much the same standard. It could not be otherwise. Goethe, to make the incarnation of the evil principle intelligible in its dealing with human affairs, could only paint what Shakspeare has painted—a being passionless, self-possessed, unsympathising, sceptical of all truth and purity, intellectually gross and sensual,—of a will uncontrolled by fear for himself or respect for others,—the abstract of the reasoning power in the highest state of activity, but without love, without veneration, without hope, unspiritualized, earthy. Mephistophiles and Iago have this in common, also, that they each seek to destroy their victims through their affections, and each is successful in the attempt. If Shakspeare had made Iago actually exhibit the vulgar attributes of the fiend, when Othello exclaims—

“ I look down towards his feet ”—

would the character have been a particle more real? Fiends painted by men are but reflections of the baser principles of humanity. Shakspeare embodied those principles in Iago; and, it being granted that great talent combined with an utter destitution of principle, and a complete denudation of sympathy, has produced the monsters which history has described, who shall say that the character is exaggerated?

The list of “persons represented,” affixed to the folio edition of Othello, and called “the names of the actors,” is as little wanted for the information of the reader of this tragedy, as any preparatory *scenic description* of the characters. In this list we have “Iago, a villain,”—“Roderigo, a gull’d gentleman.” But Shakspeare has given us very clear indications by which to know the gull from the rogue. We have not read a dozen sentences before we feel the intellectual vigour of Iago, and the utter want of honour, which he is not ashamed to avow. He parries in an instant the complaint of Roderigo,—

“ That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,”—

and commands a sympathy with his own complaints against the Moor. He is not nice in the avowal of his principles of action:—

“ In following him, I follow but myself.”

He lays bare, without the slightest apprehension, the selfish motives upon which he habitually acts. And is not this nature? Roderigo, blinded by his passion and vanity, overlooks, as all men do under similar circumstances, the risk which he himself runs from such a confederate; and Iago knows that he will overlook it. He never makes a similar exposition of himself directly to persons of nice honour and sensitive morality. To Othello he is the hypocrite:—

——“ I lack iniquity,
Some times to do me service.”

And therefore, in Othello’s opinion,

“ A man he is of honesty and trust.”

And even to the “gull’d gentleman,” while he is counselling the most abominable wickedness, he is a sort of moralist, up to the point of securing attention and belief:—“our bodies are our gardens.” When he is alone he revels in the pride of his intellect:—

“ Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own *gain’d knowledge* should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit.”

To Desdemona, in the first scene at Cyprus, he is “nothing if not critical,” according to his own account; but retailing “old foud paradoxes,” to conceal his real opinions. When he tasks his understanding to meet Desdemona’s demand of, “What praise could’st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed?” he exhibits the very perfection of satirical verse,—the precise model of what used to be called poetry,—the light without warmth of cleverness without feeling. To Cassio, a frank and generous soldier, somewhat easily tempted to folly, and with morals just loose enough not to destroy his native love of truth and purity, he ventures to exhibit himself more openly. The dialogue in the third scene of the second act, where they discourse of Desdemona, is a key to the habitual grossness of his imagination. His sarcasm to Cassio after the anger of Othello, “As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation,”—discloses the utter absence from his mind of the principle of honour. And then, again, he can accommodate himself to all the demands of the frankest joviality:—

“ And let me the cannakin, clink, clink.”

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Other dramatists would have made him gloomy and morose, but Shakspeare knew that the boon companion, and the cheat and traitor, are not essentially distinct characters. In these lighter demonstrations of his real nature we have seen the clever scoundrel and the passionless sensualist tainted with impurity to the extremest depth of his will and his understanding. We have seen, too, at the very commencement of the play, his hatred to Othello exhibited in the rousing up of Desdemona's father. We have learned something, also, of the motive of this hatred—the preferment of Cassio:—

———“ Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.”

But it remained for Iago himself, thinking aloud, or, as we call it, soliloquizing, to disclose the entire scope of his villainy. He is to get Cassio's place, and “to abuse Othello's ear.” To justify even to himself this second fiendish determination, he shows us, as Coleridge has beautifully expressed it, “The motive hunting of a motiveless malignity.” We may well add with Coleridge, “how awful it is!” To understand the confidence with which Iago exclaims, “I have it, it is engender'd,” we must examine the elements of Othello's character.

Iago paints the Moor with bitter satire, as one “loving his own pride and purposes.” He exhibits him lofty and magniloquent, using “a bombast circumstance.” This is the mode in which a cold, calculating man of the world looks upon the imaginative man. The practical men, as they are called, regard with dislike those who habitually bring high thoughts and forcible expressions into the commerce of life. And yet Iago is compelled to do justice to the Moor's high talent:—

“ Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business.”

The frankness and generosity of the Moor, on the contrary, is a subject for his utter scorn. Here he has no sympathy with him:—

“ The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.”

Again,—

“ The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature.”

It is his dependence upon this constant, loving, noble nature,—it is upon Othello's freedom from all low suspicion, that Iago relies for his power to

“ Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass;
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness.”

But let Othello speak for himself. Not vain, but proud;—relying upon himself, his birth, his actions, he is calm at the prospect of any injury that Brabantio can do him. He is bold when he has to confront those who come as his enemies:—

———“ I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly.”

When the old senator exclaims, “down with him—thief!” how beautiful is his self-command!—

“ Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.”

It was this forbearance and self-restraint, bottomed upon the most enthusiastic energy, that made him a hero. When he is wrought into frenzy, Iago himself is surprised at the storm which he has produced; and he looks upon the tempest of passion as a child does upon some machine which he has unchievously set in motion for damage and destruction, but which under guidance is a beautiful instrument of usefulness. “Can he be angry?” Lodovico, in the same way, does justice to his habitual equanimity:—

“ Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? This the nature
Whom passion could not shake?”

The senate scene is the triumph of Othello's perfect simplicity and fearless enthusiasm:—

“ I think this tale would win my daughter too.”

And then his affection for Desdemona. Before the assembled senators he puts on no show of violence—no reality, and, unquestionably, no affectation, of warmth and tenderness:—

OTHELLO.

"She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them."

But when the meeting comes at Cyprus, after their separation and their danger, the depth of his affection bursts forth in irrepressible words :—

———"If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

Such are the materials upon which Iago has to work in Othello. But had Desdemona been otherwise than she was, his success would not have been so assured. Let us dwell for a moment upon the elementary character of this pure and gentle being.

Desdemona's father first describes her :—

———"A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at herself."

Yet upon her very first appearance she does not shrink from avowing the strength of her affections :—

"That I love the Moor, to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world."

But she immediately adds the reason for this :—

———"My heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord."

The *impressibility* of Desdemona is her distinguishing characteristic. With this key, the tale of Othello's wooing is a most consistent one. The timid girl is brought into immediate contact with the earnest warrior. She hears of wonders most remote from her experience;—caves and deserts, rocks and hills, in themselves marvels to an inhabitant of the city of the sea,—

———"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field."

How exquisite is the domestic picture which follows :—

"But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse."

But this impressibility, this exceeding sympathy arising out of the tenderness of her nature, is under the control of the most perfect purity. Iago does full justice to this purity, whilst he sees that her kindness of heart may be abused :—

———"For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements."

Her confidence in the power which she possesses over Othello is the result of the perfect sympathy which she has bestowed and received. And her zeal in friendship, without a thought that she might be mistaken, has its root in the same confiding nature :—

"I give thee warrant of thy place; assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it
To the last article."

The equivocation about the handkerchief is the result of the same impressibility. She is terrified out of her habitual candour. The song of "Willow," and the subsequent dialogue with Emilia, are evidences of the same subjection of the mind to external impressions. But her unassailable purity is above all. "I do not think there is any such woman" is one of those minute touches which we in vain seek for in any other writer but Shakspeare.

Understanding, then, the native characters of Othello and Desdemona, we shall appreciate the marvellous skill with which Shakspeare has conducted the machinations of Iago. If the novel of Cinthio had fallen into common hands to be dramatized, and the dramatist had chosen to depart from the motive of revenge against Desdemona which there actuates the villain, the plot would probably have taken this course :—The Desdemona would have been somewhat less pure than our Desdemona; the Cassio would have been somewhat more presumptuous than our Cassio, and have not felt for Desdemona the religious veneration which he feels; the Othello would have

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been "easily jealous," and would have done something "in hate," but not "all in honour," as our Othello. It is a part of the admirable knowledge of human nature possessed by Shakspeare, that Iago does not, even for a moment, entertain the thought of tampering with the virtue of Desdemona, either through Cassio, or Roderigo, or any other instrument. Coleridge has boldly and truly said that "Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning; but, in considering the essence of the Shaksperian Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances."

But Othello was not only betrayed by his reliance on "Iago's honesty," but also by his confidence in Iago's wisdom:—

"This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings."

Again,

"O thou art wise; 'tis certain."

When Othello thus bows his own lofty nature before the grovelling but most acute worldly intellect of Iago, his habitual view of "all qualities" had been clouded by the breath of the slanderer. His confidence in purity and innocence had been destroyed. The sensual judgment of "human dealings" had taken the place of the spiritual. The enthusiastic love and veneration of his wife had been painted to him as the result of gross passion:—

"Not to affect many proposed matches," &c.

His belief in the general prevalence of virtuous motives and actions had been degraded to a reliance on the libertine's creed that all are impure:—

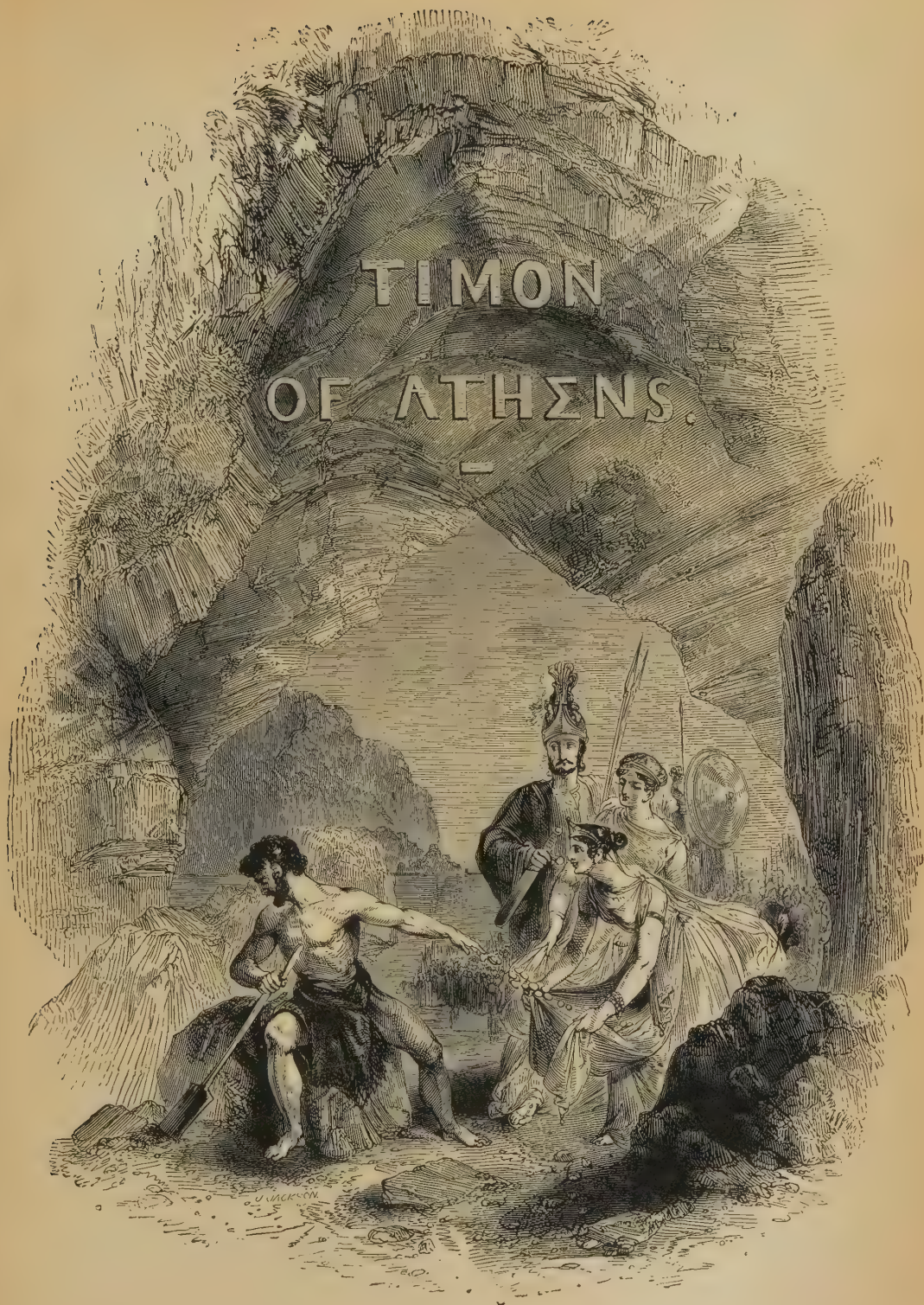
—"there's millions now alive," &c.

When the innocent and the high-minded submit themselves to the tutelage of the man of the world, as he is called, the process of mental change is precisely that produced in the mind of Othello. The poetry of life is gone. On them, never more

"The freshness of the heart can fall like dew."

They abandon themselves to the betrayer, and they prostrate themselves before the energy of his "gain'd knowledge." They feel that in their own original powers of judgment they have no support against the dogmatism, and it may be the ridicule, of experience. This is the course with the young when they fall into the power of the tempter. But was not Othello in all essentials young? Was he not of an enthusiastic temperament, confiding, loving,—most sensitive to opinion,—jealous of his honour,—truly wise, had he trusted to his own pure impulses?—But he was most weak, in adopting an evil opinion against his own faith, and conviction, and proof in his reliance upon the honesty and judgment of a man whom he really doubted and had never proved. Yet this is the course by which the highest and noblest intellects are too often subjected to the dominion of the subtle understanding and the unbridled will. It is an unequal contest between the principles that are struggling for the mastery in the individual man, when the attributes of the serpent and the dove are separated, and become conflicting. The wisdom which belonged to Othello's enthusiastic temperament was his confidence in the truth and purity of the being with whom his life was bound up, and his general reliance upon the better part of human nature, in his judgment of his friend. When the confidence was destroyed by the craft of his deadly enemy, his sustaining power was also destroyed;—the balance of his sensitive temperament was lost;—his enthusiasm became wild passion:—his new belief in the dominion of grossness over the apparently pure and good, shaped itself into gross outrage; his honour lent itself to schemes of cruelty and revenge. But even amidst the whirlwind of this passion, we every now and then hear something which sounds as the softest echo of love and gentleness. Perhaps in the whole compass of the Shaksperian pathos there is nothing deeper than "But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago." It is the contemplated murder of Desdemona which thus tears his heart. But his "disordered power, engendered within itself to its own destruction," hurries on the catastrophe. We would ask, with Coleridge, "As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?"

TIMON OF ATHENS.





[Athenian Coin]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF TIMON OF ATHENS.

'THE Life of Tymon of Athens' was first published in the folio collection of 1623; and immediately previous to that publication, it was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." The text, in this first edition, has no division into acts and scenes. We have reason to believe that, with a few exceptions, it is accurately printed from the copy which was in the possession of Heminge and Condell; and we have judged it important, for reasons which we shall feel it our duty to state in considerable detail, to follow that copy with very slight variations.

The text which, before our Pictorial edition, was ordinarily printed, that of Steevens, underwent, in an almost unequalled extent, what the editors called "regulation." Steevens was a great master in this art of "regulation"—a process by which what was originally printed as prose is sometimes transformed into verse, with the aid of transposition, omission, and substitution; and what, on the contrary, stood in the original as verse, is changed into prose, because the ingenuity of the editor has been unable to render it strictly metrical. There are various other modes of "regulation," which have been most extensively employed in the play before us; and the consequence was that some very important characteristics were utterly destroyed in the variorum editions—the record was obliterated. The task, however, which Steevens undertook, was in some cases too difficult a one to be carried through consistently; and he has been compelled, therefore, to leave several passages, that invited his ambition to "regulate," even as he found them. For example, in that part of the first scene where Apemantus appears, we have a dialogue, of which Steevens thus speaks:—"The very imperfect state in which the ancient copy of this play has reached us, leaves a doubt whether several short speeches in the present scene were designed for verse or prose; I have, therefore, made no attempt at 'regulation.'" Boswell upon this very sensibly asks, "Why should not the same doubt exist with regard to other scenes, in which Mr. Steevens has not acted with the same moderation?" It will be necessary that, in addition to the notices in our foot-notes, we should here call the attention of the reader to a few specimens of the difference between the ancient and the modern text.

The original presents to us in particular scenes a very considerable number of short lines, occurring in the most rapid succession. We have no parallel example in Shakspeare of the fre-

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quency of their use. The hemistich is introduced with great effect in some of the finest passages in *Lear*. But in *Timon of Athens*, its perpetual recurrence in some scenes is certainly not always a beauty. The "regulation," however, has not only concealed this peculiar feature, but has necessarily altered the structure of the verses preceding or following the hemistich. We print a few such passages in parallel columns:—

ANCIENT COPIES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Alc. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

SCENE II.

Ven. Most honoured Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace:

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Stew. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough.
Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest into their glutt'nous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Tim. Had I a steward,
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was born of woman."

No one we believe, having the passages thus exhibited, will consider that Steevens has improved the poet by his "regulation." But even if there should be differences of taste in this particular with reference to the passages before us, we maintain that in those passages, and in the examples we are about to give, the integrity of the text ought to have been preserved upon a principle.

The next examples which we shall take are those in which the prose of the original has been turned into verse:—

ACT I. SCENE II.

Tim. Now Apemantus if thou wert not sullen I would
be good to thee.

Apem. No. I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou
would'st sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear
me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you. I hunted with
his honour to-day; you to Sempronius; commend me to
their loves; and I am proud, say, that my occasions have
found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the
request be fifty talents.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou
wilt not promise the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man:
if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man."

MODERN COPIES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

SCENE II.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods
remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough. Why then prefer'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly:

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely this man was born of woman."

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Apem. No, I'll nothing; for
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To rail upon thee; and thou wouldst sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly.

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cius,—
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Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
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Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou 'rt a man!"

TIMON OF ATHENS.

The third and last series of examples which we shall furnish, exhibits the metamorphosis of the verse of the original into prose :—

ACT V. SCENE I.

Painter. Good as the best.
Promising is the very air o' th' time;
It opens the eyes of expectation.
Performance is ever the duller for his act,
And, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
The deed of saying is quite out of use,
To promise is most courtly and fashionable;
Performance is a kind of will and testament
Which argues a great sickness in his judgement
That makes it.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him:
It must be a personating of himself:
A satire against the softness of prosperity,
With a discovery of the infinite flatteries
That follow youth and opulency."

ACT V. SCENE I.

Painter. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

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Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency."

We have thus prepared the reader, who is familiar with the ordinary text, not to rely upon it as a transcript of the ancient copies; and we shall now endeavour to show that, by a careful examination of the original, we may arrive at some conclusions with regard to this drama which have been hitherto entirely overlooked.

The disguises of the ancient text, which have been so long accepted without hesitation, have given to the *Timon of Athens* something of the semblance of uniformity in the structure of the verse; although in reality the successive scenes, even in the modern text, present the most startling contrarieties to the ear which is accustomed to the versification of Shakspeare. The ordinary explanation of this very striking characteristic is, that the ancient text is corrupt. This is the belief of the English editors. Another theory, which has been received in Germany, is, that the *Timon* being one of the latest of Shakspeare's performances has come down to us unfinished. The conviction to which we have ourselves arrived neither rests upon the probable corruption of the text, nor the possibility that the poet has left us only an unfinished draft of his performance; but upon the belief that the differences of style, as well as the more important differences in the cast of thought, which prevail in the successive scenes of this drama, are so remarkable as to justify the conclusion that it is not wholly the work of Shakspeare. We think it will not be very difficult so to exhibit these differences in detail, as to warrant us in requesting the reader's acquiescence in the principle which we seek to establish, namely, that the *Timon of Athens* was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakspeare, and which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly re-written, as in the instance of the *Taming of the Shrew*, and the *King John*, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakspeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play; and lastly, that this substitution has been almost wholly confined to the character of *Timon*, and that in the development of that character alone, with the exception of some few occasional touches here and there, we must look for the unity of the Shaksperian conception of the Greek *Misanthropos*—the *Timon* of *Aristophanes* and *Lucian* and *Plutarch*—"the enemy to mankind," of the popular story books—of the '*Pleasant Histories* and excellent *Novels*,' which were greedily devoured by the contemporaries of the boyish Shakspeare.*

The contrast of style which is to be traced throughout this drama is sufficiently striking in the two opening scenes which now constitute the first act. Nothing can be more free and flowing than the dialogue between the *Poet* and the *Painter*. It has all the equable graces of Shakspeare's facility, with occasional examples of that condensation of poetical images which so distinguishes him from all other writers. For instance :—

" All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him,
Drink the free air."

* The *Palace of Pleasure*, in which the story of *Timon* is found, was first published in 1575.

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The fore-shadowing of the fate of Timon in the conclusion of this dialogue is part of the almost invariable system by which Shakspeare very early infuses into his audience a dim notion of the catastrophe,—most frequently indeed in the shape of some presentiment. When Timon enters we feel certain that he is the Timon of Shakspeare's own conception. He is as graceful as he is generous; his prodigality is without the slightest particle of arrogance; he builds his munificence upon the necessity of gratifying without restraint the deep sympathies which he cherishes to all of the human family. He is the very model too of patrons, appearing to receive instead of to confer a favour in his reward of art,—a complete gentleman even in the act of purchasing a jewel of a tradesman. That the Apemantus of this scene belongs wholly to Shakspeare is not to our minds quite so certain. There is little of wit in any part of this dialogue; and the pelting volley of abuse between the Cynic, the Poet, and the Painter, might have been produced by any writer who was not afraid of exhibiting the *tu quoque* style of repartee which distinguishes the angry rhetoric of fish-wives and school-boys. Shakspeare, however, has touched upon the original canvas;—no one can doubt to whom these lines belong:—

———“So, so; there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.”

These lines in the original are printed as prose; and they continued so to be printed by Theobald and the editors who succeeded him, probably from its not being considered that *aches* is a disyllable. This circumstance is a confirmation to us that the dialogue with Apemantus is not entirely Shakspeare's; for it is a most remarkable fact that, in all those passages of which there cannot be a doubt that they were *wholly* written by our poet, there is no confusion of prose for verse,—no difficulties whatever in the metrical arrangement,—no opportunity presented for the exercise of any ingenuity in “regulation.” It was this fact which first led us to perceive, and subsequently to trace, the differences between particular scenes and passages. Wherever the modern text follows the ancient text with very slight changes, there we could put our finger undoubtingly upon the work of Shakspeare. Wherever the tinkering of Steevens had been at work, we could discover that he had been attempting to repair,—not “the chinks which time had made,”—but something very different from the materials with which Shakspeare constructed. The evidence of this is at hand.

If, in the first scene, it would be very difficult to say with certainty what is not Shakspeare's, so in the second scene it appears to us equally difficult to point out what is Shakspeare's. We believe that scarcely any part of this scene was written by him; we find ourselves at once amidst a different structure of verse from the foregoing. We encounter this difference remarkably in the first speech of Timon:—

“I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.”

In the first scene we do not find a single rhyming couplet;—in the second scene their recurrence is more frequent than in any of Shakspeare's plays, even the earliest. This scene alone gives us sixteen examples of this form of verse; which, in combination with prose or blank verse, had been almost entirely rejected by the mature Shakspeare, except to render emphatic the close of a scene. In the instance before us, we find the couplet introduced in the most arbitrary and inartificial manner—in itself neither impressive nor harmonious. But the contrast between the second scene and the first is equally remarkable in the poverty of the thought, and the absence of poetical imagery. It will be sufficient, we think, to put in apposition the cynic of this scene and of a subsequent scene, to show the impossibility of the character having been wholly minted from the same die:—

ACT I. SCENE II.

“Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way
They dance! they are mad women:
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools to sport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those nœn,
Upon whose age we void it up again,

ACT IV. SCENE III.

“Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool: Wha, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy neels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,

TIMON OF ATHENS.

With noxious spite and envy.
Who lives that 's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: it has been done:
Men shut their doors against a setting sun."

To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoussed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——"

Let us try the Steward of the first act and the Steward of the second act by the same test. We print the speech in the first column as we find it in the original. With the exception of the two rhyming couplets, it is difficult to say whether it is prose or verse. It has been "regulated" into verse, as we shall show in our foot-notes; but no change can make it metrical;—the feebleness of the thought is the same under every disguise. On the other hand, the harmony, the vigour, the poetical elevation of the second passage, like the greater part of the fourth and fifth acts, effectually prevent all substitution and transposition:—

ACT I. SCENE II.

Flav. What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for every word;
He is so kind, that he now pays interest for't;
His lands put to their books. Well, 'would I were
Gently put out of office, before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that hath no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord."

ACT II. SCENE II.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spith of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.
Tim. Prithee, no more.
Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd."

The modern division of this play into acts and scenes has given us a remarkable short second act. The Senator of the first scene may be Shakspeare's. The scene between the Servants, the Fool, and the cynic, has very little of his animation or his wit. But who is the fool's mistress? Johnson saw the want of connexion between this dialogue and what had preceded it:—"I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the Fool and the Page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularly." We shall have occasion to notice this want of connexion in other scenes of the play. In that before us, if the Timon were an older drama remodelled by Shakspeare, the reason for the retention of the scene, disjointed as it is, is obvious.—The audience had been accustomed to the Fool; and it was of little consequence whether his speeches had any very strict connexion with the more important scenes. The whole thing wants the spirit of Shakspeare, and it wants also the play upon words which he almost invariably employed upon such occasions. The Fool, the Page, the cynic, and the Servants, are simply abusive.

The scene between Timon and the Steward, to the end of the act, is unquestionably from the master-hand of our poet. The character of Timon as his ruin is approaching him is beautifully developed. His reproach of his steward, slightly unjust as it is, is in a tone perfectly in accordance with the kindness of his nature; and his rising anger is forgotten in a moment in his complete conviction of the integrity of that honest servant. His entire reliance upon the gratitude of his friends is most touching. Thoroughly Shaksperian is the steward's description of the coldness of the senators; and Timon's answer is no less characteristic of the great interpreter of human feelings.

We venture to express a conviction that very little of the third act is Shakspeare's. The ingratitude of Lucullus in the first scene, and of Lucius in the second, is amusingly displayed; but there is little power in the development of character—little discrimination. The passionate invective of Flaminius is forcible; but the force is not exactly that of Shakspeare. The dialogue between the

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Strangers, at the end of the second scene, is unmetrical enough in the original; Steevens has made it hobble still worse. The third scene has the same incurable defects. It seems to us perfectly impossible that Shakspeare could have produced thoughts so commonplace, and verse so unmusical, as we find in the speech of Sempronius. The fourth scene, again, has little peculiarity. It might be Shakspeare's, or it might be the work of an inferior writer. Of the fifth scene we venture to say most distinctly that it is not Shakspeare's. Independently of the internal evidence of thought and style (which we shall come to presently), this scene of the banishment of Alcibiades, and the concluding scene of his return to Athens, appear to belong to a drama of which the story of this brave and profligate Athenian formed a much more important feature than in the present play. That story stands here strictly as an episode. The banishment of Alcibiades is perfectly unconnected with the misanthropy of Timon;—the return of Alcibiades takes place after Timon's death. We feel no interest in either event. Ulrici has noticed the uncertain connexion of this drama as a whole, particularly in the scene before us, "where it remains quite unknown who is the unfortunate friend for whom Alcibiades petitions so earnestly that he is banished for it." In Shakspeare's hand the banishment of Alcibiades is only used in connexion with the wonderful scene in the fourth act. In the older drama we have no doubt that it formed an integral portion of the action, and that Timon himself was only incidental to the catastrophe. Shakspeare was satisfied to take the frame-work, as he found it, of the story which he might connect with his display of the character of Timon. The scene before us, and the concluding scene of the fifth act, present, we think, nearly every characteristic by which the early contemporaries of Shakspeare are to be distinguished from him; and the negation, in the same degree, of all those qualities which render him so immeasurably superior to every other dramatic poet.

The scene between Alcibiades and the Senate consists of about a hundred and twenty lines.—Of these lines twenty-six form rhyming couplets. This of itself is enough to make us look suspiciously upon the scene, when presented as the work of Shakspeare. Could the poet have proposed any object to himself, by this extraordinary departure from his usual principle of versification, presenting even in this play an especial contrast to the mighty rush and sustained grandeur of the blank verse in the speeches of Timon in the fourth and fifth acts? Is not the perpetual and offensive recurrence of the couplet an evidence that this and other scenes of the play were of the same school as 'The History of King Lear and his Three Daughters,' upon which Shakspeare founded his own Lear?

The whole of the senate scene in Timon is singularly unmetrical; but wherever the verse becomes regular it is certainly not the metre of Shakspeare. Mark the pause, for example, that occurs at the end of every line of the first speech of Alcibiades. "The linked sweetness long drawn out" is utterly wanting. The last scene of the fifth act has the same peculiarity. But in addition to the structure of the verse, the character of the thought is essentially different from that of the true Shaksperian drama. Where is our poet's imagery? From the first line of this scene to the last, the speeches, though cast into the form of verse, are in reality nothing but measured prose. The action of this scene admitted either of passion or reflection; and we know how Shakspeare puts forth either power whenever the occasion demands it. The passion of Alcibiades is of the most rapid character:—

"Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone that none may look on you!"

Let us contrast for a moment the Shaksperian Coriolanus, under somewhat similar circumstances:—

"You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o' th' rotten fens: whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you."

In this scene between Alcibiades and the senate, the usually profound reflection of Shakspeare, which plunges us into the depths of our own hearts, and the most unfathomable mysteries of the world around us and beyond us, is exchanged for such slight axioms as the following:—

"For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly."
"To revenge is no valour, but to bear."
"To be in anger is impiety,
But who is man that is not angry."

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The form of expression in these scenes with Alcibiades appears to us as remarkably un-Shaksperian as the character of the thought. By nothing is our poet more distinguished than by his conciseness,—the quality that makes him so often apparently obscure. Shakspeare would have dismissed the following idea in three words instead of three lines:—

“ By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth.”

The original stage direction of the sixth scene of the fourth act is, “Enter divers Friends at several doors;” and there is a subsequent direction at the end of the scene—“Enter the Senators with other Lords.” Ulrici, looking at the modern stage direction, “enter divers lords,” is surprised that Timon's most intimate friends (Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius) are omitted. We doubt whether the previous scenes in which these friends are introduced are those of Shakspeare; and in the same way it appears to us that our poet took the scene before us as he found it, adding perhaps Timon's vehement imprecations against his—

“ Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites.”

The scene concludes with this line—

“ One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.”

Steevens had seen a MS. play, written or transcribed about 1600, entitled *Timon*, which was in the possession of Mr. Strutt. Of this play he says,—“There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of warm water he sets before them stones painted like artichokes.” This manuscript has passed into the possession of the Rev. A. Dyce; and the Shakespeare Society have printed the play, under Mr. Dyce's superintendence. We transcribe the passage (modernizing the orthography) in which Timon, having invited his false friends to a banquet, reverts their perfidy and ingratitude. Laches is the faithful steward of this old play. The guests are Gelasinus, Eutrapelus, Demeas, Philargurus, Hermogenes, and Stilpo:

Timon. O happy me, equal to Jove himself!
I going touch the stars. Break out, O joy,
And smother not thyself within my breast!
So many friends, so many friends I see;
Not one hath falsified his faith to me.
What if I am oppress'd with poverty?
And grief doth vex me? fortune left me poor?
All this is nothing: they relieve my wants;
This one doth promise help, another gold,
A third a friendly welcome to his house,
And entertainment; each man acts his part;
All promise counsel and a faithful heart.
Gelas. Timon, thou art forgetful of thy feast.
Tim. Why do ye not fall to? I am at home.
I'll standing sup, or walking, if I please.—
Laches, bring here the artichokes with speed.—
Eutrapelus, Demeas, Hermogenes,
I'll drink this cup, a health to all your healths!
Lach. Convert it into poison, O ye gods!
Let it be rats-bane to them. [Aside.]
Gelas. What, wilt thou have the leg or else the wing?
Eutr. Carve ye that capon.
Dem. I will cut him up
And make a beast of him.
Phil. Timon, this health to thee.
Tim. I'll pledge you, sir.
These artichokes do no man's palate please.
Dem. I love them well, by Jove!
Tim. Here, take them then!
[Stones painted like to them, and throws them at them.]
Nay, thou shalt have them, thou, and all of ye!
Ye wicked, base, perfidious rascals.
Think ye my hate's so soon extinguish'd?
[Tim. beats HERM. above all the rest.]
Dem. O my head!
Herm. O my cheek!
Phil. Is this a feast?

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Gelas. Truly, a stony one.
Still. Stones sublimary have the same matter with the heavenly;
Tim. If I Jove's horrid thunderbolt did hold
 Within my hand, thus, thus would I dart it! *He hits HENK.*
Herm. Woe and alas, my brains are dashed out!
Gelas. Alas, alas, 't will never be my hap
 To travel now to the antipodes!
 Oh! that I had my Pegasus but here!
 I'd fly away, by Jove! *[Exeunt all except TIM. and LACH.]*
Tim. Ye are a stony generation,
 Or harder, if aught harder may be found;
 Monsters of Scythia inhospital,
 Nay, very devils, hateful to the gods.
Lach. Master, they are gone."

It is pretty clear that Shakspeare owed no obligation to the writer of this scene. Mr. Dyce justly says, "I entertain considerable doubts of his having been acquainted with a drama which was certainly never performed in the metropolis, and which was likely to have been read only by a few of the author's particular friends, to whom transcripts of it had been presented." We have little doubt, however, that Timon was familiar to the stage before Shakspeare took up the subject; although it is tolerably evident that the play which Mr. Dyce has given to the world was not the play which Shakspeare, as we believe, partly made his own. Shakspeare, according to our belief, did what he undertook to do, and perhaps he did more than he intended. He completely remodelled the character of Timon. He left it standing apart in its naked power and majesty, without much regard to what surrounded it. It might have been a hasty experiment to produce a new character for Burbage, the greatest of Elizabethan actors. That Timon is so all in all in the play is, to our minds, much better explained by the belief that Shakspeare engrafted it upon the feeble Timon of a feeble drama that held possession of the stage, than by the common opinion that he, having written the play entirely, had left us only a corrupt text, or left it unfinished, with parts not only out of harmony with the drama as a whole, in action, in sentiment, in versification, but altogether different from anything he had himself produced in his early, his mature, or his later years.

It is scarcely necessary for us very minutely to follow the successive passages of the fourth and fifth acts, in our endeavours to trace the hand of Shakspeare. We may, however, briefly point out the passages which we believe *not* to be his. The second scene of the fourth act, between the steward and the servants, has some touches undoubtedly of the master's hand; the steward's speech, after the servants have left, again presents us the rhyming couplets, and the unmetrical blank verse. The scene between the Poet and the Painter, at the commencement of the fifth act, is so unmetrical, that it has been printed as prose by all modern editors, and we scarcely know how to avoid following the example. We have already exhibited a specimen of this hobbling approach to metre—the characteristic of several of the rude plays which preceded Shakspeare, such as 'The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth.' Mr. Collier considers that play to be wholly prose; but he adds, "by the time it was printed, blank-verse had completely superseded both rhyme and prose: the publisher seems, on this account, to have chopped up much of the original prose into lines of various lengths, in order to look like some kind of measure, and *now and then he has contrived to find lines of ten syllables each, that run with tolerable smoothness, and as if they had been written for blank-verse.*" We venture to think, that, although the greater part of 'The Famous Victories' was intended for prose, "the lines of ten syllables each that run with tolerable smoothness," *were written for blank verse*; and this, we believe, is the case with parts of the scene in Timon which we are now describing. But, whether they speak in prose or verse, the Poet and the Painter of this scene are as unlike the Poet and the Painter of the first act, in the tone of their dialogues, as can be well imagined. Timon, in the lines which he speaks aside, has caught this infection of unmetrical blank verse, which reads like prose, and jingling couplets which want the spirit of poetry. The Soldier at Timon's tomb is marked by the same characteristics. Of the concluding scene of the return of Alcibiades to Athens, we have already spoken.

It is not by looking apart at the scenes and passages which we have endeavoured to separate from the undoubted scenes and passages of Shakspeare, in this play, that we can rightly judge of their inferiority. They must be contrasted with the great scenes of the fourth act, and with Timon's portion of the fifth,—the essentially tragic portions of this extraordinary drama. In power those scenes are almost unequalled. They are not pleasing—they are sometimes positively repulsive

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in the images which they present to us; but in the tremendous strength of passionate invective we know not what can be compared to them. In *Lear*, the deep pity for the father is an ever-present feeling, mingling with the terror which he produces by his denunciations of his daughters; but in *Timon*, the poet has not once sought to move our pity; by throwing him into an attitude of indiscriminating hostility to the human race, he scarcely claims any human sympathy. Properly to understand the scenes of the fourth and fifth acts, we must endeavour to form a general estimate of the character which Shakspeare has here created.

The *Timon* of Shakspeare is not the *Timon* of the popular stories of Shakspeare's day. The 28th novel of 'The Palace of Pleasure' has for its title "Of the strange and *beastly* nature of *Timon of Athens*, enemy to mankind." According to this authority, "he was a man but by shape only"—he lived "a beastly and churlish life." The story further tells us, "at the same time there was in Athens another of like quality called *Apemantus*, of the very same nature, different from the natural kind of man."* Neither was the *Timon* of Plutarch the *Timon* of Shakspeare. The Greek biographer, indeed, tells us, that he was angry with all men, and would trust no man, "for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends," but that he was represented as "a viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young *Alcibiades*, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast and make much of and kissed him very gladly." Plutarch also adds, "This *Timon* sometimes would have *Apemantus* in his company, because he was much liked to his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life."† The *Timon*, therefore, of Plutarch, and of the popular stories of Shakspeare's time, was little different from the ordinary cynic, such as he is described by Lucian: "But now, mind how you are to behave: you must be bold, saucy, and abusive to everybody, kings and beggars alike; this is the way to make them look upon you, and think you a great man. Your voice should be barbarous, and your speech dissonant, as like a dog as possible; your countenance rigid and inflexible, and your gait and demeanour suitable to it: everything you say savage and uncouth: modesty, equity, and moderation, you must have nothing to do with: never suffer a blush to come upon your cheek: seek the most public and frequented place; but when you are there, desire to be alone, and permit neither friend nor stranger to associate with you; for these things are the ruin and destruction of power and empire."‡ The contrast in Shakspeare between *Timon* and *Apemantus*, as developed in the fourth act, is one of the most remarkable proofs of our poet's wonderful sagacity in depicting the nicer shades of character. Johnson, speaking of the scene between the misanthrope and the cynic in the fourth act, says, "I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of *Timon* from that of *Apemantus*, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble." The *Timon* of Shakspeare is in many respects essentially different from any model with which we are acquainted, but it approaches nearer, as Mr. Skottowe first observed, to the *Timon* of Lucian than the commentators have chosen to point out: "It has been deemed a satisfactory conclusion that he derived none of his materials from Lucian, because no translation of the dialogue of *Timon* is known to have existed in Shakspeare's age. But it should rather have been inferred, from the many striking coincidences between the play and the dialogue, that Lucian had some influence over the composition of *Timon*, although the channel through which that influence was communicated is no longer to be traced."§ Before we proceed to an analysis of the Shaksperian *Timon*, it may be well to take a rapid glance at the dialogue of Lucian, to which Mr. Skottowe refers.

'*Timon, or the Misanthrope*,' opens with an address of *Timon* to *Jupiter*,—the protector of friendship and of hospitality. The misanthrope asks what has become of the god's thunderbolt, that he no longer revenges the wickedness of men? He then describes his own calamities. After having enriched a crowd of Athenians that he had rescued from misery,—after having profusely distributed his riches amongst his friends, those ungrateful men despise him because he has become poor. *Timon* speaks from the desert, where he is clothed with skins, and labours with a spade. *Jupiter* inquires of *Mercury* who it is cries so loud from the depth of the valley near *Mount Hymettus*; and *Mercury* answers that he is *Timon*—that rich man who so frequently

* We give this novel at length as an illustration of Act v.

† See the quotation from 'North's Plutarch,' as an illustration of Act i. i.

‡ Lucian's 'Sale of Philosophers.'—Franklin's Translation.

§ 'Life of Shakspeare,' vol. ii., page 280.

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offered whole hecatombs to the gods; and adds, that it was at first thought that he was the victim of his goodness, his philanthropy, and his compassion for the unfortunate, but that he ought to attribute his fall to the bad choice which he made of his friends, and to the want of discernment which prevented him seeing that he was heaping benefits upon wolves and ravens. "Whilst these vultures were preying upon his liver, he thought them his best friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. After they had gnawed him all round, eaten his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, sucked it carefully out, they left him, cut down to the roots and withered; and so far from relieving or assisting him in their turns, would not so much as know or look upon him. This has made him turn digger; and here, in his skin garment, he tills the earth for hire; ashamed to show himself in the city, and venting his rage against the ingratitude of those who, enriched as they had been by him, now proudly pass along, and know not whether his name is Timon." Jupiter resolves to despatch Mercury and Plutus to bestow new wealth upon Timon, and the god of riches very reluctantly consents to go, because, if he return to Timon, he should again become the prey of parasites and courtezans. The subsequent dialogue between Mercury and Plutus, upon the use of riches, is exceedingly acute and amusing. The gods, upon approaching Timon, descry him working with his spade, in company with Labour, Poverty, Wisdom, Courage, and all the virtues that are in the train of indigence. Poverty thus addresses Plutus:—"You come to find Timon; and as to me who have received him enervated by luxury, he would forsake me when I have rendered him virtuous: you come to enrich him anew, which will render him as before, idle, effeminate, and besotted." Timon rejects the offers which Plutus makes him; and the gods leave him, desiring him to continue digging. He then finds gold, and thus apostrophizes it:—"It is, it must be, gold, fine, yellow, noble, gold; heavy, sweet to behold. . . . Burning like fire, thou shinest day and night: come to me, thou dear delightful treasure! now do I believe that Jove himself was once turned into gold: what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover?" But the Timon of Lucian has other uses for his riches than Plutus anticipated;—he will guard them without employing them; he will, as he says, "purchase some retired spot, there build a tower* to keep my gold in, and live for myself alone: this shall be my habitation; and, when I am dead, my sepulchre also: from this time forth it is my fixed resolution to have no commerce or connection with mankind, but to despise and avoid it. I will pay no regard to acquaintance, friendship, pity, or compassion: to pity the distressed or to relieve the indigent I shall consider as a weakness,—nay, as a crime; my life, like the beasts of the field, shall be spent in solitude, and Timon alone shall be Timon's friend. I will treat all beside as enemies and betrayers; to converse with them were profanation; to herd with them, impiety: accursed be the day that brings them to my sight!" The most agreeable name to me, he adds, shall be that of Misanthrope. A crowd approach who have heard of his good fortune; and first comes Gnathon, a parasite, who brings him a new poem—a dithyrambe. Timon strikes him down with his spade. Another, and another, succeeds; and one comes from the senate to hail him as the safeguard of the Athenians. Each in his turn is welcomed with blows. The dialogue concludes with Timon's determination to mount upon a rock, and to receive every man with a shower of stones.

There can be no doubt, we think, that a great resemblance may be traced between the Greek satirist and the English dramatist. The false friends of Timon are much more fully described by Lucian than by Plutarch. The finding the gold is the same,—the rejection of it by the Timon of Shakspeare is essentially the same:—the poet of the play was perhaps suggested by the flatterer who came with the new ode;—the senator with his congratulations is not very different from the senators in the drama;—the blows and stones are found both in the ancient and the modern. There are minor similarities which might be readily traced, if we believed that Shakspeare had gone direct to Lucian. But our opinion is that he found those similarities in the play which we are convinced he remodelled. It is in the conception and the execution of the character of Timon that the original power of Shakspeare is to be traced.

The vices of Shakspeare's Timon are not the vices of a sensualist. It is true that his offices have been oppressed with riotous feeders,—that his vaults have wept with drunken spilt of wine,—that every room—

* A building called the Tower of Timon is mentioned by Pausanias.

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"Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;"

but he has nothing selfish in the enjoyment of his prodigality and his magnificence. He himself truly expresses the weakness, as well as the beauty, of his own character : "Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits, and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!" Charles Lamb, in his contrast between Timon of Athens and Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress,' which we have quoted as an illustration to Act I., has scarcely done justice to Timon : "The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the cue with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts; and, in the other, with conducting Hogarth's Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature." Hogarth's Rake is all sensuality and selfishness; Timon is essentially high-minded and generous : he truly says, in the first chill of his fortunes—

"No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart.
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given."

In his splendid speech to Apemantus in the fourth act, he distinctly proclaims, that in the weakness with which he had lavished his fortunes upon the unworthy, he had not pampered his own passions :—

"Hadst thou, like us, from our first awath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows."

The all-absorbing defect of Timon—the root of those generous vices which wear the garb of virtue—is the entire want of discrimination, by which he is also characterized in Lucian's dialogue. Shakspeare has seized upon this point, and held firmly to it. He releases Ventidius from prison,—he bestows an estate upon his servant,—he lavishes jewels upon all the dependants who crowd his board;—

"Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends
And ne'er be weary."

That universal philanthropy, of which the most selfish men sometimes talk, is in Timon an active principle; but let it be observed that he has no preferences. It appears to us a most remarkable example of the profound sagacity of Shakspeare, to exhibit Timon without any especial affections. It is thus that his philanthropy passes without any violence into the extreme of universal hatred to mankind. Had he loved a single human being with that intensity which constitutes affection in the relation of the sexes, and friendship in the relation of man to man, he would have been exempt from that unjudging lavishness which was necessary to satisfy his morbid craving for human sympathy. Shakspeare, we think, has kept this most steadily in view. His surprise at the fidelity of his steward is exhibited, as if the love for any human being in preference to another came upon him like a new sensation :—

"Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;

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No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses."

With this key to Timon's character, it appears to us that we may properly understand the "general and exceptless rashness" of his misanthropy. The only relations in which he stood to mankind are utterly destroyed. In lavishing his wealth as if it were a common property, he had believed that the same common property would flow back to him in his hour of adversity. "O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves." His false confidence is at once, and irreparably, destroyed. If Timon had possessed one friend with whom he could have interchanged confidence upon equal terms, he would have been saved from his fall, and certainly from his misanthropy. If he had even fallen by false confidence, he would have confined his hatred to his—

"Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears."

But his nature has sustained a complete revulsion, because his sympathies were forced, exaggerated, artificial. It is then that all social life becomes to him an object of abomination:—

———"Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries
And yet confusion live!—Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold scintilla,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison!"

Nothing can be more tremendous than this imprecation,—nothing, under the circumstances, more true and natural.

It is observed by Ulrici that the misanthropy of Timon is as idealized as his philanthropy. "But as that idealized philanthropy was his life's element, the equally idealized misanthropy was a choke-damp in which he could not long breathe: his destroying rage against himself, and all human kind, must of course first destroy himself." Considering Timon's artificial love of mankind and his artificial hate as the results of the same ill-regulated temperament, we can appreciate the beautiful distinction which Shakspeare has drawn between the intellectual cynicism of Apemantus and the passionate misanthropy of Timon. The misanthropy of Timon is not practical—it wastes itself in generalizations; the misanthropy of Apemantus is not imaginative—it gratifies itself in petty insults and unkindnesses:—

"Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not: but say, thou art a craftiff.
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's,
Do please thyself in't?
Apem. Aye,
Tim. What! a knave too?"

The soldier, the courtesan, the thief, are equally included in Timon's fiery denunciations; but they are all equally gratified in essentials. The equanimity with which the fair companions of Alcibiades submit to his railings, when accompanied by his gifts, is profoundly satirical:—

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"More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon."

It tells, in a word, the impotence of his misanthropy. It is cherished for his own gratification alone. Deeper than this fancy of hatred to the human race lies the romantic feeling with which he cherishes images of tranquillity beyond this agitating life:—

"Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover."

The novelist of the 'Palace of Pleasure' thus explains Timon's choice of "his everlasting mansion:"—
"He ordained himself to be interred upon the sea-shore, that the waves and surges might beat and vex his dead carcass." Shakspeare has made Alcibiades furnish a more poetical solution of this choice, which is at the same time a key to Timon's general character:—

"Though thou abhorrest in us our human griefs,
Scorn'st our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet *rich conceit*
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven,"

We have endeavoured to prove that the Timon of Athens is not wholly a work of Shakspeare, and thus the question of its chronology becomes a mixed one. The older play which we believe Shakspeare must have remodelled, belongs, we have little doubt, to the period when our poet began to write for the stage—a period when the public ear was not familiarized to the flowing harmony of his own verse, or the regular cadences of Marlowe's and Greene's. The parts of Timon which unquestionably belong to Shakspeare, bear the marks of his mature hand. We are aware that the belief which this necessarily implies, that Shakspeare was an alterer of plays after he had produced some of his most splendid original works, is opposed to the prevailing theory; but it must be borne in mind that Shakspeare's vocation as a poet was not an "idle trade" opposed to his proper "calling."* Whatever his duty as a manager would lead him to do, that he would naturally do without those scruples of self-importance which belong to smaller men. The author of Othello might, therefore, without any compromise of his dignity, become the remodeller of Timon. Malone places Coriolanus and Timon in 1610. Nothing we think can be idler than his reasons. Having attributed other plays to former years, he gives these two plays to 1610, because that year is vacant; and he thinks, also, that Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, Timon, and Coriolanus, were written in succession, because the subjects are found in North's 'Plutarch.' Chalmers thinks that the play was written in 1601, during the existence of Essex's rebellion. He says,—“In persuading the return of Timon, the first senator observes:—

————— 'So soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a bear too savage, doth root up
His country's peace,'

Here is as exact a picture of Essex as, at that period, it was fit to draw." Such attempts to determine the date of any particular play of our poet are, for the most part, very harmless exhibitions of pedantry; and are as amusing, to the inventors of them at least, as any other of the solemn diversions which supply the place of the riddles of childhood.

SCENERY AND COSTUME.

THE localities which are represented in this play are chiefly of such Athenian remains as belong to the historical period of Alcibiades.

It may be sufficient for the Costume of this play to refer our readers to the Midsummer Night's Dream. The Elgin Marbles, in both cases, furnish the principal authorities. The age of Pericles, rich in art, as well as luxurious and magnificent, was the period which immediately preceded that of Timon; and it would, of course, suggest the employment, in the representation of this drama, of great scenic splendour.

o "I left no calling for this idle trade."—POPE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*
 LUCIUS,
 LUCULLUS, } *Lords, and flatterers of Timon*
 SEMPRONIUS,
 VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false friends.*
 APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*
 ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian general.*
 FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon.*
 FLAMINIUS,
 LUCILIUS, } *Timon's servants.*
 SERVILIUS,
 CAPHIS,
 PHILOTUS,
 TITUS, } *servants to Timon's creditors*
 LUCIUS,
 HORTENSIVS,
 Two Servants of Varro, and the servant of Ismora,
two of Timon's creditors.
 Cupid and Maskers.
 Three Strangers.
 Poet.
 Painter.
 Jeweller.
 Merchant.
 An old Athenian.
 A Page.
 A Fool.

PHYRYNIA, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*
 TIMANDRA,

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers
 Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE,—ATHENS; and the woods
 adjoining.





[View of Athens.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known: But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 't is a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd,^a as it were,

^a *Breath'd.* When Hamlet says,

"It is the *breathing* time of day with me,"

he refers to the time of habitual exercise, by which his animal strength was fitted for "untirable and continue" ex-

To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes.^a

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But; for that—

Poet. 'When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'^b

Mer. 'T is a good form.

[*Looking at 'the jewel.*

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

ertion. The analogy between this and the habitual exercise of "goodness" is obvious.

^a *He passes*—he excels—he goes beyond common virtues. In the Merry Wives of Windsor we have, "Why this passes, Master Ford."

^b The poet is here supposed to be reading his own performance.

From whence 'tis nourished:^a The fire i' the flint

Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies Each bound it chafes.^b What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir. Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'T is a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace Speaks his own standing!^c what a mental power This eyes shoots forth! how big imagination Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life. Here is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it, It tutors nature: artificial strife^d Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man

^a The reading of the original is—

"Our poesie is as a *gowne* which *uses* From whence 'tis nourisht:"

Pope changed this to—

"Our poesie is as a *gum* which *issues*."

The reading *oozes* is that of Dr. Johnson. Tieck maintains that the passage should stand as in the original: he says, "The act, the flattery of this poet of occasions, which is useful to those who pay for it. The expression is hard, forced and obscure, but yet to be understood." We cannot see how the construction of the sentence can support this interpretation, and we therefore retain the reading of Pope and Johnson.

^b This passage has been considered difficult, but if we receive *bound*, in the sense of boundary, obstacle, the image is tolerably clear. The "gentle flame" of poetry which provokes itself, runs the quicker even for obstruction, like the current which flies faster after it has chafed the obstacles to its equal flow.

^c Monck Mason believes that the passage should be written—

"How this Grace Speaks *its own standing*:"

saying the figure alluded to was a representation of one of the Graces. The commentators have not noticed, what appears to us tolerably obvious, that the flattering painter had brought with him a portrait of Timon, in which the grace of the attitude spoke "his own standing,"—the habitual carriage of the original.

^d *Artificial strife*—the contest of art with nature. So in the *Venus and Adonis*—

"Look, when a painter would surpass the life, In limning out a well-proportion'd steed, His art with nature's workmanship at strife, As if the dead the living should exceed; So did this horse excel."

S46

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug With amplest entertainment: My free drift Halts not particularly, but moves itself In a wide sea of wax:^a no levell'd malice Infects one comma in the course I hold; But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt^b to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds, (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as Of grave and austere quality,) tender down Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune, Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Subdues and properties to his love and tendance All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better Than to abhor himself: even he drops down The knee before him, and returns in peace Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o' the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures, That labour on the bosom of this sphere To propagate their states: amongst them all, Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd, One do I personate of lord Timon's frame, Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her; Whose present grace to present slaves and servants

Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'T is conceiv'd to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill methinks, With one man beckon'd from the rest below, Bowing his head against the steepy mount To climb his happiness, would be well express'd In our condition.^c

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:

All those which were his fellows but of late, (Some better than his value,) on the moment Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,^d Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear, Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him Drink the free air.^d

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

^a An allusion to the ancient practice of writing upon waxen tablets with a style.

^b *Unbolt*—unfold—explain.

^c *Condition* is here used for, art. The painter has here formed a picture in his mind according to the description of the poet, and he would say that it was a subject for the skill of each to be exercised upon.

^d *Drink the free air*—live, breathe but through him.

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change
of mood,
Spurns down her late below'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip^a
down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of
fortune's
More pregnant than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the
Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.^b*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is
his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to
him,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know
him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free
him.
Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his
ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour.

[*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: What of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man
before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

^a Slip; in the original, *slit*.

^b The original stage direction is, "trumpets sound, enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every auditor."

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this
thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin
else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spok'd in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,^a
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To LUCILIUS.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in
future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me
long;

To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my
promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never
may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*

^a The following is Coleridge's explanation of this passage:—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!'—'True;—and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its own reward.'"

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man; For since dishonour traffics with man's nature, He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are Even such as they give out. I like your work; And you shall find I like it: wait attendance Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand:

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd

It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 't is rated As those which sell would give: But you well know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners, Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I called thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou 'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them; give them guide to us.—*[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence

Till I have thank'd you; when dinner's done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.

Most welcome, sir! *[They salute.]*

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!— That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey.*

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir.

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]

Enter Two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou that still omitt'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools,

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. *[Exit.]*

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.^a

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,

And call him to long peace.^b

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever; and there's none

Can truly say he gives, if he receives:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.]

^a The original stage direction is curious: "Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, like himself."

^b This is one of the many instances in which we adhere to the metrical arrangement of the original, discarding the "regulation" of Stevens. It would be tedious to point out all these passages as they occur, but our readers who find a departure from the arrangement of the ordinary text, may be assured that we have ourselves made no capricious change of the ancient copy. We have explained the necessity for a general adherence to this copy in the Introductory Notice.

^a This is printed as prose in the original. (See Introductory Notice.)

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Eye, thou'rt a churl; you have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 't is much to blame:—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,
But yond' man's very angry.^a
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,^b Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power: prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;^c

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;

^a *Very angry.* So the original; Rowe changed *very* to *over*, marking an antithesis with the Latin sentence. The introduction of a scrap of Latin is not at all in Shakspere's manner, nor indeed is any part of the speech.

^b *Apperil.* The word repeatedly occurs in Ben Jonson, as in the 'Tale of a Tub':—

"As you will answer it at your apperil."

^c Every guest in our author's time brought his own knife.

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well.

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill, Timon:

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich^a thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own

^a *Much good dich.* This word, *dich*, is considered by Johnson as a corruption of *do it*. In the sense in which it is here used it represents *may it do*. There is no other instance of its use, according to Nares.

behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is to have so many like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!^a [Tucket sounded.

Tim. What means that tramp?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—the five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.^b

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.

Music, make their welcome. [Exit Cupid.

^a Much—an ironical and contemptuous expression.

^b The reading of the original is:—

"There taste, touch all, pleas'd from thy table rise."

The emendation of the text is by Warburton, and it is not only ingenious, but satisfactory. Four of the five best senses rise from Timon's table; the mask of ladies comes to gratify the fifth.

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample y' are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves,

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not depraved, or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now,

Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done:

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the haultboys, and cease.^a

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

You have added worth unto 't, and lustre,^b

And entertain'd me with mine own device;

I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet

Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exit Cupid and Ladies.

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [Aside.

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

^a This is the ancient stage direction

^b Lustre. The ordinary reading was *lively lustre*, which epithet was derived from the second folio. We follow the original copy.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit, and returns with the casket.]

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends,

I have one word to say to you;—Look you, my
good lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much,
As to advance this jewel; accept it, and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the
senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear
thee:

I prithee, let's be provided to show them enter-
tainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

[Aside.]

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, lord
Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the pre-
sents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable
gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your com-
pany to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent
your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be re-
ceiv'd,

Not without fair reward.

Flav. [Aside.] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great
gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for
every word;

He is so kind, that he now pays interest for 't:
His lands put to their books. Well, 'would I
were

Gently put out of office, before I were forc'd
out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.]

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits:

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I
will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you
gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it!

2 Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my
lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I
know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect:

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;

I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.*

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou
hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1 Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord
Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of
dregs:

* The variorum reading was, "I'll call on you." We
have no doubt that the *to you* was the idiomatic phrase.

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court-sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper

shortly: ^a What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*]

Apem. So;—Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then. I'll lock thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*]

^a Be ruin'd by the securities you give.



[Ancient Triclinium.]



[Rake's Levee.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT I.

1 SCENE I.—*“Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance.”*

IN considering the character of Timon in our Introductory Notice, we have referred to Mr. Charles Lamb's parallel between Shakspeare and Hogarth. We here reprint the passage, particularly as it affords us an occasion of introducing a miniature copy of the scene in the ‘Rake's Progress,’ to which Mr. Lamb alludes.

“One of the earliest and noblest enjoyments I had when a boy was in the contemplation of those capital prints by Hogarth, ‘The Harlot's and Rake's Progresses,’ which, along with some others, hung upon the walls of a great hall in an old-fashioned house in —shire, and seemed the solitary tenants (with myself) of that antiquated and life-deserted apartment.

“Recollection of the manner in which those prints used to affect me has often made me wonder, when I have heard Hogarth described as a mere comic painter, as one whose chief ambition was to *raise a laugh*. To deny that there are throughout the prints which I have mentioned circumstances

introduced of a laughable tendency, would be to run counter to the common notions of mankind; but to suppose that in their *ruling character* they appeal chiefly to the risible faculty, and not first and foremost to the very heart of man, its best and most serious feelings, would be to mistake no less grossly their aim and purpose. A set of severer satires, (for they are not so much comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine satires,) less mingled with anything of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal, or the satiric touches in Timon of Athens.

“I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who, being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered, ‘Shakspeare:’ being asked which he esteemed the next best, replied, ‘Hogarth.’ His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other's pictures we look at,—his prints we read.

“In pursuance of this parallel, I have sometimes entertained myself with comparing the Timon of Athens of Shakspeare (which I have just

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT I.

mentioned) and Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' together. The story, the moral, in both is nearly the same. The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts, and in the other with conducting the Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature. The 'Levee of the Rake,' which forms the subject of the second plate in the series, is almost a transcript of Timon's Levee in the opening scene of that play. We find a dedicating poet, and other

similar characters, in both. The concluding scene in the 'Rake's Progress' is perhaps superior to the last scenes of Timon."

This delightful writer has not observed that in another of Hogarth's admirable transcripts of human life, 'The Marriage à-la-Mode,' the painter has also exhibited an idea which is found in the Timon of Athens—the faithful steward vainly endeavouring to present a warning of the approach of debt and dishonour in his neglected accounts :—

'O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off."



[Marriage à-la Mode.]



[Athens, from the Pnyx.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand:^a to Varro, and to Isidore,
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
And able horses: No porter at his gate;

^a This was ordinarily pointed thus:—

"And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand."

We follow the punctuation of the original. It appears to us that the senator is recapitulating what Timon owes himself—"and late, five thousand"—"besides my former sum, which makes it five-and-twenty." The mention of what Timon owes to Varro and Isidore is parenthetical.

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by.^a It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound^b his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: What is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord

Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; oe not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,
sirrah,^c

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates

^a The porter at a great man's gate was proverbially a repulsive person. The porter at Kenilworth according to Laneham's description, was "tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance."

^b *Sound.* This is ordinarily printed *found*. The original is clearly *sound*; and the meaning appears to be, that no reason which fathoms Timon's state can find it safe. Capell reads, "*found his state on.*"

^c *Sirrah* is not in the original copy. It was added by the editor of the second folio.

Have smit my credit : I love, and honour him ;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger :
 Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir

Sen. I go, sir.—take the bonds along with you,

And have the dates in compt.*

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot : Takes no account
 How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue. Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done ? He will not hear, till feel :
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 Fye, fye, fye, fye !

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro :^b What, You come for money ?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too ?

Caph. It is ;—and yours too, Isidore ?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd !

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
 My Alcibiades.—With me ? What is your will ?

The original reads,—

"And have the dates in. Come."

Theobald made the correction, alleging that the dates were in when the bonds were given.

^b *Good even, Varro.* It is remarkable that the servants in this scene take the names of their masters, like the Lord Duke and Sir Charles of 'High Life Below Stairs.'

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues ? whence are you ?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month :
 My master is awak'd by great occasion,
 To call upon his own : and humbly prays you,
 That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
 In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore ;
 He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Ser. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath :—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you, [To FLAVIUS.]

How goes the world that I am thus encounter'd
 With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds,
 And the detention of long-since-due debts,
 Against my honour ?^a

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
 The time is unagreeable to this business :
 Your importunacy cease till after dinner ;
 That I may make his lordship understand
 Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends :
 See them well entertained. [*Exit TIMON.*]

Flav. Pray draw near.

[*Exit FLAVIUS.*]

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus ; let's have some sport with 'em.

^a *Date-broken bonds.* So Malone reads. In the original we have,

"With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds."

We adopt the change upon a due consideration of a passage in the preceding scene, upon which Malone builds his reading—

"his days and times are past,
 And my reliance on his *fracted dates*
 Have smit my credit."

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 't is to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.

Isid. Serv. [To *Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bawd, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away, merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight, and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exit *Apemantus* and *Fool*.

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[Exit *Serv*.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister,* Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts; Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And say, you found them in mine honesty. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

* The meaning of this construction is,—perchance you made that unaptness your minister.

Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept:

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a
time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;

Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices^a have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have
wept

With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,^b
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

^a *Offices.* These are not the apartments for servants, in our present acception of the term, but rooms of hospitality, in the sense in which the word is used by Shirley:—

"Let all the offices of entertainment
Be free and open."

^b Pope by way of making this passage intelligible, substituted "a lonely room" for a wasteful cock. Upon this hint Hamner tells us that a cock is a cock-loft, which signifies a garret lying in waste. Steevens, under the name of Collins, gives an explanation, the character of which is sufficiently designated by the signature. It appears to us that there is a slight typographical error in the passage. The "vaults have wept with drunken spilth of wine;" the steward has quitted the scene of extravagance to weep alone—

"I have retir'd me from a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow."

The spilth of the wasteful cock, and the flow of the weeping eye, are here put in opposition. We do not venture to change the text, although we believe that *from*, or, as it was sometimes written, *fro*, might be readily mistaken for *to*.

How many prodigal hits have slaves, and peasants,

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?

Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:

No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,

As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine
are crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these

Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my
friends.

Within there!—Flaminius!—Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other
Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You to lord Lucius,—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius: Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.^a

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph!

[*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir, [*to another Serv.*] to the senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have

^a Steevens prints this speech metrically (see Introductory Notice). It may be said that the metre thus "regulated" is not worse than we find in other passages of the play: that is true; but those other passages occur in scenes which, taken as a whole, do not bear the marks of Shakspeare's hand. This scene between Timon and the steward has not one of those characteristics which we have pointed out as distinguishing the work of an inferior author from the work of our poet. In the harmony of the expression, the scene is essentially Shakspeare's; and it becomes vitiated, therefore, when a prose speech is converted into unmetrical verse.

Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant

A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'t is pity—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!
'Prithee, man, look cheerly! These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows;
'T is lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.
Go to Ventidius,—[*to a Serv.*] 'Prithee, [*to*

FLAVIUS] be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to Serv.*] Ventidius
lately

Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from
me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be rememb'r'd

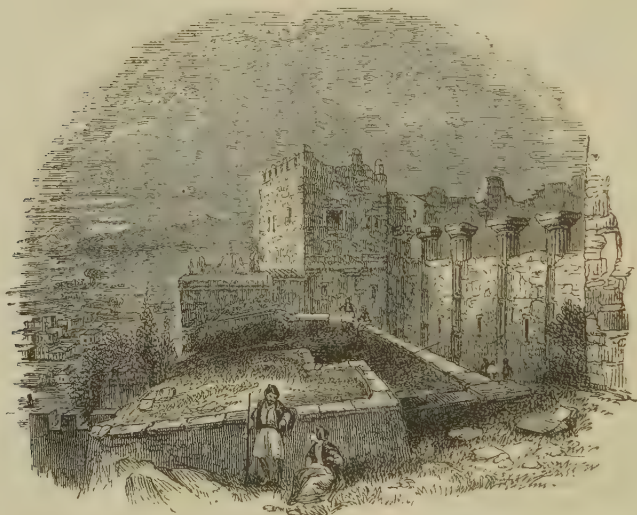
With those five talents:—that had, [*to FLAV.*]
give 't these fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or
think

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can
sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: That
thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]



[The Propylaea.]



[Athens. The Pnyx.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Room in Lucullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS *wailing*. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully^a welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and

instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty^a is his; I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw

^a *Respectively*—respectfully.

^a *Honesty* is here used in the sense of liberality.

nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ:

And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave unto his honour

Has my lord's meat in him;
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with Three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man; there was very little

honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,— [*To LUCIUS.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord: requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to furnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods I am not able to do 't, the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.— [*Exit SERVILIUS.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this is the world's soul;

And just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's sport: who can call him his friend

That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,

Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse; *

Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money

Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;

And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)

He does deny him, in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,

And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into donation,

And the best half should have return'd to him,

So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,

Men must learn now with pity to dispense:

For policy sits above conscience. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Sempronius's House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't? P Humph!

'bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;

And now Ventidius is wealthy too,

Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these^b

Owe their estates unto him.

Serv.

My lord,

They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;

For they have all denied him!

Sem.

How! have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?^c

c Stevens "regulates" these lines thus:—

"Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him

His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in

My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse."

The word *sport* of the original was changed into *spirit* by Theobald.

^b The word *three*, which is not in the original, was usually inserted here, "to complete the measure."

^c Stevens is here quite pathetic on the subject of metre:—

And does he send to me? Three? humph!—

It shows but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrice^a give him over: Must I take th' cure upon me?

H' has much disgrac'd me in 't, I'm angry at him,

That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er receiv'd gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last? No.

So it may prove an argument of laughter

To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.^b

I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

H' had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;

I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join;

Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. *[Exit.]*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't. and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.^c How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire: Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,

Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,

"with this mutilated, and therefore rugged speech, no ear accustomed to harmony can be satisfied. But I can only point out metrical dilapidations, which I profess my inability to repair." It appears remarkable that it never occurred to Stevens, and others, that this ruggedness, which they put down to the account of mutilations and dilapidations, prevails through whole scenes, and that other scenes are perfectly harmonious. The rugged speeches are at the same time feeble speeches. The harmonious speeches are at the same time vigorous speeches. The instant that we encounter Shakspeare's thoughts, we find them associated with Shakspeare's music.

^a *Thrice*. The original reads *thrice*. Johnson proposed *thrice*, which appears to us warranted by the previous line:—

"And does he send to me? *Thrice*? Humph!"

^b The pronoun *I* was not found in the first folio, but was inserted in the second.

^c The commentators, with the exception of Ritson, have assumed that the villainies of man are to set the devil clear. Ritson says, "The devil's folly in making man politic, is to appear in this, that he will at the long-run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thralldom." Tieck adopts Ritson's explanation.

Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their
wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his
house. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of
Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other
Servants to Timon's creditors, waiting his com-
ing out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus
and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business doth command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother,
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at
seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter
with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'T is deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange
event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's
gift,

For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can
witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns: What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'T is much deep: and it should
seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is
my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'Pray, signify
so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows
you are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled
so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

2 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay.

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and
bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest into their gluttonous
maws.

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:*

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 't will not serve 't is not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [Exit.

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd
worship mutter?

2 Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and
that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader

* This is a fine flowing passage of the original, which
Steevens has "regulated" into a harsh stiffness. (See
Introductory Notice)

than he that has no house to put his head in?
Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't: for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wond'rously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsok him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.^a

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord!
my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?^b

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me
to the girdle.^b

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. Serv. My lord,—

2 Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall
upon you! [*Exit.*]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw
their caps at their money; these debts may well

be called desperate ones, for a madman owes
'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me,
the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flam. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So, fitly. Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:^a
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all; let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Senate House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it;
The fault's bloody;
'Tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the
senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain.

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

^a This speech is printed here as prose, according to the old copy. Stevens has made verse of it, after a certain fashion. (See Introductory Notice.)

^b The quibble which Timon here employs is used by Decker in his 'Gull's Horn Book';—"They durst not strike down their customers with large bills:" the allusion is to bills, or battle-axes

^a This is the reading of the second folio. The first copy has,—

"Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Ullorxa: all."

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they
labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quar-
relling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon
me,

If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass, more captain than the lion;
The felon^a loaden with irons, wiser than the
judge,

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say,^b my lords, h'as done fair
service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies;
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em.
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sia

That often drowns him, and takes his valour pri-
soner:

If there were no foes, that were enough^a
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 't is inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own
time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love secu-
rity,

I'll pawn my victories, all my honour to you,
Upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no
more,

On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My
lords,

I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What?

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot
me;

It could not else be I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine Athens con-
tain thee,

Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to
swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt* Senators.]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough;
that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out

^a *Felon.* The original has *fellow*. Johnson adopted *felon*,
which is clearly more accordant with the context.

^b The folio of 1632 has *Why, I say*. The first folio, *say*.

^a *Alone* was generally inserted here "to complete the
measuro."

Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
 Rich only in large hurts:—All those, for this?
 Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
 Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment?
 It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
 It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
 That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
 'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.*

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending.
 Enter divers Lords, at several doors.*

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen,

our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season, can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold, will't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for

* We request the reader's attention to the passage in the Introductory Notice relating to this scene. It appears to us not to have a single mark upon it of Shakspeare's hand.

destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-
warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courtous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's
flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and
thou;—

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity.¹ *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords, and
Senators.*

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's
fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought
but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel
the other day, and now he has beat it out of my
hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 't is.

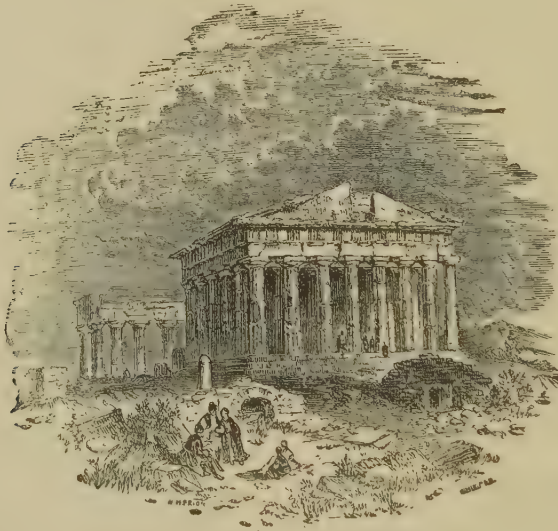
4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next
day stones. *[Exeunt.]*



[The Parthenon.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT III.

SCENE VI. *"Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man and all humanity."*

PLUTARCH distinctly records the circumstance which converted the generous Timon into a misanthrope. We subjoin from North's translation the entire passage relating to Timon:—

"Antonius forsook the city (Alexandria) and company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the Isle of Pharos, upon certain forced mounts which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there, as a man that banished himself from all men's company: saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was afore offered unto Timon; and that for the *unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man.* This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato, and Aristophanes' comedies: in the which they mocked him, calling him a viper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast, and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus pondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others: Timon answered him, 'I do it,' said he, 'because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.' This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much like to his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feasts called Choece at

Athens, (to wit, the feasts of the dead, where they made sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead,) and that they two then seated together by themselves, Apemantus said unto the other: 'O, here is a trim banquet, Timon.' Timon answered again, 'Yea, said he, 'so thou wert not here.' It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market-place about despatch of some affairs) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly used to speak unto the people; and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place; at length he began to speak in this manner:—
'My lords of Athens, I have a little yard in my house where there groweth a fig-tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and because I mean to make some building upon that place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.' He died in the city of Thales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now it chanced so that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft,
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked
wretches left.'

It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which was commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

'Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate,
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here
thy gate.'



[Walls of Athens : restored.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens!^a Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert,^b o' the instant, green virginity—
Do't in your parent's eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;

^a This passage was pointed as follows in all modern editions:—

"Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens!"

We follow the punctuation of the original. When Timon says, "let me look back upon thee," he apostrophizes the city generally—the seat of his splendour and his misery. To say nothing of the metrical beauty of the pause after *thee*, there is much greater force and propriety, as it appears to us, in the arrangement which we adopt.

^b *Convert* is here used in the sense of *turn*—turn yourself 'green virginity.' So in Ben Jonson's 'Cynthia's Revels':—

"O which way shall I first *convert* myself."

Gifford, in a note on this passage, mentions that the word occurs in this sense in the old translation of the Bible:—"Howbeit, after this Jeroboam *converted* not from his wicked ways."

Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound set
vants, steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire.
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet^a confusion live!—Plagues, incident to
men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains.

^a *Yet*. Hanraer would read *let*. But the prayer of Timon is that, although all the bonds of social life be thrown into confusion, a dissolution of society should not ensue, but anarchy live on, with perpetual misery.

Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may
grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with Two or Three Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's
our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say
to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our
fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd
house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share among'st you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads,
and say,
As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,

2 B 2

'We have seen better days.' Let each take
some; [Giving them money.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word
more:

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exit Servants.

O, the fierce^a wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,^b
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar
men.

My dearest lord,—bless'd to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends:

Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.

I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still.^c

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the
earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womo,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several
fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great for-
tune,
But by contempt of nature:

^a *Fierce*—violent, excessive. Ben Jonson has "*fierce credulity*."

^b *Blood*—natural disposition. (See note on Cymbeline, Act I. Scene I.)

^c What a remarkable contrast these twenty-two lines of the Steward's speech offer to the preceding part of the scene! They contain four rhyming couplets, and four broken lines. Steevens, following Pope, changed three lines into two after the following fashion:—

"Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it."

This regulation, as it appears to us, has made the passage more unlike Shakspeare even than it was in its original form.

Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour:
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean.^a Who dares,
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, 'This man's a flatterer?' If one be
So are they all; for every grize^b of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhor'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me
roots! [Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods, I am no idle votarist.
Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this,
will make

Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why his? What this, you gods?
Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your
sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
heads:^c

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the ac-
curs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

^a *The brother's sides.* There is considerable obscurity in all this passage, both in the progress of the thought and the form of expression. It appears to us that it may be simplified by bearing in mind that one idea runs through the whole from the commencement, "*twinn'd brothers*" down to "*the want that makes him lean*." Touch the twinn'd brothers with several fortunes, that is, with different fortunes, and the greater scorns the lesser. The poet goes on to show that the difference of property is the sole cause of the difference of estimation. He puts this in the most contemptuous way, making the power of feeding and fattening constitute the great distinction between the brother, whose pasture lards his sides, and *him*, the other brother, whose want produces leanness. It is scarcely necessary to point out all the emendations that have been proposed for the concluding lines of this passage. If we reject the original word, and adopt the reading of the Corrector of Mr. Collier's folio—

"It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,"

much of the preceding note is superfluous. Phillips, in his 'World of Words' (1696), says, "*Rother beasts*, a word used in old statutes, and still in the northern parts of England, for horned beasts, as cows, oxen, steers, heifers, &c." The street in which the cattle-market is held in Stratford is called Rother Street.

^b *Grize*, greese, greece, gree, are all words expressing a step—a degree.

^c *Stout* means here, in health. There was a notion that the departure of the dying was rendered easier by removing the pillow from under their heads.

And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again:
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
spices

To the April-day again.^a Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st
odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha!
a drum?—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong
thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike
manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? Speak!

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw
thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful
to thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that
I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,
gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be? This fell whore of
thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to
give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

^a *The April-day* is not the fool's day, as Johnson imagined; but simply the spring-time of life. Shakspeare himself has, in a sonnet:—

"Calls back the lovely April of her prime."

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, I confound thee, for thou'rt a man!^a

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! They love thee not that use thee.

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-checked youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I prithee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep 't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib.

Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer my country.^a

Put up thy gold: Go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse:^b Swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

^a It is not very clear whether the passage beginning—"The gods confound them," and ending "conquer my country," is meant in the original to be printed as verse or prose. Steevens has thus endeavoured to make it metrical:—

"*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and thee after, when thou hast conquer'd:

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer My country."

^b An allusion to the 'Tale of Œdipus,' according to Johnson.

^a This speech which, following the original, we print as prose has been "regulated" into verse in modern editions. (see Introductory Notice.)

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear, Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues, The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still; And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you, Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; Let your close fire predominate his smoke, And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months,

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,

No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timon. Well, more gold;—What then?—

Believ't, that we'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins, And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead, Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen That scolds against the quality of flesh, And not believes himself: down with the nose, Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away Of him, that his particular to foresee, Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war Derive some pain from you: Plague all; That your activity may defeat and quell The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—Do you damn others, and let this damn you, And ditches grave you all!^a

Phr. & Timon. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness, Should yet be hungry;—Common mother, thou, [Digging.

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast, Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle, Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd, Engenders the black toad, and adder blue, The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm, With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine; Yield him, who all the^a human sons doth hate, From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root! Enscar thy fertile and conception womb, Let it no more bring out ingrateful man! Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears; Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face

Hath to the marble mansion all above Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks! Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts, And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind, That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them

Tim. 'T is then, because thou dost not keep a dog

Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;^b A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care? Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft; Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods, By putting on the cunning of a carper.

^a *The.* This is sometimes printed *thy*, after Pope.

^b *Infected.* So the original; the word has been changed into *affected*, the modern signification of which is not exactly the phraseology of Shakspeare. Rowe made the change; and he also with greater propriety altered "from change of future," to "from change of fortune."

^a So in 'Chapman's Homer's Iliad:—

— "The throats of dogs shall grave His manly limbs."

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy
 knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt ob-
 serve,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious
 strain,
 And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus:
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade
 welcome,
 To knaves and all approachers: 'Tis most just
 That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth
 again,
 Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my like-
 ness.

Tim. Were I like thee I'd throw away my-
 self.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being
 like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd^a
 trees,
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold
 brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the crea-
 tures,—
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused
 trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
 O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's
 Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit
 on
 To castigate thy pride, 't were well: but thou
 Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,

^a Moss'd. This was a change by Hammer from *moyst* of
 the original. Mr. Dyce holds that *moist* is a printer's
 error for *moist*. In 'As You Like It,' as he points out, we
 have the boughs of a tree "moist with age."

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
 The one is filling still, never complete;
 The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.
 Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath pro-
 ceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs^a of it
 Freely command thou would'st have plung'd
 thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts
 of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why should'st thou
 rate men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;
 Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!
 Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
 [*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away
 thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack
 of thine.

^a Drugs. Mason conjectures *drudges*.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. These thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knowest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; ^a in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee;

and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it he: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How! has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that go stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*]
I am sick of this false world; and will love
nought

But even the mere necessities upon't.

^a Curiosity—niceness, delicacy.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily : make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorcee

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'T wixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate
wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss ! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose ! O thou touch^a of hearts !
Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire !

Apem. 'Would 't were so ;—

But not till I am dead !—I'll say, thou hast
gold :

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to !

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die !—I am quit.

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

More things like men ?—Eat, Timon, and abhor
them.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Ban.* Where should he have this gold ? It
is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his
remainder : The mere want of gold, and the
falling from of his friends, drove him into this
melancholy.

2 *Ban.* It is noised he hath a mass of trea-
sure.

3 *Ban.* Let us make the assay upon him. If
he care not for 't, he will supply us easily : If
he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it ?

2 *Ban.* True ; for he bears it not about him,
't is hid.

1 *Ban.* Is not this he ?

Banditti. Where ?

2 *Ban.* 'T is his description.

3 *Ban.* He ; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that
much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is you want much of
meat.

Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath
roots ;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs .

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet lips ;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want ? why
want ?

1 *Ban.* We cannot live on grass, on berries,
water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,
and fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you
con,

That you are thieves profess'd ; that you work
not

In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft

In limited^a professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold : Go, suck the subtle blood of the
grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the phy-
sician ;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob. Take wealth and lives
together ;

Do villainy, do, since you protest^b to do 't,

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery :

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From general excrement : each thing's a thief,

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power

Have uncheek'd theft.^c Love not yourselves :
away ;

Rob one another. There's more gold : Cut
throats ;

All that you meet are thieves : To Athens go ;

Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,

But thieves do lose it : Steal not less, for this

I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever .

Amen. *'TIMON retires to his cave.*

^a Limited—legalized.

^b Protest. The ordinary reading was *proffess*. There appears no necessity for the change, for either word may be used in the sense of, to declare openly.

^c That is, the laws, being powerful, have their theft un-
checked.

^a Touch—touchstone.

3 *Ban.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Ban.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Ban.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Ban.* Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable but a man may be true. [*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends:
How rarely does it meet with this time's
guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that
do!

He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest
master!

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all
men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have
forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not.

I ne'er had honest man about me; ay, all
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to vil-
lains.^a

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—
then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:

^a Stevens, following Pope, "regulates" this passage as follows:—

— "Then
I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
About me; I; all that I kept were knaves,
To serve in meat to villains."

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my
lord,

To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?

It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.

Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,

You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim

One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;—

No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—

How fain would I have hated all mankind,

And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save
thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;

For by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou might'st have sooner got another service:

For many so arrive at second masters,

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,

(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal
gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose
breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;

You should have fear'd false times, when you
did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely
love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living: and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish, That you had power and
wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 't is so!—Thou singly honest
man,

Here, take:—the gods out of my misery

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and
happy:

But thus condition'd: Thou shall build from
men;

^a *Wild.* Hammer suggested *mild*.

The same art of "regulation" has been exercised upon
this passage. (See Introductory Notice.)

Hate all, curse all : show charity to none :
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the
 bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow
 them,
 Debts wither them to nothing :^a Be men like
 blasted woods,

^a Steevens prints the line thus :—

" Debts wither them. Be men like blasted woods."

There is some difference, we think, between to wither, and

And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
 And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my
 master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses
 Stay not ; fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free ;
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

to wither to *nothing* ; but Steevens says " I have omitted the redundant words, not only for the sake of metre, but because they are worthless."



[Temple of Theseus.]



[Timon's Cave.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind,
unseen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot
be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does
the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of
gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phry-
nia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise
enriched poor straggling soldiers with great
quantity: 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a
mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but
a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm
in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.
Therefore, 't is not amiss we tender our loves to
him, in this supposed distress of his: it will
show honestly in us; and is very likely to load
our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a
just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto
him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation:
only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an
intent that's coming toward him.*

* It is difficult to say whether this scene, which in the
original is printed as verse, ought to retain that form. In all
the modern editions it is given as prose. It is certainly im-
possible to render some of the speeches metrical; but yet
lines occur in them which would appear to have as much

Pain. Good as the best.

Promising is the very air o' the time ;
It opens the eyes of expectation :
Performance is ever the duller for his act ;
And, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,

The deed of saying is quite out of use.
To promise is most courtly and fashionable :
Performance is a kind of will, or testament,
Which argues a great sickness in his judgment
That makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman ! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him :
It must be a personating of himself :
A satire against the softness of prosperity ;
With a discovery of the infinite flatteries
That follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work ? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him :
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True ;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple.
Than where swine feed !
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam ;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave :
To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye
Be crowned with plagues, that thee alone obey !
'Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon !

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits !

claim to be considered metrical as many others in this play.
For example,—

"Poor straggling soldiers, with great quantity."
"Therefore 't is not amiss we tender our loves
To him, in this supposed distress of his."

We have no doubt that the speeches of the Poet and the Painter beginning "Good as the best," are intended to be metrical, however rugged they may appear.

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What ! to you !

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being ! I'm rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better :

You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men ! Why, how shall I requite you ?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men : You have heard that I have gold ;
I am sure you have : speak truth : you're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord : but therefore

Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men : Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say :—And, for thy fiction, [*To the Poet.*]

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault :

Marry, 't is not monstrous in you ; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord ?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet.

Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give
you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:

Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a
draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this,—but two
in company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold,
ye slaves:

You have work for me, there's payment: Hence. ^b

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs!

[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter FLAVIUS and Two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,

That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'T was time, and
griefs,

^a Mason, in his usual literal and prosaic manner, proposed to read, "*not* two in company." The meaning is amplified in the subsequent lines—go apart, you that way, and you this; still there are two in company—yourself and the "made-up villain."

"Rid me these villains from your companies."

^b The ordinary reading is "you have *done* work for me." Malone says, "For the insertion of the word *done*, which it is manifest was omitted by the negligence of the compositor, I am answerable. Timon in this line addresses the Painter, whom he before called 'excellent workman,' in the next the Poet." It appears to us that this is a hasty correction. Timon has overheard both the Poet and the Painter declaring that they have nothing to present to him at that time but promises, and it is with bitter irony that he says "excellent workman." In the same sarcastic spirit he now says, "You have work for me—there's payment." For the *work* that they formerly did for him they were amply paid in the days of his first prosperity.

That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to
him,

And chance it as it may.

Flav.

Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon!

Timon!

Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,

By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:

Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,
and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false

Be as a cant'rising to the root o' the tongue,

Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen.

Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them
back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen.

O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen.

They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the public body,—which doth seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

Tim.

You witch me in it;

Surprise me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes

And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return
with us,

And of our Athens (thine and ours,) to take

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name

Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir:
Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war:
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon
speaks it,

In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care
not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave
you

To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they
pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great tri-
umphs

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness
do them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still
shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to
Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover;^a thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death their
gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his
reign. [Exit Timon.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his
files

As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient
friend;—

Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported

^a *Whom.* The original reads *who*. Steevens corrected it to *which*; Malone, to *whom*: one maintaining that the turbulent surge was to cover the grave, the other, the body in the grave.

His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.

Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span;
Some beast—Read this. There does not live a man.

Dead, sure; and this his grave.—What's on this tomb

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:^a
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town

Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*]

^a There is a good deal of difficulty about this scene. We will first give the doubtful part of it as it stands in the original:—

Enter a Soldier in the Woods, seeking TIMON.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.

Whose heere? Speake ho. No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not live a man.
Dead sure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read; the Character I'll take with wax,
Our Capitaine hath in every Figure skill;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes;
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.

Mr. Staunton regards the two lines beginning "Timon is dead," as the only part of the inscription which the soldier could read. We apprehend the passage differently. The soldier has found the place described to him as the Cave of Timon; he calls to him in vain; he ejaculates—

"Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span;
Some beast—"

supposing that some beast had killed Timon; but going to the tomb, he calls to his companion, "Read this." What follows, "there does not live a man." is not part of the inscription, but means *there*—in that case. The soldier says, "I cannot read;" and when Alcibiades reads the inscription in wax which the soldier brought away, there is nothing corresponding with Mr. Staunton's supposed epitaph.

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time

With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
I have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd

Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, 'No more:' now breathless wrong

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young

When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo

Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours

Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such

That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living

Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth:

And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:

For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenge: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,

Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile.
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall
ope;

So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove;
Or any token of thine honour else,

That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be rendered^a to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'T is most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

^a *Rendered.* The original has *remedied*. We agree with Mr. Dyce that this is a misprint.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft im-
pression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
soul bereft:

Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
left!

Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here thy
gait.

These will express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our drop-
lets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war;
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*Timon's Grave.*]



[ALCIBIADES.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V

SCENE II.—*"I have a tree which grows here in my close."*

WE have referred, in our Introductory Notice, to the 28th novel of 'The Palace of Pleasure,' as an example of the popular notion of the character of Timon of Athens. The story of Timon's feast with Apemantus, as well as that of the fig-tree, is found also in Plutarch. (See Illustrations of Act III.) We subjoin the 'Novel' from 'The Palace of Pleasure' without abridgment:—

"Of the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind, with his death, burial, and epitaph.

"All the beasts of the world do apply themselves to other beasts of their kind, Timon of Athens only excepted: of whose strange nature Plutarch is astonished, in the life of Marcus Antonius. Plato and Aristophanes do report his marvellous nature, because he was a man but by shape only, in qualities he was the capital enemy of mankind, which he confessed frankly utterly to abhor and hate. He dwelt alone in a little cabin in the fields not far from Athens, separated from all neighbours and company: he never went to the city, or to any other habitable place, except he was constrained: he could not abide any man's company and conversation: he was never seen to go to any man's house, nor yet would suffer them to come to him. At the same time there was in Athens another of like quality, called Apemantus, of the very same nature,

different from the natural kind of man, and lodged likewise in the middle of the fields. On a day they two being alone together at dinner, Apemantus said unto him, 'O, Timon, what a pleasant feast is this! and what a merry company are we, being no more but thou and I!' 'Nay, (quoth Timon,) it would be a merry banquet indeed, if there were none here but myself.'

"Wherein he showed how like a beast (indeed) he was: for he could not abide any other man, being not able to suffer the company of him, which was of like nature. And if by chance he happened to go to Athens, it was only to speak with Alcibiades, who was then an excellent captain there, wherewith many did marvel; and therefore Apemantus demanded of him, why he spake to no man, but to Alcibiades? 'I speak to him sometimes,' said Timon, 'because I know that by his occasion the Athenians shall receive great hurt and trouble.' Which words many times he told to Alcibiades himself. He had a garden adjoining to his house in the fields, wherein was a fig-tree, whereupon many desperate men ordinarily did hang themselves; in place whereof he proposed to set up a house, and therefore was forced to cut it down, for which cause he went to Athens, and in the marketplace, he called the people about him, saying that he had news to tell them: when the people understood that he was about to make a discourse unto them, which was wont to speak to no man, they marvelled, and the citizens on every part of

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

the city ran to hear him; to whom he said, that he proposed to cut down his fig-tree to build a house upon the place where it stood. 'Wherefore (quoth he) if there be any man among you all in this company that is disposed to hang himself, let him come betimes before it be cut down.' Having thus bestowed his charity among the people, he returned to his lodging, where he lived a certain time after without alteration of nature; and because that nature changed not in his life-time, he would not suffer that death should alter or vary the same: for like as he lived a beastly and churlish life, even so he required to have his funeral done after that manner. By his last will he ordained himself to be interred upon the sea-shore, that the waves and

surges might beat and vex his dead carcase. Yea, and that if it were possible, his desire was to be buried in the depth of the sea; causing an epitaph to be made, wherein were described the qualities of his brutish life. Plutarch also reporteth another to be made by Callimachus, much like to that which Timon made himself, whose own soundeth to this effect in English verse:—

"My wretched catife days,
Expired now and past:
My carren corpse interred here,
Is fast in ground:
In waltring waves of swelling sea, by surges cast,
My name if thou desire,
The gods thee do confound."



* * The argument upon which our Introductory Notice is mainly built,—that the *Timon of Athens* is not wholly by Shakspeare,—has led to such an analysis of the play as we ordinarily give in a Supplementary Notice; and has therefore rendered such a Notice here unnecessary.





[Country near Dove.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF KING LEAR.

THE first edition of King Lear was published in 1608; its title was as follows: 'Mr. William Shake-speare his True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the unfortunate Life of Edgar, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed Humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaid before the King's Majesty at White-Hall, uppon S. Stephens Night; in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Banck-side. Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his Shop in Paul's Church-yard at the Signe of the Red Bull neere St. Austins Gate, 1608.' Two other editions were published by Butter in the same year; and there are found slight variations in each (besides the omission of the place of sale in the title-page), which indicate that they were not printed from the same types used in the first edition, and that they were not identical reprints. They were each collated by Steevens and Malone, and subsequent editors have pointed out minute differences between them; upon the whole, these differences have not been found of importance in determinizing the text; we therefore, in referring to the original text, speak generally of *the quartos*. It is remarkable that a play of which three editions were demanded in one year should not have been reprinted till it was collected in the folio of 1623. Other of the plays, which were originally published in a separate form during the poet's life-time, were frequently reprinted before the folio collection. For example; of Richard II. there were three editions published in years succeeding that in which it was

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first printed; of Richard III., four; of Romeo and Juliet, three; of Henry IV., Part I., five; of Henry V., two; of The Merry Wives of Windsor, one; of Hamlet, three. Whether Lear was piratical, or whether a limited publication was allowed, it is clear, we think, that by some interference the continued publication was stopped. Davies, in his "Dramatic Miscellanies," has expressed an opinion, founded upon the circumstance that Shakspeare's less perfect efforts were often republished and this not, that Lear was not popular. This argument is worthless; for it must be remembered that other of Shakspeare's most perfect efforts, such as Macbeth, were not published at all till they were collected in the folio. In the folio text of Lear, as compared with the text of the quarto, there are verbal corrections and additions and omissions; but in the quarto text of that play the metrical arrangement is one mass of confusion. Speech after speech, and scene after scene, which in the genuine copy of the folio are metrically correct, are, in the quarto, either printed as prose, or the lines are so mixed together without any apparent knowledge in the editor of the metrical laws by which they were constructed, that it would have been almost impossible, from this text alone, to have reduced them to anything like the form in which they were written by the author. This circumstance appears to us conclusive that these quarto copies could not have been printed from the author's manuscript; and yet they might have been printed from a genuine playhouse copy. It is to be remarked that, in all the quarto editions, which it would appear from various collateral circumstances were not printed under the superintendence of the author, the metrical arrangement is, in the same way, more or less defective; and we may judge from this, that in the stage copies the pauses of the blank verse were either disregarded as a guide for the actors, or that the printed copies were produced from a report made in some way or other by persons present at the representation, or by the repetition of the players themselves, who would not mark those pauses. It will be observed that there is a remarkable particularity in the title of the quartos of Lear: "As it was plaid before the King's Majestie at White-Hall, uppon S. Stephens Night; in Christmas Hollidaies." In the entry at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 26, 1607, the same particularity occurs: "As yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last." From the somewhat ostentatious precision with which Butter mentions this circumstance, may it not be conjectured that he obtained a copy, used upon that occasion, from some one of the players—perfect to a certain extent; but still not the author's copy?

These considerations may at first sight appear unimportant, but they are of some consequence in determining the value of a text. The modern text of King Lear is essentially that of the folio. There are passages, indeed, which the editors have restored from the quartos; and we admit the importance of preserving those passages, upon the principle that not a line which appears to have been written by Shakspeare ought to be lost; but, in other respects, the text of the folio is infinitely superior to that of the quartos, and the editors for the most part have abided by it. But they have sometimes made up a text out of both copies, and sometimes, arbitrarily as we think, preferred the text of the quartos to that of the folio. Our copy is literally that of the folio, except that where a passage occurs in the quartos which is not in the folio, we introduce such a passage, printing it, however, in brackets. It would have been wearisome, and, in a certain degree, useless, to have noticed all the differences between the folio and the quartos; but we notice the very few instances in which we adopt the text of the quartos and not that of the folio; and the instances also in which, adopting the text of the folio, we differ from the editors who have preferred that of the quarto.

The text of the folio, in one material respect, differs considerably from that of the quartos. Large passages which are found in the quartos are omitted in the folio: there are, indeed, some lines found in the folio which are not in the quartos, amounting to about fifty. These are scattered passages, not very remarkable when detached, but for the most part essential to the progress of the action or to the development of character. On the other hand, the lines found in the quartos which are not in the folio, amount to as many as two hundred and twenty-five; and they comprise one entire scene, and one or two of the most striking connected passages in the drama. It would be easy to account for these omissions, by the assumption that in the folio edition the original play was cut down by the editors; for Lear, without the omissions, is one amongst the longest of Shakspeare's plays. But this theory would require us to assume, also, that the additions to the folio were made by the editors. These comprise several such minute touches as none but the hand of the

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master could have superadded. One example will suffice. In the storm scene, when Lear and the Fool find the hovel, Lear says to him—

‘ In, boy ; go first.—You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I’ll pray, and then I’ll sleep ”

Upon this passage Johnson has a note:—“These two lines were added in the author’s revision, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind.” But Johnson did not think so favourably of the omissions in the folio ; although he has expressed an opinion that they were the omissions of the author. Of some lines in Act III., Scene VI., he says, “The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty : yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakspeare’s last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes than of continuing the action.” We cannot willingly yield to the belief that Shakspeare “carelessly and hastily” performed any part of his work ; and, especially, that he yielded to this carelessness and haste in the revision of a tragedy which, taken altogether, “may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world.”* Let us examine the matter, therefore, a little more in detail.

In the first and second acts the omissions are very slight. In the opening of the third act we lose a spirited description of Lear in the storm—“tears his white hair,” &c. But mark,—it is *description* ; and the judgment of Shakspeare in omitting it is unquestionable, for he subsequently shows Lear in *action* under precisely the same circumstances. In the sixth scene of the same act is omitted the imaginary trial of Regan and Goneril, “I will arraign them straight.” Was this a passage that an author would have thrust out carelessly and hastily ? It is impossible, as it would be presumptuous were it possible, unhesitatingly to assign a motive for this omission. The physical exertion that would be necessary for any actor (even for Burbage, who we know played Lear)† to carry through the whole of the third act might have been so extreme as to render it expedient to make this abridgment ; or, what is more probable, as Kent previous to this passage had said, “All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience,” the imaginary arraignment might have been rejected by the poet, as exhibiting too much method in the madness. The rhyming soliloquy of Edgar, with which this scene closes, might have been spared by the poet without much compunction. The second scene of the fourth act, in which Albany so bitterly reproaches Goneril, is greatly abridged. In its amplified state it does not advance the progress of the action, nor contribute to the development of the characters. The whole of the third scene of that act is also omitted. It is one of the most beautifully written of the play ; and we should indeed regret had it not been preserved to us in the quartos. But let it be borne in mind that the greater part of the scene is purely descriptive ; and, exquisite as the description is, particularly in those parts which make us better understand the surpassing loveliness of Cordelia’s character, we cannot avoid believing that the poet sternly resolved to let the effect of this wonderful drama entirely depend upon its action. Tieck puts the rejection of this scene upon another ground—that it introduced some complexity into the tragedy, and described events, such as the return of the French king, and the sojourn of Lear in Dover without seeing his daughter, which have no influence upon the future conduct of the poem. The subsequent omissions, to the end of the drama, are few and unimportant.

The period of the first production of *Lear* may be fixed with tolerable certainty. We do not mean to say that the precise year of its first performance can be ascertained, any more than the precise day. To Malone “it seems extremely probable that its first appearance was in March or April, 1605.” To Dr. Drake “it appears more probable that its production is to be attributed to the close of the year 1604.” Here Malone and Drake are at issue upon a question of three months ; when the facts which we really know about the matter give us a range of three years. The first certain fact, which we collect from the registers of the Stationers’ Company, is that *Lear* was played before King James, at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen’s night, in the year 1606—that is, on the 26th of December. Here is the limit in one direction. In the other direction we have the publication in 1603, of Harsnet’s

* We shall have occasion subsequently to advert to this opinion of *Lear* from a great poet—Sholley.

† In an elegy on Burbage, printed by Mr. Collier, are these lines :—

“ And his whole action he could change with ease,
From ancient *Lear* to youthful *Pericles*.”

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'Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures,' from which book Shakspeare undoubtedly derived some materials which he employed in the assumed madness of Edgar. It is pretty clear, also, from two passages in the text of the quarto editions, that the author, or the actors of the tragedy, "as it was played before the king's majesty," were careful to make two minute changes which would be agreeable to James. We have seen (Illustrations of Act III.) that after the accession of James, when he was proclaimed king of *Great Britain*, it was usual to merge the name of England in that of *Britain*. Bacon thus explains the completion of the old prophecy, "When hempe is sponne, England's donne." The ancient metrical saying, "Fy, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an *English* man," becomes in Lear, "I smell the blood of a *British* man;" and in the quarto editions (Act IV. Scene VI.) we have—

" And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the *British* party."

But the commentators have not noticed that in the folio edition of 1623 the latter passage is given, "Upon the *English* party." This slight difference proves one of two things—either that upon the publication of the folio the distinction between British and English, which was meant as a mark of compliment to James, had ceased to be regarded; or that the passage, having been written before his accession, had not been changed in the copy from which the folio was printed, as it was changed in the copy of the play acted before the king in 1606. The allusions derived from Harsnet's book fix the date of the tragedy as near as we can desire it to be fixed. All that we can hope for in these matters is an approximation to a date. It is sufficient for us to be confirmed, through such a fact, in the belief, derived from internal evidence, that Lear was produced at that period when the genius of Shakspeare was "at its very point of culmination."

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

THE story of Lear belongs to the popular literature of Europe. It is a pretty episode in the fabulous chronicles of Britain; and whether invented by the monkish historians, or transplanted into our annals from some foreign source, is not very material. In the '*Gesta Romanorum*,' the same story is told of Theodosius, "a wise emperor in the city of Rome." Douce has published this story from the manuscript in the Harleian Collection. It may be sufficient to give the beginning of this curious narrative, to show how clearly all the histories have been derived from a common source:—

"Theodosius regned, a wys emperour in the cite of Rome, and myghti he was of power; the whiche emperour had thre daughters. So hit liked to this emperour to knowe which of his daughters lovid him best. And tho he seid to the eldest daughter, how moche lovist thou me? fforsoth, quod she, more than I do myself, therefore, quod he, thou shalt be hily avaunsed, and married her to a riche and myghti kyng. Tho he cam to the secund, and seid to her, daughter, how moche lovist thou me? As moche forsoth, she seid, as I do myself. So the emperour married her to a duc. And tho he seid to the thrid daughter, how moche lovist thou me? fforsoth, quod she, as moche as ye beth worthi, and no more. Tho seid the emperour, daughter, sith thou lovist me no more, thou shalt not be married so richely as thi susters beth. And tho he married her to an erle."

The French have a famous romance entitled '*La tres elegante delicieuse melliflue et tres plaisante hystoire du tres victorieux & excellentissime Roy Perceforest Roy de la grant Bretagne*,' of the veritable contents of which an account will be found in the '*Censura Literaria*,' vol. viii. These chronicles, according to Sir Egerton Brydges, "begin with the foundation of Troy, which they affirm to have been in the third age of the world, and that it was taken while Abdon was judge over

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Israel. The travels of Brutus, and his wars in Great Britain and Aquitaine, follow, which took place while Saul reigned in Judea, and Aristeus in Lacedemon. His grandson, Rududribas, father of the celebrated Bladud, founded the ancient city of Canterbury, which occurred during the time in which Haggi, Amos, and Joel, prophesied. These curious circumstances are succeeded by the story of Lear (son to Bladud) and his three daughters, which was in the time of Isaiah and Hosea, at which period also the city of Rome was founded." The exact chronology of the romancers and chroniclers is well worthy attention. Geoffrey of Monmouth is quite as precise as Pierceforest: "At this time flourished the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, and Rome was built upon the eleventh of the Calends of May, by the two brothers Romulus and Remus." With such unquestionable authority for the date of the story of Lear, well may Malone have been shocked when Edgar says, "Nero was an angler in the lake of darkness;" and we ought to be grave when Malone informs us, with the most perfect gravity, "Nero is introduced in the present play above eight hundred years before he was born." Shakspeare found the story in his favourite Holinshed; and he probably did not trouble himself to refer to Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed abridged it. We subjoin the legend as told by Holinshed:—

"Leir, the son of Baldud, was admitted ruler over the Britains in the year of the world 3105. At what time Jous reigned as yet in Juda. This Leir was a prince of noble demeanour, governing his land and subjects in great wealth. He made the town of Carleir, now called Leicester, which standeth upon the river of Dore. It is writ that he had by his wife three daughters, without other issue, whose names were, Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordilla, which daughters he greatly loved, but especially the youngest, Cordilla, far above the two elder.

"When this Leir was come to great years, and began to wear unwieldy through age, he thought to understand the affections of his daughters towards him, and prefer her whom he best loved to the succession of the kingdom; therefore, he first asked Gonorilla, the eldest, how well she loved him: the which, calling her gods to record, protested that she loved him more than her own life, which by right and reason should be most dear unto her; with which answer the father, being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of her how well she loved him? which answered (confirming her sayings with great oaths) that she loved him more than tongue can express, and far above all other creatures in the world.

"Then called he his youngest daughter, Cordilla, before him, and asked of her what account she made of him: unto whom she made this answer as followeth:—Knowing the great love and fatherly zeal you have always borne towards me (for the which, that I may not answer you otherwise than I think, and as my conscience leadeth me), I protest to you that I have always loved you, and shall continually while I live, love you as my natural father; and if you would more understand of the love that I bear you, ascertain yourself, that so much as you have, so much you are worth, and so much I love you, and no more.

"The father, being nothing content with this answer, married the two eldest daughters, the one unto the duke of Cornwall, named Hennisus, and the other unto the duke of Albania, called Maglanus; and betwixt them, after his death, he willed and ordained his land should be divided, and the one-half thereof should be immediately assigned unto them in hand; but for the third daughter, Cordilla, he reserved nothing.

"Yet it fortune that one of the princes of Gallia (which now is called France), whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beauty, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordilla, desired to have her in marriage, and sent over to her father, requiring that he might have her to wife; to whom answer was made, that he might have his daughter, but for any dowry he could have none, for all was promised and assured to her other sisters already.

"Aganippus, notwithstanding this answer of denial to receive anything by way of dower with Cordilla, took her to wife, only moved thereto (I say) for respect of her person and amiable virtues. This Aganippus was one of the twelve kings that ruled Gallia in those days, as in the British history it is recorded. But to proceed; after that Leir was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking it long ere the government of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and reft from him the governance of the land, upon conditions to be continued for term of life: by the which he was put to his portion; that is, to live after a rate assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in process of time was diminished, as well by Maglanus as by Hennisus.

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"But the greatest grief that Leir took was to see the unkindness of his daughters, who seemed to think that all was too much which their father had, the same being never so little, in so much that, going from the one to the other, he was brought to that misery that they would allow him only one servant to wait upon him. In the end, such was the unkindness, or, as I may say, the unnaturalness, which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their fair and pleasant words uttered in time past, that, being constrained of necessity, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seek some comfort of his youngest daughter, Cordilla, whom before he hated.

"The lady Cordilla, hearing he was arrived in poor estate, she first sent to him privately a sum of money to apparel himself withall, and to retain a certain number of servants, that might attend upon him in honourable wise, as apperteyned to the estate which he had borne. And then, so accompanied, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so joyfully, honourably, and lovingly received, both by his son-in-law Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordilla, that his heart was greatly comforted: for he was no less honoured than if he had been king of the whole country himself. Also, after that he had informed his son-in-law and his daughter in what sort he had been used by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mighty army to be put in readiness, and likewise a great navy of ships to be rigged to pass over into Britain, with Leir his father-in-law, to see him again restored to his kingdom.

"It was accorded that Cordilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leave unto her, as his rightful inheritor after his decease, notwithstanding any former grants made unto her sisters, or unto their husbands, in any manner of wise; hereupon, when this army and navy of ships were ready, Leir and his daughter Cordilla, with her husband, took the sea, and arriving in Britain, fought with their enemies, and discomfited them in battle, in the which Maglanus and Henninus were slain, and then was Leir restored to his kingdom, which he ruled after this by the space of two years, and then died, forty years after he first began to reign. His body was buried at Leicester, in a vault under the channel of the river Dore, beneath the town."

The subsequent fate of Cordelia is also narrated by Holinshed. She became queen after her father's death; but her nephews "levied war against her, and destroyed a great part of the land, and finally took her prisoner, and laid her fast in ward, wherewith she took such grief, being a woman of a manly courage, and despairing to recover liberty, there she slew herself." Spenser, in the second book of 'The Fairy Queen,' canto 10, has told the story of Lear and his daughters, in six stanzas, in which he has been content to put in verse, with very slight change or embellishment, the narrative of the chroniclers. The concluding stanza will be a sufficient specimen:—

"So to his crown she him restor'd again,
In which he dy'd, made ripe for death by old,
And after wold it should to her remain;
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
And all men's hearts in due obedience held;
Till that her sister's children, woxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebell'd,
And o'ercome, kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life, herself she hong."

The story of Lear had unquestionably been dramatised before Shakspeare produced his tragedy. 'The true Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted,' was printed, probably for the first time, in 1605; but there can be no doubt that it belongs to a period some ten, fifteen, or perhaps twenty years earlier. In 1594 an entry was made at Stationers' Hall, of 'The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire King of England, and his Three Daughters.' Theobald calls this old play "an execrable performance;" Percy, "a very poor and dull performance;" and Capell, "a silly old play." It is certainly all these, when compared with the wonderful production of Shakspeare; but we are by no means certain that it is not as good as half the pieces which occupied the stage, and not unsuccessfully, at the very time that Shakspeare had produced some of his most glorious works. Theobald and Capell have selected some of the worst passages from this curious drama. We subjoin a scene which will enable our readers to compare it with the first scene of Shakspeare's Lear:—

KING LEAR.

"Leir. Deare Gonorill, kind Ragan, sweet Cordella,
Ye flourishing branches of a kingly stocke,
Sprung from a tree that once did flourish greene,
Whose blossomes now are nipt with winter's frost,
And pale grym death doth wayt upon my steps,
And summons me unto his next assizes.
Therefore, deare daughters, as ye tender the safety
Of him that was the cause of your first being,
Resolve a doubt which much molests my mind,
Which of you three to me would prove most kind;
Which loves me most, and which at my request
Will soonest yeeld unto their father's hest.
"Gonorill. I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
Of any of his daughters love to him:
Yet for my part, to shew my zeal to you,
Which cannot be in windy words rehearse,
I prize my love to you at such a rate,
I thinke my life inferiour to my love.
Should you inioine me for to tie a millstone
About my neck, and leape into the sea,
At your commaund I willingly would doe it:
Yea, for to doe you good, I would ascend
The highest turret in all Brittainy,
And from the top leape headlong to the ground;
Nay, more, should you appoint me for to marry
The meanest vassalle in the spacious world,
Without reply I would accomplish it:
In briebe, commaund whatexer you desire,
And if I faile, no favour I requie.

"Leir. O, how thy words revive my dying soule!
"Cordella. O, how I doe abhorre this flattery!
"Leir. But what sayth Ragan to her father's will?
"Ragan. O, that my simple utterance could suffice
To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burnes in zeale of duty to your grace,
And never can be quench'd, but by desire
To shew the same in outward forwardnesse.
Oh, that there were some other maid that durst
But make a challenge of her love with me:
Ide make her soune confesse she never loved
Her father halfe so well as I doe you.
I then my deeds should prove in plainer case,
How much my zeale aboundeth to your grace:
But for them all, let this one meane suffice
To ratify my love before your eyes:
I have right noble suters to my love,
No worse then kings, and happily I love one:
Yet, would you have me make my choice anew,
Ide bridle fancy, and be rulde by you.

"Leir. Did never Philomel sing so sweet a note.
"Cordella. Did never flatterer tell so false a tale.
"Leir. Speak now, Cordella, make my joys at full,
And drop downe nectar from thy honey lips.
"Cordella. I cannot paint my duty forth in words,

I hope my deeds shall make report for me:
But looke what love the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I beare, my gracious lord."

"Gonorill. Here is an answererle-see indeed
Were you my daughter, I should scarcely brooke it:

"Ragan. Dost thou not blush, proud peacock
thou art,

To make our father such a slight reply?

"Leir. Why how now, minion, are you growne so proud?
Doth our deare love make you thus peremptory?
What, is your love become so small to us,
As that you scorne to tell us what it is?
Do you love us, as every child doth love
Their father? True indeed, as some,
Who by di-obedience short their father's dayes,
And so would you; some are so father-sick,
That they make meanes to rid them from the world;
And so would you: some are indifferent,
Whether their aged parents live or die;
And so are you. But, didst thou know, proud girle,
What care I had to foster thee to this,
Ah, then thou wouldst say as thy sisters do:
Our life is lesse, then love we owe to you.

"Cordella. Deare father, do not so mistake my words:
Nor my plaine meaning be misconstrued:
My tongue was never usde to flattery.

"Gonorill. You were not best say I flatter: if you do,
My deeds shall shew, I flatter not with you.
I love my father better then thou canst.

"Cordella. The praise were great, spoke from
another's mouth:

But it should seeme your neighbours dwell far off.

"Ragan. Nay, here is one, that will confirme as much
As she hath said, both for my selfe and her.
I say, thou dost not wish my father's good.

"Cordella. Deare father—

"Leir. Peace, bastard impe, no issue of king Leir,
I will not heare thee speake one tittle more.
Call not me father, if thou love thy life,
Nor these thy sisters once presume to name:
Looke for no helpe henceforth from me or mine;
Shift as thou wilt, and trust unto thyselfe:
My kingdome will I equally divide
Twixt thy two sisters to their royal dowres,
And will bestow them worthy their deserts:
This done, because thou shalt not have the hope
To have a child's part in the time to come,
I presently will dispossesse my selfe,
And set up these upon my princely throne.

"Gonorill. I ever thought that pride would have a fall.

"Ragan. Plaine dealing sister: your beauty is so
sheene,

You need no dowry, to make you be a queene.

[*Exeunt LEIR, GONORILL, RAGAN.*]

Mr. Skottowe has, with great diligence and minuteness, attempted to trace Shakspeare in what he is supposed to have borrowed from the old play, and also in the points of difference. Our readers will easily imagine, from the extract with which we have furnished them, that Shakspeare had, at all events, to create the poetical diction of Lear, without any obligation to his lumbering predecessor. In the conduct of the plot he is equally original. It may be sufficient for us to state that of the madness of Lear we have no trace in the old play; and that, like the chronicle, it ends with the triumphant restoration of Lear to his kingdom. Knowing this, we think that our readers will agree with us that it would be a waste of time to trace such resemblances as Mr. Skottowe has described in the following passage: "How noble is the burst of passion, agony, and remorse, that succeed the disappointment of Shakspeare's king!"

"Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them." * * * *

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

* * * * *
 Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again I'll pluck you out;
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay.'

"And—

' You think, I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep:
 I have full cause for weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep.'

"To these passages the author of the old play derives some slight claim; for his Leir weeps after the vituperations of Gonorill, and Ragan observes—

' He cannot speak for weeping.'"

There is a ballad, printed in 'Percy's Reliques,' on the story of Lear. It is without a date, and Percy says, "Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters. In the death of Lear they likewise very exactly coincide. The misfortune is, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within." We print the passages to which Percy alludes:—

" Her father, old king Leir, this while
 With his two daughters staid;
 Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
 Full soon the same decay'd;
 And living in queen Ragan's court,
 The eldest of the twain,
 She took from him his chiefest means,
 And most of all his train.

' For whereas twenty men were wont
 To wait with bended knee:
 She gave allowance but to ten,
 And after scarce to three:
 Nay, one she thought too much for him:
 So took she all away,
 In hope that in her court, good king,
 He would no longer stay.

" Am I reward'd thus, quoth he,
 In giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave?
 I'll go unto my Gonorill;
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my woe.

" Full fast he hies then to her court
 Where when she hears his moan.
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd
 That all his means were gone:
 But no way could relieve his wants;
 Yet if that he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

* * * * *

" And calling to remembrance then
 His youngest daughter's words,
 That said, the duty of a child
 Was all that love affords:

But doubting to repair to her,
 Whom he had banish'd so,
 Grew frantic mad; for in his mind
 He bore the wounds of woe.

" Which made him rend his milk-white locks
 And tresses from his head,
 And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
 With age and honour spread;
 To hills and woods and wat'ry founts,
 He made his hourly moan,
 Till hills and woods and senseless things,
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

* * * * *

" And so to England came with speed,
 To re-possess king Leir,
 And drive his daughters from their thrones
 By his Cordelia dear:
 Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
 Was in the battle slain:
 Yet he, good king, in his old days,
 Possess'd his crown again.

" But when he heard Cordelia's death,
 Who dy'd indeed for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battle move;
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted:
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.

" The lords and nobles when they saw
 The ends of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents;
 And being dead their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin:
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin."

In Sidney's 'Arcadia' there is a chapter entitled 'The pitiful state and story of the Paphlagonian unkind king, and his kind son, first related by the son, then by the blind father.' This unquestionably furnished the dramatic foundation of Gloster and Edgar. It may be sufficient for us to give the relation of the 'kind son':—

" This old man, whom I lead, was lately rightful prince of Paphlagonia, by the hard-hearted ungratefulness of a son of his, deprived not only of his kingdom, but of his sight, the riches which

KING LEAR.

nature grants to the poorest creatures; whereby and by other his unnatural dealings, he hath been driven to such griefs, as even now he would have had me to have led him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death; and so would have had me, who received my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction."

PERIOD OF THE ACTION, AND MANNERS.

THE sagacious Mrs. Lenox informs us that "Shakspeare has deviated widely from *History* in the catastrophe of his play;" whereat she is somewhat indignant, for "had Shakspeare followed the *historian* he would not have violated the rules of poetical justice." The antiquarians are as sensitive as the moralists upon this point. Had Shakspeare attended to the chronology of the days of king Bladud, and preserved a due regard to the manners of Britain, at the period when Romulus and Remus built Rome "upon the eleventh of the Calends of May," he would not have given us what Douce calls "a plentiful crop of blunders." He would have made no allusions, according to Douce's literal view of the matter, to Turks, or Bedlam beggars, or Childe Roland, or the theatrical moralities, or to Nero. We confess, however, that this inexactitude of the poet does not shock us quite so much as it does the professional detectors of anachronisms,—those who look upon such allusions as "blunders" that may disturb the empire of accuracy and dulness, and consider poetry as properly a sort of ornamented Appendix to a Cyclopædia. We have no desire to regard the symbols by which ideas may be most readily communicated, as the exponents of the things themselves to which they refer. We are willing that a poet, describing events of a purely fabulous character, represented by the narrators of them as belonging to an age to which we cannot attach one precise notion of costume, (we use the word in its large sense,) should employ images that belong to a more recent period—and even to his own time. It is for the same reason that we do not object to see Lear painted with a diadem on his head, and his knights in armour. It is for this reason also, that the gentleman to whom we are indebted for that part of our comment which relates to the dress of Shakspeare's characters, has nothing to say on the subject of Lear. We should not much quarrel with any theatrical costume of the tragedy, excepting, perhaps, Garrick's laced coat, and Quin's powdered periwig. We would leave these things to the imaginations of our readers, (whatever stage-managers may do with their audiences,) lest we should fall into some such mistake as that celebrated in the 'Art of Sinking in Poetry':—

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."



['My good biting faulchion.']

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, *son to Gloster.*
EDMUND, *bastard son to Gloster.*
CURAN, *a courtier.*
Old Man, *tenant to Gloster.*
Physician.
Fool.
OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*
An Officer, *employed by Edmund.*
Gentleman, *attendant on Cordelia.*
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, } *daughters to Lear.*
REGAN, }
CORDELIA, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.*

SCENE,—BRITAIN



[Scene IV.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the Kingdom,^a it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for qualities^b are so weigh'd, that curiosity^c in neither can make choice of either's moiety.^d

^a Johnson says, "There is something of obscurity, or inaccuracy, in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet, when he enters, he examines his daughters to discover in what proportions he should divide it." Coleridge has shown that there is no inaccuracy; but that the king, having determined upon the division of his kingdom, institutes the trial of professions in strict accordance with his complicated character. (See Supplementary Notice.)

^b *Qualities.* In the quartos *equalities*.

^c *Curiosity.*—exact scrutiny.

^d *Moiety.* In the same way Hotspur calls his third share a moiety. In both these cases it is used for an assigned proportion. (See note on Henry IV., Part I., Act III., Sc. 1.)

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd; and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily to^a the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

^a *To*—the quartos *into*.

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him here-
after as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you
better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away
he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

*Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL,
REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Bur-
gundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker
purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have
divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death.—Our son of
Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France
and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous so-
journ,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my
daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge.^a—
Goneril,

Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can
wield the matter,

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour:

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.

A love that makes breath poor, and speech un-
able;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speak?^b Love, and
be silent. [*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains
rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's
issues

Be this perpetual.—What says our second
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my
sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;

Only she comes too short,—that I profess

Myself an enemy to all other joys,

Which the most precious square of sense pos-
sesses;

And find, I am alone felicitate

In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous^c than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,

Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;

No less in space, validity,^e and pleasure,

Than that conferr'd^d on Goneril.—Now, our joy

Although our last and least; to whose young
love^f

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy

Strive to be interest'd;^g what can you say, to
draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

^a *Speak.* The quartos read "What shall Cordelia do?" This feeble reading destroys the force of the answer, "Love, and be silent."

^b *Ponderous.* The quartos, *richer.*

^c *Validity*—value, worth.

^d *Conferr'd.* The quartos read *confirm'd.* In the same way, in the beginning of the scene, when Lear, according to the folio, says, "Conferring them on younger strengths,"—the quarto reads *confirming.*

^e We give the text as it stands in the folio, by which we lose the words which have passed into a household phrase, "Although the last not least." But in truth this text is not to be found in any original edition of Shakspeare. The quartos read,—

"But now our joy,

Although the last, not least in our dear love,

What can you say to win a third, more opulent

Than your sisters?"

It will be seen that the poet has revised his text, rearranging the lines, and introducing a new member of the sentence, "to whose young love," &c. Johnson says, "The true reading is picked out of two copies;" but surely this mode of picking out is least likely to furnish us with the true reading.

^g *Interest'd.* This verb, from the French *intéresser*, is used also by Ben Jonson and Massinger

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing:^a speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth; I love your majesty According to my bond; no more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,

Lest you^b may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord, You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I Return those duties back as are right fit, Obey you, love you, and most honour you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed, That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty: Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters, [To love my father all.^c]

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?^d

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so:—Thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my
sight!— [To Cordelia.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give

^a The quartos read "nothing can come of nothing." The ancient saying, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, is repeated in the fourth scene of this act even more literally: "nothing can be made out of nothing."

^b You—the quartos, *it*.

^c The line in brackets is not found in the folio.

^d The quartos read, "But goes this with thy heart?" and Malone attributes the change in the folio to the editor of that edition, who, he says, did not understand this kind of phraseology. We have no doubt, speaking generally, that the minute changes of language in the folio are of the author, not of the editor.

Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—
Who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall
retain

The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

[Giving the crown.

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
the shaft.

Kent: Let it fall rather, though the fork in-
vade

The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do,
old man?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to
speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour's bound,

When majesty falls^a to folly. Reserve thy state;^b
And, in thy best consideration, check

This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; ne'er fear to
lose it,

Thy safety being motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still re-
main

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

^a Falls—the quartos, *stoops*.

^b Reserve thy state—the quartos, *reverse thy dooms*.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!—
That thou hast sought to make us break our vows,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from disasters^a of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day follow-
ing,

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! by Jupiter,^b
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou
wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*]

That good effects may spring from words of
love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu:

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter: What, in the
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she
owes,

Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,

Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir,
Election makes not up in such conditions.^a

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To FRANCE.*]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, who even but now was your best
object,^b

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-rough'd affection
Fall into taint: ° which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well
intend,

^a The quartos read—"on such conditions;" and M. Mason proposes to read—

"Election makes not, upon such conditions."

To make up is here to decide—to conclude;—the choice of Burgundy refuses to come to a decision, in such circumstances, or on such terms.

^b Best is omitted in the folio, but is found in the quartos.

^c M. Mason interprets the passage thus.—Her offence must be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her must fall into taint—become the subject of reproach.

^a Disasters—the quartos, diseases.

^b By Jupiter.—Johnson says, "Shakspeare makes his Lear too much of a mythologist; he had Ilerate and Apollo before." Our poet was perfectly justified by the example of the chroniclers in making Lear invoke the heathen deities. In Holinshed, where he found the story of Lear, is also given this account of Baldud, or Bladud, Lear's father: "This Baldud took such pleasure in artificial practices and magic, that he taught this art throughout his realm; and to show his cunning in other points. Upon a presumptuous pleasure which he had therein, he took upon him to fly in the air; but he fell upon the temple of Apollo, which stood in the city of Troinovan, and there was torn in pieces, after he had ruled the Britons by the space of twenty years."

I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Had'st not been born than not t'have pleas'd
me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards^a that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal king,^b
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a
father

That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune^c are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:

Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 't is strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy

Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:

Thou lovest here, a better where^d to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be
thine, for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see

That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,

^a *Regards*, the reading of the folio, means *considerations*; the quartos read *respects*, which has the same meaning.

^b *Royal king* in the folio; the quartos *Royal Lear*.

^c *Respects of fortune*—so the quartos; the folio, *respect and fortunes*.

^d *Here and where* are used as nouns. We have a similar use of *where* in the Comedy of Errors, Act II., Sc. I.:—

"How if your husband start some other *where*?"

See note on that passage.

Without our grace, our love, our benizol.

Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-
WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love^a well our
father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him:

But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,

I would prefer him to a better place.

So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.^b

Gon. Let your study

Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you

At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,

And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted^c cun-
ning hides;

Who covers faults at last with shame derides.^d

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say, of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you;
next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is;
the observation we have made of it hath not^e
been little: he always loved our sister most;
and with what poor judgment he hath now cast
her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath
ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash: then must we look from his age
to receive not alone the imperfections of long-
engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly

^a *Love*—the quartos use.

^b In the quartos this speech is given to Goneril, and the next to Regan. The folio has *duty*; the quartos, *duties*.

^c *Plighted*—the quartos read *pleated*. In the various editions we have *plaited*. To *plight*, and to *plait*, equally mean to fold. In Milton's 'History of England,' Rodericus wears "a *plighted* garment of divers colours." In the exquisite passage in 'Comus'—

"I look it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play i' th' *plighted* clouds"—

the epithet has the same meaning.

^d This line is ordinarily printed—

"Who cover faults, at last shame them derides."

But we have no doubt that the reading of the folio is right, and that *who* refers to *time*.

^e *Not been little*. The *not* of the quartos is omitted in the folios.

waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us sit^a together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law

My services are bound: Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom; and permit The curiosity^b of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base? Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality, Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate.^c I grow; I prosper:—Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in cholour parted!

And the king gone to-night! prescrib'd^d his power!

^a Sit—the quarto, *his*.

^b Curiosity.—In the first scene this word is used in the sense of exact scrutiny; in the passage before us the meaning approaches more nearly to fastidiousness.

^c Top the legitimate.—In the folio we find to th' legitimate; in the quarto, tooth' legitimate. Top was suggested by Edwards in the 'Canons of Criticism.' Toe is Hamner's reading.

^d Prescrib'd—the quarto reads *subscrib'd*.

Confin'd to exhibition!^a All this done Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now; what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read: and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay^b or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*Reads.*] 'This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.'

Humph—Conspiracy!

'Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,'—

My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

^a Exhibition—allowance.

^b Essay—assay—say—signified such proof or examination as was made by the assayer of coin, or the taster at royal tables. In the latter sense we have the word in Chapman's 'Homers'—

"Atides with his knife took say upon the part before."
We have the word say in a subsequent scene (Act v., Sc. III.)—

"And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes."

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined,^a the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where,^b if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence^c of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

[*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—^d] Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.^e

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey^f the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of

nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'Tis strange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,^g by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*: so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter EDGAR.

Pat: ne comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.¹

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; [as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

^a *Treachers.* Treacher is the French *tricheur*, a trickster—a cheat. The word is used by Chaucer, by Spenser, and the dramatic contemporaries of Shakspeare.

^a *Declined*—the quartos, *declining*.

^b *Where*—in the sense of *whereas*.

^c *Pretence*—purpose.

^d The passage between brackets is omitted in the folio.

^e There are several explanations of this passage. Steevens represents Gloucester to say, he would unstate himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish Edgar—that is, he would give up his rank and his fortune; Mason, he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth; Johnson, I would unstate myself—it would in me be a departure from the paternal character—to be in a due resolution—to be settled and composed on such an occasion. Trench inclines to Johnson's explanation.

^f *Convey*—manage.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come;^a when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best.^b I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit EDMUND.*]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

^a The passages between brackets are omitted in the folio.

^b We print the passages beginning "that's my fear" according to the text of the folio. The dialogue in the quartos is much briefer—

"*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

Bast. That's my fear, brother; I advise you to the best, go arm'd."

The advice here is simply *go arm'd*. In the text of the folio Edmund also advises his brother to retire with him to his lodging. Some editors take all they can find in the folio, and all in the quartos, and upon this principle keep the *go arm'd* of the quartos after brother, *I advise you to the best*, when, as the speech is altered in the folio, those words refer to other matters than *go arm'd*.

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me;^a every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer
Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he distaste it,^b let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
[Not to be over-ru'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen
abus'd^c]

Remember what I have said.

Stew.

Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you; what grows of it no matter; advise your fellows so: [I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speak:]—I'll write straight to my sister, to hold my course:—Prepare for dinner.^d

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd
Kent,

^a This was formerly pointed,

"By day and night I wrongs me."

We doubt, however, whether *by day and night* was meant as an adjection. We have indeed in Hamlet—

"O day and night! but this is wondrous strange."

But we think with Steevens that, in the passage before us, *by day and night* means always—every way,—constantly.

^b *Distaste*—the quartos *distike*.

^c The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

^d This speech has been arranged metrically by the modern editors; but so regulated it reads very harshly. In the distinction between prose and verse we have invariably followed the folio, which in this respect is most carefully printed. The quartos, on the contrary, not only confound the differences between prose and verse, but give us the verse in the most inexact and capricious manner, presenting every appearance of a *reverted text*—a copy taken down as the dialogue was spoken,—in which case it would be very difficult for a reporter to detect the beginnings and ends of lines, and to mark what was intended to be metrical and what not.

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come thy master, whom thou lov'st,^a
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services can'st thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in: and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner.—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—

[*Exit.*]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpol! back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of these, my lord: I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be stricken, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball payer. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes the Steward out.*]

^a We follow the punctuation of the original, by which we understand, so it may come that thy master, &c.

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee :
there 's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him, too;—Here 's my
coxcomb.^a [*Giving KENT his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost
thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my cox-
comb.

Kent. Why, fool?^a

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out
of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the
wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: There,
take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has ba-
nish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a
blessing against his will; if thou follow him,
thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now,
nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two
daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living,^b I 'd keep
my coxcombs myself: There 's mine; beg ano-
ther of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth 's a dog must to kennel; he must
be whipp'd out, when the lady brach^c may stand
by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,^d
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.^e

^a *Why, fool?* So the quartos. The alteration of the folio to "why, my boy?" might lead us to infer that the speech was intended for *Lear*; and that, however it might have been written originally, the poet in his amended copy would not permit *Kent*, in his character of serving-man, so soon to begin bandying questions with *Lear*'s favourite.

^b *Living*—estate—means of living.

^c *Lady brach*—the quartos "lady o' the brach." The variorum editors read "Lady the brach." They have adopted this reading because Hotspur says,—

"I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish."

According to Blount, in his 'Ancient Tenures,' a female harrier is a brach.

^d *Owest*—ownest.

^e In the quartos this speech is given to *Lear*; but it

Fool. Then 't is like the breath of an unfec'd
lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't: Can you
make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made
out of nothing.

Fool. Prithee tell him, so much the rent of
his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[*To KENT.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy,
between a bitter fool, and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. [That lord that counsell'd thee to give
away thy land,
Come place him here by me, do thou for him
stand:]

The sweet and bitter fool will presently appear;
The one in motley here—the other found out
there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given
away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not
let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would
have part on 't:³ and ladies too, they will not
let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatch-
ing.—^a Nuncle, give me an egg, and I 'll give
thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the
middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of
the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the
middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest
thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: Thou had'st
little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st
thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in
this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

'Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.' [*Singing.*]

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of
songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou
madest thy daughters thy mothers;^b for when
thou gav'st them the rod, and putt'st down thine
own breeches,

'Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fool among.'

appears to us that the folio with great propriety assigns it to *Kent*, in reply to the fool's address to him, "Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech."

^a The passages in brackets are not in the folio.

^b *Thy mothers*—the quartos, thy mother.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to GON.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod. [*Pointing to LEAR.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which, if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left dark-
ling.*

* Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a note upon this line, says that Shakspeare's fools were copies of originals, who "had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song or any glib nonsense that came into the mind." He adds, "I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom

Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away These dispositions, which of late transport you From what you rightly are.*

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not
Lear:

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings Are lethargied. Ha! waking? 't is not so. Who is it that can tell me who I am?—^b

Fool. Lear's shadow.—

[*Lear.* I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.]

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, should be wise:

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,

Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

which Shakspeare often finishes this Fool's speeches." But the words before us are not incoherent words. The expression "so out went the candle," &c., may have been proverbial to signify the desertion of a man by his mercenary friends, when he is become a "sheal'd peascod." But Shakspeare found the almost identical image applied to the story of Lear, as related by Spenser: (See Introductory Notice.)

"But true it is, that, *when the oil is spent,*

The light goes out and wick is throw away;

So when he had resign'd his regiment

His daughter 'gan despise his drooping day."

* This speech is printed as prose in the quartos. In them it begins with "*Come, sir;*" which being rejected, it is rendered strictly metrical, as in the folio.

^b This speech is again printed as prose in the quartos. Several words have been rejected in the folio to render it metrical; and a more important change is that after Lear's question—

"Who is it that can tell me who I am?"

The Fool answers—"Lear's shadow." This most emphatic passage is destroyed in the quartos, and in the modern editions, by Lear replying to his own question. The passage in brackets which follows is not found in the folio. We point Lear's speech in that passage according to Tyrwhitt's suggestion. Lear is continuing to speak, without reference to the Fool's interposition; and the Fool in the same way continues the thread of his comment.—

"Which they will make an obedient father"

refers to shadow.

For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[O, sir,
are you come? ^a]
Is it your will? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare
my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a
child,

Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To Gon.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know:
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of
nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all
love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.]

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord,—
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful! ^b
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in ner the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—Away, away!

[Exit.]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whercof comes
this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more
of it; ^a

But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am
asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus: [*To GONERIL.*]

That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force,

Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweept this cause again I'll pluck ye out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! Let it be so:—
I have another daughter, ^b

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost
think

I have cast off for ever. ^c

[Re-enter LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.]

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your mas-
ter. [*To the Fool.*]

^a More of it—in the quartos, *the cause*.

^b We print this passage as in the folio. It is sometimes
thus given—

————— "Ha! is it come to this!
Let it be so; yet have I left a daughter."

The passage in the quartos stands thus—["Yea, is it come
to this? yet have I left a daughter."] Johnson states, "the
reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, part from the
second edition"—a mode of editing which appears to us
little better than childish.

^c In the quartos, *Thou shalt, I warrant thee, follow*.

^a The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^b We print these four lines according to the metrical
arrangement of the folio. In the quartos they are given as
prose. We cannot conceive of anything more destructive
to the terrific beauty of the passage than the "regulation"
by which it is distorted into the following lines:—

"It may be so, my lord,—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!"

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; take the fool with thee.

A fox when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. *[Exit.]*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred knights!

'T is politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point a hundred knights! Yes, that on every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.^a

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness—How now,
Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. *[Exit Stew.]* No,
no, my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then,—

Alb. Well, well; the event. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

^a Too far.—Stevens rejects these words, after his tasteless fashion of emendation.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *[Exit.]*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'st tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

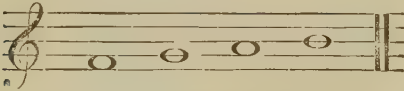
Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter *[Exeunt.]*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

1 SCENE II.—“O, these eclipses do portend these divisions / fa, sol, la, mi.”

DR. BURNES, the historian of music, has a note upon this passage, which is certainly ingenious:—“The commentators not being musicians, have regarded this passage perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspeare, however, shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say, *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa, mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F, G, A, B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa, sol, la, mi*.”



We cannot avoid expressing an opinion that Dr. Burnes has somewhat overstated this matter. It is not, we think, that Edmund compares the dislocation of events to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa, sol, la, mi*, but that in his affectation of humming the gamut as Edgar enters, he employs unnatural and offensive sounds. The poet, we readily believe, had a purpose in this; but we do not quite see that the discordant arrangement of the gamut has any reference to the words which Edmund has just uttered in the way of comparison. He pretends to be thinking aloud, and the simulated thoughts which he expresses are connected with ideas of what is unnatural and dissonant. In the same way the musical notes which he utters are also unnatural and dissonant. They are a pretended accompaniment to his thoughts, but they are not an interpretation of them.

2 SCENE IV.— —“Here’s my coxcomb.”

The Fool of Lear, with reference to the purposes
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of the drama, has been thus described by Coleridge:—“The Fool is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh,—no forced condescension of Shakspeare’s genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly, the poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connexion with the pathos of the play. He is as wonderful a creation as Caliban.” But the prominent part which the Fool takes in the most passionate scenes of Lear—“his wild babblings and inspired idiocy”—were not in the slightest degree opposed to the knowledge of Shakspeare’s audience. The domestic fools with which they were familiar, were, for the most part, like the fool which Sir Thomas More describes in his ‘Utopia:’ “He so studied with words and sayings, brought forth so out of time and place, to make sport and more laughter, that he himself was oftener laughed at than his jests were. Yet the foolish fellow brought out now and then such indifferent and reasonable stuff, that he made the proverb true which saith, ‘He that shooteth oft at the last shall hit the mark.’” But it must not be imagined that such fools as those who were admitted to familiarity with the irascible Henry VIII., the haughty Wolsey, and the philosophic and learned More, were vulgar and licentious jesters, or incapable of affection and dislike. They were grateful, no doubt, to those who treated them with kindness,—they were bitter and revengeful, “all licensed” as they were, to those who repulsed and teased them. Antony Stafford, in his ‘Guide of Honour,’ says, he “had known a great and competently wise man, who would much respect any man who was good to his fool.” When Sir Thomas More resigned the Chancellorship, he gave his fool, Pattison, to the Lord Mayor of London, “upon this condition, that he should every year wait upon him that should have that office.” It is difficult to believe that poor Pattison, transferred year after year to a new master, was as happy with the Lord Mayor of London as with the heavenly-tempered Chancellor, who, speaking of fools in general, says, “It is a great reproach to do any of them hurt or injury.”* Who knows but Pattison would have clung to his master in his misfortunes, like the Fool of Lear,—

—“who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.”

* ‘Utopia,’ Book II., ch. VIII.

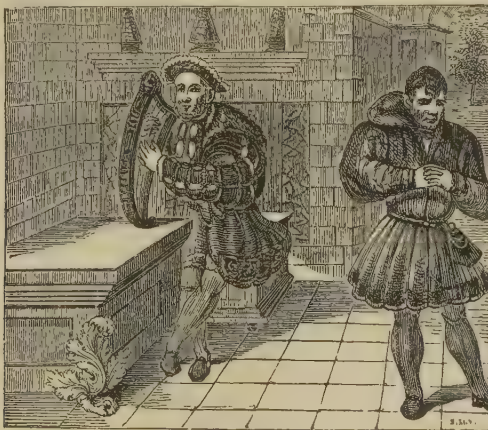
ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

When Wolsey was disgraced, he cherished his fool, Patch, as one of the few comforts that were left to him; and at last sent him to his capricious master as the most valuable present he could bestow. We can easily imagine that, in the separation, Wolsey's fool "much pin'd away," as Lear's did "since my young lady's going into France." Will Sommers, Henry VIII.'s jester, on the other hand, according to tradition, hated Cardinal Wolsey. He was the "sweet and bitter fool." There is a very curious story in a tract entitled "The Nest of Ninnies," by Robert Armin (1608), which exhibits not only the licence of the domestic fools, but their indifference to the consequences of their freedoms. It was in a later period that Laud revenged himself upon Archee Armstrong. We copy the story from the 'Nest of Ninnies,' without abridgment:—

"On a time appointed, the king (Henry the Eighth) dined at Windsor, in the chapel-yard, at Cardinal Wolsey's, at the time when he was building that admirable work of his tomb; at whose gate stood a number of poor people to be served of alms when dinner was done within: and as Will Sommers (the jester) passed by, they saluted him; taking him for a worthy personage, which pleased him. In he comes: and, finding the king at dinner, and the cardinal by, attending; to disgrace him that he never loved—'Harry (says he), lend me ten pound.' 'What to do?' says the king. 'To pay three or four of the cardinal's creditors (quoth he), to whom my word is passed, and they are come now for the money.' 'That thou shalt, Will,' quoth he. 'Creditors of mine!' (says the cardinal) 'I'll give your grace my head, if any man can justly ask me a penny.' 'No!' (says Will) 'lend me ten pounds; if I pay it not where thou owest it, I'll give thee twenty for it.' 'Do so,' says the king. 'That I will, my liege (says the cardinal), though I know I owe none.'—

With that he lends Will ten pounds. Will goes to the gate, and distributes it to the poor, and brought the empty bag. 'There is thy bag again (says he), thy creditors are satisfied, and my word out of danger.' 'Who received it (says the king), the brewer or the baker?' 'Neither, Harry (says Will Sommers): but, cardinal, answer me one thing:—to whom dost thou owe thy soul?' 'To God!' quoth he. 'To whom, thy wealth?' 'To the poor,' says he. 'Take thy forfeit, Harry (says the fool); open confession, open penance. His head is thine; for to the poor at the gate I paid his debt, which he yields is due: or, if thy stony heart will not yield it so, save thy head by denying thy word, and lend it me. Thou knowest I am poor, and have neither wealth nor wit; and what thou lendest to the poor, God will pay thee tenfold. He is my surety, arrest him; for, by my troth, hang me when I pay thee.' The king laughed at the jest, and so did the cardinal, for a show: but it grieved him to jest away ten pound so. Yet worse tricks than this Will Sommers served him after: for, indeed, he could never abide him; and the forfeiture of his head had like to have been paid, had he not poisoned himself."

The action of Lear's fool in offering the king his coxcomb appears, if we may rely upon a story in Perrinchief's 'Life and Death of King Charles I.,' to have furnished an example to Archee Armstrong:—"He told the king, (James the First,) he came to change caps with him. 'Why?' said the king. 'Because (replied Archee) thou hast sent the prince into Spain, from whence he is never like to return.' 'But,' said the king, 'what wilt thou say if thou seest him come back again?' 'Marry,' says the jester, 'I will take off the fool's cap, which I set on thy head for sending him thither, and set it upon the king of Spain's for letting him come home again.'"



[Henry VIII and Will Sommers.]

KING LEAR

We shall have occasion to revert more generally to the subject of Shakspeare's fools, particularly in connexion with their stage office, in some drama which will afford us more space, such as *Twelfth Night*, or, *As You Like It*. In the mean time we copy from Douce that part of his description of their costume which relates to the cockcomb: "A hood resembling a monk's cowl, which, at a very early period, it was certainly designed to imitate, covered the head entirely, and fell down over part of the breast and shoulders. It was sometimes

decorated with ass's ears, or else terminated in the neck and head of a cock, a fashion as old as the fourteenth century. It often had the comb or crest only of the animal, whence the term cockcomb or coxcomb was afterwards used to denote any silly upstart. . . . The hood was not always surmounted with the cock's comb, in lieu of which a single bell, and occasionally more, appeared. Sometimes a feather was added to the comb."



SCENE IV.—*"If I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't."*

This satire upon "lords and great men" was a bold thing in the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the reign of Elizabeth almost every article of necessity—iron, skins, leather, wool, yarn, coal, beer, glass, paper, saltpetre, potash—was consigned by the prerogative of the crown to the monopoly of some patentee. Mr. Hackwell, a member of the House of Commons, expressed his surprise that bread was not of the number. By the 21st of James the First this most injurious prerogative of the crown was got rid of, and all

commissions and letters patent for the sole buying, selling, making, working, or using of anything are declared contrary to the laws of the realm. Patents for new inventions to be granted for a limited time were excepted by this statute. It is curious that this passage of the text is not found in the folio edition of 1623, at which time the struggle for the abolition of monopolies, and the resistance on the part of the monopolists, were no doubt carried to extremes that would have rendered such a direct allusion offensive to the court, which had an interest in supporting the corruption.



[' I heard myself proclaimed. ']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have seen with your father; and given him notice that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I. 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night! The better, best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;

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And I have one thing, of a queazy^a question,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune,
work!—

Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the
night:—

Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the
haste,

And Regan with him: Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon
me:—

In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—

^a *Queazy*—this is explained as delicate, uncertain. *Ticklish* perhaps gives the meaning more clearly.

Draw : Seem to defend yourself : Now quit you well.
Yield : come before my father ;—Light, ho, here !—
Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—
[Exit EDGAR.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[Wounds his arm.
Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !
Stop, stop ! No help ?

Enter GLOSTER and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand auspicious mistress :—

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho !—Go after.—[Exit Serv.]—By no means,—what ?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder^a bend ;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father :—Sir, in fine,

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, launch'd^b mine arm :
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

Or whether ghasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far ;
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught :
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :
By his authority I will proclaim it,

^a The thunder—in the first quarto, *their thunders*.

^b Launch'd—the folio has *latch'd*—the quartos *launched*, meaning *lanc'd*. So Spenser—'Fairly Queen,' Book 1. c. 4—

"For since my breast was *launched* with lovely dart
Of dear Sansfoy, I never joyed hour."

And Dryden—'Virgil,' *Geor.* III.—

"Receipts abound ; but searching all thy store
The best is still at hand, to *launch* the sore."

That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight^a to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the repose.
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should deny,

(As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce

My very character,^b) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs^c
To make thee seek it.'

Glo. O strange^d and fasten'd villain !
Would he deny his letter, said he ?—[I never
got him.] [Trumpets within.

Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not wher^e
he comes :

All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him ; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ? since I
came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard
strange news.^f

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my
lord ?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd ; it's
crack'd !

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your
life !

He whom my father nam'd ? your Edgar ?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid !

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

^a Pight—settled—pitched.

^b Character—hand-writing.

^c Spurs—so the quartos ; the folio, *spirits*.

^d Strange—in the folio ; the quartos, *strong*.

^e The words in brackets are omitted in the folio

^f Wher—wherefore.

^g Strange news—so the quartos ; the folio, *stranger news*.

That tended upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam: 't is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.^a

Reg. No marvel then though he were ill affected;

'T is they have put him on the old man's death, To have th' expense and waste^b of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house

I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.— Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father

A child-like office.

Edm. It was my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray^c his practice; and receive^d

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more

Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,

How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant So much commend itself, you shall be ours; Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;

You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night.

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poize, Wherein we must have use of your advice;— Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, Of differences, which I best thought it fit To answer from our home; the several messen-
gers

From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow

Your needful counsel to our businesses,^a

Which craves the instant use.

Glo.

I serve you, madam:

Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Before Gloucester's Castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pincfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.^b

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger. Draw. [Drawing his sword.]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with let-

^a *Businesses*—the quartos, *business*.

^a *Of that consort*—these words are not found in the quartos.

^b *Expense and waste*—in the folio; one of the quartos, *waste and spoil*, which is adopted by some editors. *Expense* is expenditure, a step before waste.

^c *Bewray*—reveal.

ters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue; stand, you neat slave; strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. A tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours^a at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain

Which are too intrinse^b t' unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

^a Hours—so the quartos; the folio, years.

^b Intrinse—closely tied.

Renegé,^a affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks^b With every gale and vary of their masters, Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.— A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.'

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo.

How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?^c

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain;

I have seen better faces in my time,

Than stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb

Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!— An honest mind and plain,—he must speak

truth:

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,

Than twenty silly ducking observants,

That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity, Under the allowance of your great^d aspect, Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave: which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

^a *Renegé*—so the quartos; the folio, *revenge*. To *renegé* is to deny.

^b *Halcyon beaks*—The halcyon is the kingfisher; and there was a popular opinion that the bird, if hung up, would indicate by the turning of its beak the point from which the wind blew. So in Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta'—

"But how now stands the wind?"

Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?"

^c *What is his fault?*—the quartos, *what's his offence?*

^d *Great*—the quartos, *grand*. The change was not made without reason. Although Kent meant to go out of his dialect, the word *grand* sounded ironically, and was calculated to offend more than was needful.

Stew. I never gave him any.^a

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact,^b and flattering his displeasure,

Tripp'd me behind: being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverent braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respects, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night, too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,

You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:

[His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction

Is such as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with:"] the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
[For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—^a]

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my lord; away.

[*Exeunt all except GLOSTER and KENT.*^b]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morning!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 't will be ill taken. [Exit.]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw;

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!^c

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,

But misery:—I know 't is from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscure course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:^d—All weary and o'er-
watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn
thy wheel! [He sleeps.]

^a This line is also omitted in the folio.

^b We insert the stage direction, as Mr. Dyce suggests.

^c The common saw alluded to is found in Heywood's 'Dialogues and Proverbs':—

"In your running from him to me,

Ye run out of God's blessing into the warm sun."

When Hamlet says, "I am too much i' the sun," he refers to the same proverb, which occurs in several books of Shakspere's time. (See note on Hamlet, Act I., Sc. II.)

^d In the original copies there are no stage directions; but in the modern editions which preceded Johnson's we find several of these forms of explanation, which have been rejected of late years. When Kent says—

"Approach thou beacon to this under globe,"

there was formerly inserted in the margin looking up to the moon. It is now pretty well agreed that the beacon is the sun; and that Kent wishes for its rising that he may read the letter. But the early editors considered that upon Kent's invocation the moon appeared; and when he says 'tis from Cordelia, they add a direction—opening the letter. Some of the remaining portions of his speech they consider as parts of the letter, and give a direction accordingly. We agree with Malone that, although Kent has a letter from Cordelia, and knows that she has been informed of his "obscure course," he is unable to read it in the dim dawning. Fleck says, "The poet desires here to remind us again of Cordelia, and to give a distant intimation that wholly new events are about to be introduced."

^a I never gave him any—so all the old copies. Some editions read, never any.

^b Compact—the quartos, conjunct. Compact is here used in the sense of confederate.

^c The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio. It is clear that the omission was not accidental or capricious, for in that edition the subsequent passage is altered to—

"The king his master needs must take it ill."

SCENE III.—*A part of the Heath.**Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself: and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
 Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting^a villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans,^b sometime with
 prayers,
 Enforce their charity.²—Poor Turlygod! poor
 Tom!
 That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.

*[Exit.]*SCENE IV.—*Before Gloster's Castle.**Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'T is strange, that they should so de-
 part from home,
 And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!*Lear.* Ha!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; he wears cruel^c garters! Horses
 are tied by the heads; dogs and bears by the
 neck; monkeys by the loins; and men by the
 legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
 wears wooden nether-stocks.^d

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place
 mistook
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
 Your son and daughter.

^a *Pelting*—petty—of little worth. (See note on Richard
 II., Act II. Sc. I.) ^b *Bans*—curses.

^c *Cruel*. This is a play upon the double meaning of the
 word; in one of its senses it was a loosely-woven, narrow
 woollen fabric, often used for garters. The manufacture is
 not wholly obsolete, though but little used now.

^d *Nether stocks*—stockings.

Lear. No.*Kent.* Yes.*Lear.* No, I say.*Kent.* I say, yea.*[Lear.* No, no; they would not,*Kent.* Yes, they have.^a]*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.*Lear.* They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 't is worse
 than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
 Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this
 usage,

Coming from us.

Kent.

My lord, when at their home
 I did commend your highness' letters to them,
 Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
 My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
 Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
 From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
 Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
 Which presently they read: on those contents
 They summon'd up their meiny,^b straight took
 horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 (Being the very fellow which of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness,) ^c
 Having more man than wit about me, drew;^d
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward
 cries:

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
 fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags do make their children
 blind;

But fathers that bear bags shall see their chil-
 dren kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore, ne'er turns the key
 to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many do-
 lours^d for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a
 year.

^a The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^b *Meiny*—retinue—attendants—hence the adjective
 menial. In the old translation of the Bible we find "And
 Abraham saddled his ass, and took two of his meiny with
 him, and Isaac his son." In our present translation we
 have *young men* in the place of *meiny*.

^c *Drew*.—The personal pronoun *I* is understood before
drew.

^d *Dolours*. There is a quibble here between *dolours* and
dollars.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio!—down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; Stay here. [Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a number?^a

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward,^b let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.^c

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches; The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord, You know the fiery quality of the duke; How unremoveable and fix'd he is In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—Fiery? what quality? why, Gloster, Gloster, I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends, service:^a

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore [Looking on KENT.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum, Till it cry sleep to death.^b

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels,^a when she put them i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, 'Down, wantons, down.' 'T was her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [KENT is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

^a Commands, tends, service. The quartos, commands her service.

^b Till it cry sleep to death. We point this passage as in the original copies. It is given in modern editions "till it cry—Sleep to death"—as if the drum said, sleep to death. Tieck suggested the true explanation—till the noise of the drum has been the death of sleep—has destroyed sleep—has forced them to awaken.

^a Number—the quartos, train.

^b Upward—the quartos, up the hill.

^c Capell would read—

"The fool turns knave that runs away,
The fool no knave, perdy."

I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultrous.—O, are you free?

[To KENT.]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[Points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have
Hope

You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.^a

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return:
Say, you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house?^b

'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.^c
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; strook me with her
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall

^a The construction here is involved, but the meaning is evident. You less know how to value her desert, than she knows to scant her duty.

^b The house. Theobald changed this fine expression to the use. Capell, who, in spite of his obscurities, often displays a fund of good sense which has been too much neglected, says: "This is one of the lines that mark Shakspeare . . . the house is an expression worthy his genius: fathers are not the heads only of a house or a family, but its representatives; they are the house, what affects them affects the rest of its body." Mr. Collier's corrected copy reads the mouth, instead of the house.

^c The stage-direction, kneeling, is in accordance with the stage-practice. But we have formerly omitted it, doubting whether Lear is addressing these words to Regan. If he were only rehearsing what he would say to Goneril if he should ask her forgiveness, the kneeling might still be the appropriate action. Mr. Dyce considers the words of Regan's next speech, "these are unsightly tricks," to refer to Lear's attempt to "suit the action to the word."

On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn.

Eye, sir, eye!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your
blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blister.^a

Reg.

O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's
on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse;

Thy tender-hefted^b nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,^c
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg.

Good sir, to the purpose.

[Trumpets within.]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn.

What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her
letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady
come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn.

What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I
have good hope

Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here?
O, heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves^d are old,

^a Blister.—The quartos read *blast her pride*. The folio blisters, omitting *her pride*. All Lear's imprecations are on her personal qualities—her youth, her eyes, her beauty.

^b Tender-hefted.—The quartos read *tender-hefted*. Steevens says, *hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved*. We doubt this. *Heft*—*heft*—is that which is *heaved*—*held*; and thus, thy *tender-hefted* nature may be thy nature which may be held by tenderness.

^c Sizes—allowances. A *sinar* in a college is one to whom certain sizes or portions are allowed.

^d You yourselves. The quartos omit *you*, and most editors follow that omission.

Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

[To GONERIL.

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have
I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
orders

Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless
took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension
beg

To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

[Looking on the Steward.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me
mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my
daughter;

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, or embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy
leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my
sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty fol-
lowers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and
danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one
house,

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from
mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd
to slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my deposi-
taries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number: What, must I come to
you

With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
well-favour'd!

When others are more wicked, not being the
worst

Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with
thee; [To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest
beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both,
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,^a
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people

Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'T is his own blame; hath put himself
from rest,

^a *Flaw*—Douce conjectures that *flaw* might signify a fragment in Shakspeare's time, as well as a crack.

^b *Hath put himself.* The personal pronoun *he* is understood.

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'T is best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high^a winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt*

^a *High*—The quartos *bleak*.



[*'Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.'*]



[Sarum Plain.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE II.—“*Grise, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.*”

DRAYTON, in his ‘Poly-Olbion,’ has the following reference to the Camelot of the old romances:—

“Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?
Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table round,
Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
From whence all knightly deeds and brave achievements sprung.”

Capell has a mistaken theory that Camelot is a name for Winchester, one of the places where Arthur held his Round Table. But the context of Drayton's poem shows us that Camelot is in Somersetshire; and the original illustrator of Drayton thus describes it:—“By South-Cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top four trenches circling it, and betwixt every of them an earthen wall, the contents of it, within, about twenty acres, full of ruins and relics of old buildings. . . . Antiquereport makes this one of Arthur's places of his Round Table, as the muse here sings.” Hammer tells us that in the moors near Camelot large quantities of geese are bred; but it may be doubted whether the line, “I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot,” has reference to this fact. Warburton supposes that some proverbial speech in the old romances of Arthur has supplied the allusion, of which we think, there is little doubt.

² SCENE III.—“*The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,' &c.*”

Harrison, in his description of England, published with ‘Holinshed's Chronicle,’ gives, upon the whole, the most minute and satisfactory account of the state of society in England in Shakspeare's early years. Shakspeare probably wrote from his own observation when he described the

—“beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary.”

But there are some very remarkable similarities in Harrison's description; and the whole passage shows us, as the author of ‘The Pictorial History of England’ has truly said, that “the merry England of the days of Elizabeth was, in some respects, rather a terrible country to live in:—

“Such as are idle beggars, through their own default, are of two sorts, and continue their estates either by casual or mere voluntary means: those that are such by casual means, are in the beginning justly to be referred either to the first or second sort of poor afore mentioned (the poor by impotency, and the poor by casualty); but, degenerating into the thriftless sort, they do what they can to continue their misery, and, with such impediments as they have, to stray and wander about, as creatures abhorring all labour and every honest exercise.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

Certes, I call these casual means, not in respect of the original of their poverty, but of the continuance of the same, from whence they will not be delivered, such is their own ungracious lewdness and froward disposition. The voluntary means proceed from outward causes, as by making of corrosives, and applying the same to the most fleshy parts of their bodies; and also laying of ratsbane, spearwort, crowfoot, and such like, into their whole members, thereby to raise pitiful and odious sores, and move the hearts of the goers by such places where they lie to yearn at their misery, and thereupon bestow large alms upon them. How artificially they beg, what forcible speech, and how they select and choose out words of vehemency, whereby they do in manner conjure or adjure the goer by to pity their cases, I pass over to remember, as judging the name of God and Christ to be more conversant in the mouths of none; and yet the presence of the Heavenly Majesty further off from no men than from this ungracious company.

"Unto this nest is another sort to be referred, more sturdy than the rest, which, having sound and perfect limbs, do yet, notwithstanding, sometimes counterfeit the possession of all sorts of diseases. Divers times, in their apparel also, they will be like serving men or labourers: oftentimes they can play the mariners, and seek for ships which they never lost. But, in fine, they are all thieves and caterpillars in the commonwealth, and by the word of God not permitted to eat, sith they do but lick the sweat from the true labourers' brows, and bereave the godly poor of that which is due unto them, to maintain their excess, consuming the charity of well-disposed people bestowed upon them, after a most wicked and detestable manner.

"It is not yet full threescore years since this trade began; but how it hath prospered since that time it is easy to judge, for they are now supposed, of one sex and another, to amount unto above 10,000 persons, as I have heard reported. Moreover, in counterfeiting the Egyptian-rogues, they have devised a language among themselves, which they name canting, but others pedlar's French, a speech compact thirty years since of English and a great number of odd words of their own devising, without all order or reason; and yet, such is it as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck—a just reward no doubt for his deserts, and a common end to all of that profession. A gentleman also of late hath taken great pains to search out the secret practices of this ungracious rabble; and, among other things, he setteth down and describeth three-and-twenty sorts of them, whose names it shall not be amiss to remember, whereby each one may take occasion to read and know, as also by his industry, what wicked people they are, and what villainy remaineth in them.

"The several disorders and degrees amongst our idle vagabonds:—

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| 1. Rufflers. | 9. Abrams. |
| 2. Uprightmen. | 10. Fresh water Mariners, or Whipjacks. |
| 3. Hookers, or Anglers. | 11. Dummerers. |
| 4. Rogues. | 12. Drunken Tinkers. |
| 5. Wild Rogues. | 13. Swaddlers, or Pedlars. |
| 6. Priggers, or Prancers. | 14. Jacksmen, or Patricoes. |
| 7. Palliards. | |
| 8. Fraters | |

Of womenkind:—

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Demanders for glimmer, | 5. Walking Mortes. |
| or fire. | 6. Dores. |
| 2. Baudy-baskets. | 7. Delles. |
| 3. Mortes. | 8. Kinching Mortes. |
| 4. Autem Mortes. | 9. Kinching Coves." |

The "Bedlam beggars" of Shakspeare were sometimes real lunatics, and sometimes vagabonds affecting their pitiable condition. Mr. D'Israeli, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' has collected some interesting particulars regarding this singular race of mendicants. The real Bedlam beggars were probably out-pensioners of the hospital, never dangerous, and seldom mischievous. Their costume is described by Randle Holme in his 'Academy of Armoury'; and Dekker, in his 'English Villainies,' has noticed the impostors personating the proper Bedlams, who were known by the name of Abraham-men. In one of Aubrey's manuscript papers* we have the following minute description:—"Till the breaking out of the civil wars, Tom o'Bedlams did travel about the country; they had been poor distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where, recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a begging; i. e. they had on their left arm an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long, as printed in some works. They could not get it off; they wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdry, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they put the drink given to them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any one of them." The great horn of an ox, into which the Tom o' Bedlams put their drink, explains a passage in one of Edgar's speeches,—*"Poor Tom, thy horn is dry."* (Act III., Sc. vi.)

After the description of the Bedlam beggars, Edgar exclaims, "Poor Turlugod!" We give an interesting note on this subject from Douce. "Warburton would read Turlupin, and Haumer Turluri; but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either; viz. that Turlugod is the corrupted word in our language. The Turlupins were a fanatical sect that over-ran France, Italy, and Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were at first known by the names of Beghards or Beghins, and brethren and sisters of the free spirit. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people alone called them Turlupins; a name which, though it has excited much doubt and controversy, seems obviously to be connected with the wolfish howlings which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their subsequent appellation of the fraternity of poor men might have been the cause why the wandering rogues called Bedlam beggars, and one of whom Edgar personates, assumed or obtained the title of Turlupins or Turlugoods, especially if their mode of asking alms was accompanied by the gesticulations of madmen. Turlupino and Turluru are old Italian terms for a fool or madman; and the Flemings had a proverb, '*as unfortunate as Turlupin and his children.*'"

* MS. Lansdowne, 226.

KING LEAR.

SCENE IV. — "*Ory to it, nuncle, as the cockney
did to the eels.*"

In the ancient ballad of 'The Turnament of Tottenham,' printed by Percy in his 'Reliques,' we have these lines :—

" At that fest they wer servyd with a ryche aray,
Every fyve and fyve had a cokenay."

Percy, in his Glossary, says, "Cokenay seems to be a diminutive for cook; from the Latin coquinator, or coquinarius. The meaning seems to be, that Every five and five had a cook or scullion to attend them." Tyrwhitt (Note on 'Canterbury Tales,' verse 4206) cites, in confirmation of this opinion, a line from 'Pierce Plowman's Visions' :—

" And yet I say by my soule, I have no salt bacon,
Ne no cokeney by Christie coloppes to make."

If Percy and Tyrwhitt were unquestionably right, we should have no difficulty in explaining that the *cockney* in Shakspeare who put the eels "i' the paste alive" was a cook; and this indeed seems the natural interpretation of the term from the context. But Douce maintains that the cokenay of Pierce Plowman and the Turnament of Tottenham, was a little cock. The cockney, then, of Lear's fool may be the Londoner, who bore that name of contempt before the time of Shakspeare. In Twelfth Night the clown says "I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney;" and Chaucer, in his 'Reve's Tale,' appears to employ it with a similar meaning :—

" And when this jape is tald another day,
I shall be halden a daffe or a cokenay."

Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' gives us two explanations of the term :—

"1. One coaks'd or cocker'd, made a wanton or nestle-cock of, delicately bred and brought up, so that, when grown men or women, they can endure no hardship, nor comport with pain-taking.

"2. One utterly ignorant of husbandry and husbandry, such as is practised in the country, so that

they may be persuaded anything about rural commodities; and the original thereof, and the tale of the citizen's son, who knew not the language of the cock, but called it neighing, is commonly known."

The tale of the cock neighing is gravely given by Minshieu in his 'Guide into the Tongues;' and is repeated in succeeding dictionaries. Whatever be the origin, there can be no doubt that London was anciently known by the name of Cockney. Fuller says, "It is more than four hundred years old; for, when Hugh Bigot added artificial fortifications to the natural strength of his castle at Bungay, in Suffolk, he gave out this rhyme, therein vaunting it for impregnable :—

" Were I in my castle of Bungey,
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockney"—

meaning thereby King Henry the Second, then peaceably possessed of London, whilst some other places did resist him; though afterwards he so humbled this Hugh, that he was fain, with large sums of money and pledges for his loyalty, to redeem this his castle from being razed to the ground." Tyrwhitt ingeniously suggests that the author of these rhymes, "in calling London Cockney, might possibly allude to that imaginary country of idleness and luxury which was anciently known by the name of Cokaigne, or Cocagne; a name which Hicks has shown to be derived from Coquina. He has there published an excellent description of the country of Cokaigne, in old English verse, but probably translated from the French. At least, the French have had the same fable among them, for Boileau plainly alludes to it :—

" Paris est pour un riche un pais de Cocagne.

The festival of Cocagne at Naples, described by Keysler, appears to have the same foundation. It probably commenced under the Norman government."



[Scene I.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath.*

*A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning.
Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-quietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,^a
That things might change, or cease: [tears his
white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.^a]

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-
jest

His heart-strook injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;

And dare, upon the warrant of my note,^b
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-
wall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great
stars

Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no
less;

Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs^c and packings^d of the dukes;

^a The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^b Note—The quartos *art.* Note is knowledge.

^c Snuffs—dislikes. ^d Packings—intrigues

^a The main is here used for the main land.

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;
[But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.^a]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no
more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more than all
yet;

That, when we have found the king, (in which
your pain

That way; I'll this:) he that first lights on him,
I'll la the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Heath.*
Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds,^b and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens^c spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry

house is better than this rain-water out o' door.
Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing;
here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout,
rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join^a
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in,
has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;—

So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman but she
made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece:
that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love
night

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful
skies

Gallow^b the very wanderers of the dark,

And make them keep their caves: since I was
man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear.

Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder^c o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

^a The quartos,—

"That have with two pernicious daughters join'd."

^b Gallow—scare.

^c Pudder—This is always modernized into *pother*; the
same word, doubtless, but somewhat vulgarized by the
change.

^a The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

^b Winds—The quartos *wind*.

^c Germens—seeds of matter. So in *Macbeth*:—

"the sum

Of nature's germens tumble altogether."

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular^a of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tem-
pest;

Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More harder than the stones whereof 't is rais'd:
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return and force
Their scantied courtesies.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fel-
low?

The art of our necessities is strange,
And can make vile things precious. Come,
your hovel;

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing.*] He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.^b

Lear. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this
hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courte-
zan.—

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanderers do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—

^a *Simular*—counterfeit.—The quartos read *simular man*; but *simular* is used as a noun by writers before Shakspere.

^b This snatch of a song is an adaptation of the concluding song in *Twelfth Night*:—

“When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.”

The quartos omit *and* in the first line, and have *for* instead of *though* in the fourth.

Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.¹
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live be-
fore his time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this
unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave
that I might pity him, they took from me the
use of mine own house; charged me, on pain
of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of
him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is divi-
sion between the dukes; and a worse matter
than that: I have received a letter this night;—
't is dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked
the letter in my closet: these injuries the king
now bears will be revenged home; there is part
of a power already footed: we must incline to
the king. I will look^a him, and privily relieve
him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke,
that my charity be not of him perceived: If he
ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die
for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my
old master must be relieved. There is strange
things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful.

[*Exit.*]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my
lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my
lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much, that this con-
tentious storm

^a *Look*—The quartos *seek*.

Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring^a sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When
the mind's free

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own
ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You house-
less poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll
sleep.— [Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd^b and window'd raggedness, defend
you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and
half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a
spirit.

Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's
poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
i' the straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—

^a *Roaring.*—Two of the quartos read *raging*.

^b *Loop'd*—is the reading of the quartos,—the folio has
loop'd.

Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.—
Humph! go to thy bed and warm thee.^a

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?^b
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom?
whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and
through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er
bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under
his pillow, and halters in his pew;^c set ratsbane
by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to
ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched
bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:
—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de,
do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-
blasting, and taking!^d Do poor Tom some cha-
rity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I
have him now,—and there,—and there again,
and there. [*Storm continues.*]

Lear. Have his daughters brought him to this
pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou
give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had
been all shav'd.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pen-
dulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy
daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have
subdued nature

To such a lowliness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools
and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy
parents; keep thy word's justice;^d swear not;
commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not
thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man,^e proud in heart and
mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my

^a The quartos give this speech thus: "Away, the foul
fiend follows me, through the sharp hawthorn blows the
cold wind, go to thy cold bed and warm thee."

^b The quartos read,—

"Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?"

^c *Taking*—malignant influence.

^d *Word's justice.* The quartos read, *word justly*.

^e *A serving-man.*—This is not a menial, but a *servant* in
the sense in which it is used in the Two Gentlemen of
Verona:—

"Too low a mistress for so high a servant."—

cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I dearly; dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Seseý;^a let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Thou wert better in a grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.—

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,^b squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swiethold footed thrice the old;^c

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!^d

^a *Seseý.* The quartos read *cease*. It is probably the same word as *sessa*, which is used by Christopher Sly in the Taming of the Shrew. We give the whole of this passage, which is probably meant to be unintelligible, according to the reading of the folio. The quartos have, after *cold wind*, "hay no on ny, dolphin my boy, my boy, cease, let him trot by." Capell has a theory that Edgar feigns himself to be one who is talking of his horses; but we are inclined to think, if there be any meaning, some of the words are meant as an imitation of the sound of the rushing wind, and that "let him trot by" has the same reference.

^b *The web and the pin.* Florio, in his 'New World of Words' (1611), interprets the Italian Cataratta "A dimness of sight occasioned by humours hardened in the eyes, called a cataract, or a pin and a web."

^c *The old.*—The word. Spelman writes, Burton upon *Olds*—*Swiethold*—The reading of all the old editions, is an abbreviation of *Saint Withold*.

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water;^a that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool; who is whipped from tything to tything,^d and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear:

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.^b

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.^c

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands; Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;

Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:—

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Can'st thou blame him?

^a *The wall-newt and the water*—that is the wall-newt and the water-newt. It is the same form of construction as "a wise man and a merry."

^b These lines are printed as a triplet in the folio; but the old metrical romance of Sir Bevis supplied the distich—

"Rats and mice, and such small deer,
Was his meat that seven year."

His daughters seek his death.—Ah! that good Kent!

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—

Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood: he sought my life,

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:

Hush.

Edg. Childe Rowland to the dark tower came;
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.^a

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloucester's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I

must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in Out-building adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and KENT.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!
[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Enter LEAR, EDGAR, and Fool.^a

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing^b in upon them:—

[*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

^a Capell has an ingenious note to show that Childe Rowland was the Knight Orlando; that the lines are part of an old ballad, of which one line has been accidentally omitted; and that we should read—

“Childe Rowland to the dark tower come,
The giant roar'd, and out he ran;
His word was still—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.”

^a We print the direction for the entrances of the characters as in the folio

^b Hissing—This is ordinarily printed whizzing; in the folio it is hissing; in one of the quartos, hissing.

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—
[To EDGAR.]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—
Now, ye she foxes!—

Edg. Look where she stands and glares!—
Wantonest thou eyes at trial, madam? ^a

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me: ^b—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the
voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in
Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak
not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so
amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the
evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—
[To EDGAR.]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
[To the Fool.]

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [To KENT.]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here
take my oath before this honourable assembly,
she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name
Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-
stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd
looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her
there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the
place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape? ^c

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

^a The original quartos have, "Look where he stands and glares, wantest thou eyes," &c. Theobald altered *he* to *she*, and Seward happily suggested *wantonest* for *wantest*. The text of the quartos is so exceedingly corrupt, that, in those passages which do not occur in the folio, some licence of emendation seems warranted.

^b *Come over the bourn, Bessy*, was a song entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1564.

^c This wonderful scene, beginning with the speech of Edgar—"The foul fiend bites my back," and ending here, is not given in the folio (see Introductory Notice).

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience
now,

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so
much,

They mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.]

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark
at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—

Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach ^a or lym; ^b

Or bobtail tike, ^c or trundle-tail; ^d

Tom will make him weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Secsey. Come, march to wakes
and fairs, and market-towns:—Poor Tom, thy
horn is dry. ^e

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see
what breeds about her heart: Is there any
cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—
You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred;
only, I do not like the fashion of your garments:
you will say they are Persian; but let them be
changed. [To EDGAR.]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest
awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw
the curtains: So, so: We'll go to supper i' the
morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king
my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his
wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy
arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou
shalt meet

^a *Brach*—a female harrier. (See note on Act I., Sc. iv.)
^b *Lym*—limmer—leaner—a hunting dog, so called from the leme or leach in which he was held till he was let slip.

^c *Tike*, according to Steevens, was the Runic word for a worthless dog. (See note on Henry V., Act II., Sc. I.)

^d *Trundle-tail*—In the comedy of 'A Woman killed with Kindness' (1617), we have, "your dogs are trundle-tails and curs."

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master;

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent*. Oppressed nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken
senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy
master;

Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool*.

Glo. Come, come away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool,*
bearing off the KING.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-
skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-
ship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the
king bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises: and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts de-
file thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What! will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the
king!

Lurk, lurk.^a [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband;
show him this letter:—the army of France is
landed:—Seek out the traitor Gloster.^b

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Ed-
mund, keep you our sister company; the re-

venges we are bound to take upon your traitor-
ous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise
the duke, where you are going, to a most festi-
nate preparation; we are bound to the like.
Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt
us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord
of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him
hence:

Some five or six-and-thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependents,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they
boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*

Corn. Edmund, farewell,—Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there?
The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play,
friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm
none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou
shalt find— [*REGAN plucks his beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly
done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your
host;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

^a The lines in brackets are not in the folio. In the folio, after quick conduct, Gloster ends his speech with *Come, come away*. Those words are introduced in the quarto after the speech of Kent.

^b Traitor—the quartos, *villain*.

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,

He hop'd the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, 'Good porter, turn the key;'

All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.*

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old

Give me some help: O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv.

Hold your hand, my lord.

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg.

How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Servant.*] A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?*

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,

To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us;

Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;—Servants unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

[*1 Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,

If this man come to good.

2 Serv.

If she live long,

And, in the end, meet the old course of death,

Women will all turn monsters.

* We omit the usual stage direction at this place, as well as a subsequent stage direction, for reasons given in illustration 7.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish mad-
ness

Allows itself to anything.

2 *Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and
whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven
help him!] ^a

[*Exeunt severally.*]

^a The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio; in
which edition the scene concludes with the line of Corn-
wall's speech—

"Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm."



[This night wherein the cub-drawn bear would cou-
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE II.—“*When priests are more in word than matter,*” &c.

THIS prophecy is not found in the quartos, and it was therefore somewhat hastily concluded that it was an interpolation of the players. It is founded upon a prophecy in Chaucer, which is thus quoted in Puttenham's ‘*Art of Poetry*,’ 1689:—

“When faith fails in priestes saws,
And lords’ hests are holden for laws,
And robbery is tane for purchase,
And lechery for solace,
Then shall the realm of Albion
Be brought to great confusion.”

Warburton had a theory that the lines spoken by the Fool contain two separate prophecies;—that the first four lines are a satirical description of the present manners as future, and the subsequent six lines a description of future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening. He then recommends a separation of the concluding two couplets to mark this distinction. Capell thinks also that they were separate prophecies, not spoken at the same time, but on different nights of the play’s performance. All this appears to us to pass by the real object of the passage, which, by the jumble of ideas—the confusion between manners that existed, and manners that might exist in an improved state of society—were calculated to bring such predictions into ridicule. The conclusion,—

“Then comes the time, who lives to see’t,
That going shall be used with feet,”—

leaves no doubt of this. Nor was the introduction of such a mock prophecy mere idle buffoonery. There can be no question, from the statutes that were directed against these stimulants to popular credulity, that they were considered of importance in Shakspeare’s day. Bacon’s essay ‘*Of Prophecies*’ shows that the philosopher gravely denounced what our poet pleasantly ridiculed. Bacon did not scruple to explain a prophecy of this nature in a way that might disarm public apprehension. “The trivial prophecy which I heard when I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was,

“When hempe is sponne,
England’s done;”

whereby it was generally conceived that, after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of that word hempe (which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth), England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified only in the change of the name; for that the king’s style is now no more of England but of Britain.” Bacon adds, “My judgment is that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside: though, when I say despised, I mean it as for belief, for otherwise, the spreading or publishing of them is in no sort to be despised, for they have done much mischief; and I see many severe laws made to suppress them.”

² SCENE IV.—“*That hath laid knives under his pillow,*” &c.

The feigned madness of Edgar assumes, throughout, that he represented a demoniac. His first expression is, “Away! the foul fiend follows me;” and in this and the subsequent scenes the same idea is constantly repeated. “Who gives anything to poor Tom, whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame?”—“This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet;”—“Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou foul fiend;”—“The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale.” Shakspeare has, with wonderful judgment, put language in the mouth of Edgar that was in some degree familiar to his audience. In the year 1603, Dr. Samuel Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, published a very extraordinary book, entitled ‘*A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures, to withdraw the hearts of Her Majesty’s subjects from their allegiance, under the pretence of casting out devils, practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish priests, his wicked associates.*’ Warburton thus describes the circumstance to which this work refers:—“While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the Jesuits were here busy at work to promote it by making converts. One method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman Catholic, where Marwood, &

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servant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckam, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, three chambermaids in that family, came into the priests' hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished." When Edgar says that the foul fiend "hath laid knives under his pillow, and halts in his pew," Shakspeare repeats one of the circumstances of the imposture described by Harsnet:—"This ex-aminant further saith, that one Alexander, an apothecary, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new halter and two blades of knives, did leave the same upon the gallery floor in her master's house. A great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither, till Ma. Mainy, in his next fit, said that it was reported that the devil laid them in the gallery, that some of those that were possessed might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades." In Harsnet we find that "Fratiretto. Fliberdigibbit, Hoberdiance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morrice. . . . These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves do confess." The names of three of these fiends are used by Mad Tom, and so is that of a fourth, Smallkin, also mentioned by Harsnet. When he says—

"The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu!"—

he uses names which are also found in Harsnet, where Modo was called the prince of all other devils. (See Illustration 5.)

3 SCENE IV.—"Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee."

We have been favoured with the following note, which illustrates this passage, and that in Macbeth—

"Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries!"—

by Mr. T. Rodd. Our readers will be gratified by the very happy explanation of a matter which has hitherto been perplexed and uncertain:—

The word *aroint* occurs twice in Shakspeare, and is not found in the work of any other old English author, nor is it contained in any ancient dictionary. It has been supposed that it is printed by mistake for *avaunt*, and some commentators propose to read *a rowan-tree*, that tree being held as a charm against the power of witches, against whom the word is used. Whoever is conversant with the details of seeing a work through the printing-press will be satisfied that the word is *aroint*, and that it was well understood at the time. Whenever a word occurs in writing which is not understood by the compositor, he is in the habit of printing in its place some word nearest in appearance, no matter whether it makes sense of the passage or not. Now, as this word is printed the same in all the four folios, it is fair to presume that it was not altogether fallen into disuse, even in 1685, the date of the latest of these editions. Richardson, in his Dictionary, derives it from

Ronger, and says that it means, *be thou gnawed*; but the word as used in Shakspeare will not bear this interpretation.

Under this uncertainty, the following new etymology of the word is proposed.

It is conjectured that it is a compound of *ar*, or *aer*, and *hynt*: the first a very ancient word, common to the Greek and Gothic languages in the sense of to *go*, the second derived from the Gothic, and still in common use under the same form and with the same meaning, *hind*, *behind*, &c., in English, and *hint*, or *hynt*, in German.

In support of this derivation of the word, it must be borne in mind that it is used as a charm against witches, and appears to have had a powerful effect, since one of the witches in Macbeth, against whom it is used, acknowledges, by her threats of vengeance, its efficacy; and this use of it is probably derived from the remarkable words used by Christ on two occasions, Mark viii. 33, Luke iv. 8, *Get thee behind me, Satan*; apparently a common phrase among the Jews. In the German version of the Testament by Luther, Luke iv. 8, is rendered *hynt ar me thu Sathanas*. It is not unlikely that this text may have been adopted into the forms for exorcising persons supposed to be possessed, and thus it came into common use.

Dr. Johnson imagined he had found the word used, in an old print copied by Hearne from an ancient illumination representing the harrowing of hell. The devil is represented as blowing a horn, from which proceeds the word *arongt*. This may be intended merely to express by letters the sounds from the horn: if it really be a word, it is probably *arongt*, *go out*,—the print representing the delivery of the damned from hell by Christ,—and will thus strengthen our conjecture. The word *aroint* appears to be still used in Cheshire, in the same sense as by Shakspeare. In Wilbraham's Glossary of Cheshire Words, we find *rynt* used by the milk-maid when the cow will not stand still—"rynt thee"—the cow evidently being supposed to be bewitched. In this instance the *a* is either dropped, or is expressed by giving the *r* its full rough sound, by compressing the tongue against the palate when sounding it.

Another Shaksperian word, *baccare*, appears to be a compound apparently derived in part from the same root. The commentators derive it from the Italian, but without giving the parent word; and on searching the dictionary of that language no such word has been found. The word was in common use before the time of Shakspeare; it occurs in Heywood's Proverbs, and also in the old interlude of 'Ralf Roister Doister,' by Udall, under the form of a proverbial expression, "*Baccare, quoth Mortimer to his sow*." It is long ere imported words get into such common use as to become adopted by the common people into their proverbial and familiar phrases; and it is much to be doubted whether, at the time when Heywood wrote, any Italian words had been introduced, except such as related to commerce. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the word is pure Saxon.—*back-are*, *go back*,—in which sense it is used by Heywood, Udall, and Shakspeare.

The word *baccare* has been previously noticed, with this explanation, in The Taming of the Shrew. Act II., Sc. I.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III

• SCENE IV.—“Whipped from tything to tything, and stock'd, punished, and imprisoned.”

Shakspeare with that unvarying kindness which he exhibits towards wretched and oppressed humanity, in however low a shape, makes us here feel the cruelty of the laws which in his days were enforced, however vainly, for the suppression of mendicancy. By the statutes of the 39th Elizabeth (1597), and the 1st of James I. (1604), these severe penalties of former Acts were somewhat modified; but the rogue, vagabond, or sturdy beggar, was still by these statutes to be “stripped naked, from the middle upwards, and to be whipped until his body was bloody, and to be sent from parish to parish, the next straight way to the place of his birth.” Harrison has described the previous state of the law with his characteristic force and simplicity, but with small leaning to the merciful side: “The punishment that is ordained for this kind of people is very sharp, and yet it cannot refrain them from their gadding: wherefore the end must needs be martial law to be exercised upon them, as upon thieves, robbers, despisers of all laws, and enemies to the common-wealth and welfare of the land. What notable robberies, pilferies, murders, rapes, and stealings of young children, burning, breaking and disfiguring their limbs to make them pitiful in the sight of the people, I need not to rehearse: but for their idle rogueing about the country, the law ordaineth this manner of correction. The rogue being apprehended, committed to prison, and tried in the next assizes, (whether they be of gaol delivery or sessions of the peace), if he happen to be convicted for a vagabond either by inquest of office or the testimony of two honest and credible witnesses upon their oaths, he is then immediately adjudged to be grievously whipped, and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about, as a manifestation of his wicked life, and due punishment received for the same. And this judgment is to be executed upon him, except some honest person worth five pounds in the queen's books in goods, or twenty shillings in lands, or some rich householder to be allowed by the justices, will be bound in recognizance to retain him in his service for one whole year. If he be taken the second time, and proved to have forsaken his said service, he shall then be whipped again, bored likewise through the other ear, and set to service; from whence if he depart before a year be expired, and happen afterwards to be attached again, he is condemned to suffer pains of death as a felon (except before excepted), without benefit of clergy or sanctuary, as by the statute doth appear.”

• SCENE IV.—“The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's called, and Mahu.”

In a previous illustration we have shown that Modu and Mahu, as the names of fiends, occur in Harsnet's ‘Declaration of Popish Impostures.’ There can be no doubt, we think, that Shakspeare derived these names, as well as others which Edgar uses, from this book, which, from its nature, must have attracted considerable popular attention. But

it is difficult to say where the Jesuits, whose impostures Harsnet describes, found the strange names which they bestow upon their pretended fiends. Latimer, however, mentions Flibbertigibbet in his Sermons. A learned and ingenious friend, not being aware of the direct source from which the names of Modu and Mahu were derived by Shakspeare, has pointed our attention to a remarkable similarity between these names and the Hebrew words signifying *chaos* used in the first chapter of Genesis:—

I think that the source from which they sprung is the second verse of the Bible—“And the earth was Tohu and Bohu” (as we translate it, “without form and void”). These words were in the seventeenth century used proverbially: thus Cudworth's ‘Intellectual System,’ ch. ii., sec. ii.—“With Democritus he made the world, not the offspring of mind and understanding, but of dark senseless matter, of *Tohu* and *Bohu*, or confused chaos;” and again, sec. xvii., “Here it is plain that all is *Tohu* and *Bohu*—chaos and confusion.” It is worth attention that, in that strange wild philosophy of Manichæism, the evil principle is the same as chaos—the Tohu and Bohu of the Bible. Take the following remarkable passage:—“On the side of that bright and holy land was the deep and immense land of *darkness*, wherein dwelt fiery bodies, pestilent races. There were boundless darkneses, emanating from the same nature, countless with their progeny; beyond which were muddy and turbid waters, with their inhabitants, within which were horrible and vehement winds, with their *princes* and producers.”—*Saint Augustin—Pusey's Translation.*

• SCENE VI.—“Come o'er the bourn, Besy, to me.”

This is the first line of a “song betwene the Queene's Majestie and Englands,” or a dialogue in verse, consisting of twenty-two stanzas of six lines each, the interlocutors being England personified and the Queen Elizabeth. The original is part of an exceedingly rare, if not unique, collection, in black letter, in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, reprinted in the ‘Harleian Miscellany,’ vol. x., p. 260.

In a volume of MS. music in the British Museum is a three-part song (a *canon*), supposed to have been written in the time of Henry VIII., beginning as the above, and which seems to be a version—or, possibly, the source—of it. The music is in the old notation, each part separate, and not “in score,” as erroneously stated in the index to the volume.

• SCENE VII.—“Where is thy lustre now?”

Of the scene of tearing out Gloster's eyes, Coleridge thus speaks:—“I will not disguise my conviction that, in this one point, the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic.” He subsequently says, “What can I say of this scene? There is my reluctance to think Shakspeare wrong, and yet—.” As the scene stands in all modern editions, it is impossible not to agree with Coleridge. The editors, by their stage directions, have led us to

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think that this horrid act was manifested to the sight of the audience. They say "Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it." Again, "Tears out Gloster's other eye, and throws it on the ground." Nothing of these directions occurs in the original editions, and we have therefore rejected them from the text. But if it can be shown that the act was to be imagined and not seen by the spectators, some part of the loathing which we feel must be diminished. In an Illustration of *Othello*, Act v., we have shown the uses of the "secondary stage," by which contrivance "two scenes might be played which could be wholly comprehended, although *not* everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen." We have also referred, in that Illustration, to Tieck's argument, that the horrid action of tearing out Gloster's eyes did not take place on the stage proper, giving a portion of the note of that eminent German critic. We now repeat his argument at length :—

"The chair (or seat) in which Gloster is bound is that which stood somewhat elevated in the middle of the scene, and from which Lear delivered his first speech. This little theatre, in the midst, was, when not in use, concealed by a curtain, which was again withdrawn when necessary. Shakspeare has therefore, like all the dramatists of his age, frequently two scenes at one and the same time.* In Henry VIII. the nobles stand in the ante-chamber; the curtain is withdrawn, and we are in the chamber of the king. Thus also, when Cranmer waits in the ante-chamber, the curtain then opens to the council-chamber. We have here this advantage, that, by the pillars which divided

this little central theatre from the proscenium or proper stage, not only could a double group be presented, but it could be partially concealed; and thus two scenes might be played, which would be wholly comprehended, although not everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen. Thus Gloster sat, probably concealed, and Cornwall, near him, is visible. Regan stands below, on the fore-stage, but close to Cornwall; and on this fore-stage also stand the servants. Cornwall, horribly enough, tears Gloster's eye out with his hand; but we do not directly see it, for some of the servants who hold the chair stand around, and the curtain is only half-withdrawn (for it divided on each side). The expression which Cornwall uses is only figurative, and it is certainly not meant that the act of treading on the eye is actually done. During the scornful speeches of Cornwall and Regan, one of the servants runs up to the upper stage and wounds Cornwall. Regan, who is below, seizes a sword from another of the vassals, and stabs him from behind while he is yet fighting. The groups are all in motion, and become more concealed; and, while the attention is strongly attracted to the bloody scene, Gloster loses his second eye. We hear Gloster's complainings, but we see him no more. Thus he goes off; for this inner stage had also its place of exit. Cornwall and Regan come again upon the proscenium, and go off on the side. The servants conclude the scene with some reflections. This I imagine to be the course of the action, and through this the horrors of the scene become somewhat softened. The poet, to be sure, trusted much to the strong minds of his friends, who would be too much affected by the fearfulness of the entire representation of this tragedy to be interrupted by single events, bloody as they were; or, through them, to be frightened back from their conception of the whole."

* Massinger has some strong cases in point. See particularly the *Virgin Martyr* and the *Great Duke of Florence*.



[Dover Cliff]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An open country*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be condemn'd,
Than still condemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord. I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man.^a You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 't is seen
Our means secure us;^b and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, 'I am at the worst?'

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man.

'T is poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not

So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.'

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo.

Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

^a The quarto here introduces, "Alack, sir!"

^b *Our means secure us*—so all the old editions. Pope changed it to "*our mean secures us*." *Mean* is moderate condition, of which *means* might have been used as the plural. Jennens thinks that by *means* may perhaps be understood mean things. We believe that *means* is here used only in the common sense of resources, powers, capacities. The means, such as we possess, are our securities and further, our mere defects prove advantages.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

'T' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have
heard more since:

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee,
master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Get thee away: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
'T' the way towards Dover, do it for ancient
love;

And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'T' is the times' plague, when madmen
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'barel that
I have,

Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it
further. [*Aside.*]

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy
sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-
path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good
wits: Bless thee, good man's son,^a from the foul
fiend! [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at
once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididence*, prince
of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of
murder; *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing;
who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-
women. So, bless thee, master! ^b]

Glo. Here, take this purse, you whom the
heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough.—Dost thou know
Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:¹

Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of Albany's
Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting
them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild
husband

Not met us on the way;—Now, where's your
master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so
chang'd:

I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming,
His answer was, 'The worse:' of Gloster's
treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I informed him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to
him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[*To EDMUND.*]

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to a answer: Our wishes, on the
way,

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my bro-
ther;

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change names^a at home, and give the dis-
taff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to
hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour*]

Decline your head. this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

^a The quartos—*bless the good man.*

^b The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

^a Names—the quartos, *arms.*

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!

[*Exit EDMUND.*]

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due;

My fool usurps my body.^a

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit Steward.*]

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.^b

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—[I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
vile:

Filths savour but themselves. What have you
done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man,

Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear
would lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited?

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits

Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

'T will come:

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.^c

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning

Thine honour from thy suffering; [that not
know'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd

Ere they have done their mischief. Where's
thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;

With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats:

Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st

'Alack! why does he so?']

Alb. See thyself, devil!

^a So the folio. One of the quartos, *a fool usurps my bed;* another, *my fool usurps my head.*

^b In one of Heywood's Dialogues, we have the proverbial expression—"It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling."

^c The passage in brackets is not in the folio; and the subsequent passages in brackets are also omitted in that edition.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in women.

Gon. O vain fool!

[*Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,
for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear

Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—]

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
dead:

Slain by his servant, going to put out

The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with
remorse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword

To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,

Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him dead:

But not without that harmful stroke which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,

You justicers, that these our nether crimes

So speedily can venge!—but, O, poor Gloster!

Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;

'T is from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;

But being widow, and my Gloster with her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck

Upon my hateful life: Another way,

The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take
his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back
again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their
punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'st the king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;

Tell me 'at more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*]

[^a SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.*]*Enter KENT and a Gentleman.*

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required, and necessary.^b

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur La Far.^c

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir, she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day:^d Those happy smiles,^e
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know

What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
sorrow

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of 'father'

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, 'Sisters; sisters!—shame of ladies! sisters!

Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?

^a The whole of this scene is wanting in the folio. (See Introductory Notice.)

^b This speech is printed as prose in the original. The modern editors have regulated it into hobbling metre.

^c *Monsieur La Far*—so the original copies. In some editions we have *Monsieur la Fer*. Shakspeare has a similar name in Henry the Fifth.

^d *Better day*.—This is the modern reading; the original is *better way*. Tieck translates the passage, *were like a spring day*. In the French translation of Letourneur, we have, "Vous avez vu le soleil au milieu de la pluie: son sourire et ses pleurs offraient l'image d'un jour plus doux encore."

^e *Smilets*.—This beautiful diminutive is found in the original; and we know not why it should not hold its place in the text.

Let pity not be believed!—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd:—then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir: The poor distress'd Lear is i' the town:

Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'T is so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master, Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause^a
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.**Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 't is he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's
wisdom [Exit an Officer.

In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

^a *Dear cause*—important business. So in *Romeo and Juliet*—"dear employment."

Phy. There is means, madam :
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress !^a—Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam :
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation
stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :
Soon may I hear and see him ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself

In person there ?

Stew. Madam, with much ado :

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord
at home ?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him ?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live ; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us ; Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with
my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay
with us ;

The ways are dangerous.

^a *Distress*—so the quartos ; the folio has *desires*.

Stew. I may not, madam ;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ?
Might not you

Transport her purposes by words ? Belike,
Something—I know not what :—I'll love thee
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her
husband ;

I am sure of that : and, at her late being
here,

She gave strange celliads, and most speaking
looks

To noble Edmund : I know you are of her
bosom.

Stew. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I
know it :

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's :—You may gather
more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
And when your mistress hears thus much from
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam ! I
would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The country near Dover.*

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a
peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that
same hill ?

Edg. You do climb up it now : look how we
labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep :

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow im-
perfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed :
Methinks thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am
I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place!—stand
still.—How fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!²
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway
air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful
trade!³

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock;⁴ her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within
a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and
gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

[*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir.⁵ Farewell.—

[*GLOSTER leaps, and falls along.*]

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft: Had he been where he
thought,

By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?⁶
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,⁷
feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shivered like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;
art sound.

Ten masts at each⁸ make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;

Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn:⁹

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'T was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up:—so;—How is 't? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness:
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and war'd like the enridged¹⁰ sea;

⁶ *At each.*—So all the old editions. *Ten masts at each* may signify each placed at the end of the other. Some think, however, that there is a slight typographical error, and that we should read *ten masts at reach*. We can find no example of a similar use of *at each*; and yet the phrase conveys the meaning.

⁷ *Bourn.* In a previous passage, "Come o'er the bourn, Bussy, to me," bourn signifies a river; and so in the 'Fairy Queen,' (Book II., Canto VI., Stanza 10)—

"My little boat can safely pass this perilous bourn."

In Milton's 'Comus' we have—

"And every bosky bourn from side to side."

Here, as Warton well explains the word, bourn is a winding, deep, and narrow valley, with a rivulet at the bottom. Such a spot is a bourn because it is a boundary—a natural division; and this is the sense in which a river is called a bourn. The "chalky bourn" in the passage before us is, in the same way, the chalky boundary of England towards France.

⁸ *Enridged.* This is the reading of the quartos. The folio *enraged*. Enridged is the more poetical word, and Shakspeare has the idea in his *Venus and Adonis*.—

"Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend."

⁹ *The cock-boat.*—The "anchoring bark" has a small boat towing, and, as the bark was diminished to a cock, the cock was a buoy "almost too small for sight."

⁵ *Gone, sir.*—This was formerly printed, *gone, sir?* as if Edgar asked Gloster if he had gone; whereas Gloster has previously told him, "go thou farther off;" and, when Gloster again speaks to him, he says, *gone, sir*.

It was some fiend : Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak
of,

I took it for a man ; often 't would say,

'The fiend, the fiend : ' he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But
who comes here ?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with
flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coin-
ing ;^a

I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight !

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—
There's your press-money. That fellow handles
his bow like a crow-keeper :^b draw me a clothier's
yard.^c—Look, look, a mouse ! Peace, peace ;—
this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There's
my gauntlet ; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring
up the brown bills.^d—O, well flown, bird !—i' the
clout, i' the clout : hewgh !—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha ! Goneril !—with a white beard !—
They flatter'd me like a dog ; and told me I had
the white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones
were there. To say ay, and no, to everything
I said.—Ay and no too was no good divinity.
When the rain came to wet me once, and the
wind to make me chatter ; when the thunder
would not peace at my bidding ; there I found
them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are

^a For coining.—So the quartos.—The folio crying. Tieck, to our surprise, considers the reading of the folio right. If we follow the course of Lear's thoughts we shall see that he fancies himself a king at the head of his army. It is his prerogative to coin money—"they cannot touch me for coining." Now levies are brought to him—"There's your press-money."

^b The crow-keeper was the rustic who kept crows from corn—one unpractised in the proper use of the bow. Ascham, in his 'Toxophilus,' thus describes one who "handles his bow like a crow-keeper : " "Another cowereth down, and layeth out his buttocks as though he should shoot at crows."

^c Draw me a clothier's yard.—Draw like a famous English archer,—the archer of Chevy Chase :—

"An arrow of a cloth yard long
Up to the head drew he."

^d The brown bills—bills for billmen—the infantry. Marlowe uses the phrase in the same way in his *Edward II.* :—

"Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills, and targetiers."

not men o' their words : they told me I was
everything ; 't is a lie ; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remem-
ber

Is 't not the king ?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king :

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life : What was thy cause ?—

Adultery ?—

Thou shalt not die : Die for adultery ! No :

The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yon 'simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow ;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name ;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.^a

Down from the waist they are centaurs, though
women all above : but to the girdle do the gods
inherit, beneath is all the fiends' ; there's hell,
there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit,
burning, scalding, stench, consumption ;—Fye,
fye, fye ! pah ; pah ! Give me an ounce of civet ;
good apothecary, sweeten^b my imagination :
there's money for thee.

Glo. O let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mor-
tality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great
world

Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know
me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
Dost thou squiny at me ? No, do thy worst,
blind Cupid ; I'll not love.—Read thou this
challenge ; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy letters suns, I could not
see.^c

Edg. I would not take this from report ;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me ? No
eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ?

^a These words, beginning, *behold yon 'simpering dame*, are printed as prose in the folio. The previous lines of Lear's speech are metrically arranged. In the quarto the whole speech is given as prose.

^b he quarts, to sweeten.

^c So the folio—the quartos—

"Were all the letters suns, I could not see one."

Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate^a sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able
'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,
now, now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my
eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester;
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee;
mark.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are
come

To this great stage of fools;—This a good
block!—^b

^a *Plate*—the old copies read *place*. The correction, which is ingenious and valuable, was made by Pope.

^b *This a good block!* Steevens conjectures that, when Lear says "I will preach to thee," and begins his sermon, "When we are born, we cry," he takes his hat in his hand, and, turning it round, dislikes the fashion or shape of it, which was then called the *block*. He then starts off, by association with the hat, to the delicate stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with felt. Lord Herbert, in his 'Life of Henry VIII.,' describes a joust at which Henry was present in France, where horses shod with felt were brought into a marble hall.

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.^a

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—
Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
[Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—^b

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug^c bride-
groom; What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you
get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running*; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch;

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast a
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle to-
ward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,

How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main
descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause
is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

^a *Kill* was the ancient word of onset in the English
array.

^b The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^c *Smug*.—This epithet is not found in the quartos.

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath
from me;
Let not my worse spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;^a

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, to boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy
traitor,

Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther
'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor volk pass. An ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd
out of my life, 't would not ha' been so long as
'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th'
old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whe-
ther your costard or my ballow^b be the harder:
Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no
matter vor your foins.

[*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain,
take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English^c party:—O, untimely death.

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;

^a To fortune's blows—the quarto, *hy*.

^b Ballow—the quartos, *bat*. Grose, in his 'Provincial Glossary,' gives ballow as a north-country word for *poke*. Edgar is speaking the Somersetshire dialect.

^c English—the folio; the quartos, *British*. (See Introductory Notice.)

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see these pockets: the letters that he
speaks of,

May be my friends.—He is dead; I am only
sorry

He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their
hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You
have many opportunities to cut him off; if you will want
not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is
nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the
prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth
whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.'

'Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,'
'GONERIL.'

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;

And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the
sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.*]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my
griefs;

And woes, by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp.*

LEAR on a Bed, asleep; Physician, Gentle-
men, and others, attending.

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and
work,

^a We print this subscription as in the folio. It was ordi-
narily given thus:—

"Your wife (so I would say), and your
affectionate servant."



LEAR, CORDELIA, AND THE PHYSICIAN.

Cordelia. "He wakes; speak to him.

Doctor. Madam, do you, 'tis fittest."

King Lear, Act iv., sc. 6.

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.

And my reports go with the modest truth;
No more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:^a
These weeds are memories of those worse hours;

I prithee put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam:
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the Physician.*]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

In the sway of your own will. Is ne array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

[*Cor.* Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.^b]

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Flave in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these
white flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the jarring^c winds?
[To stand against the deep dread-bolted thun-
der;

In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor
perdu!)

With this thin helm?^d Mine enemy's dog,

^a Suited—clothed.

^b The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^c Oppos'd against the jarring—The quartos, *expos'd against the warring.*

^d The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor
father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to
him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fare
your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did
you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone
awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—
Fair day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die with
pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,

And hold your hand in benediction o'er me:—

No, sir,* you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; not an hour more nor
less:^b

^a No, sir—These words are not in the folio.

^b Every reader of Shakspeare, who became familiar with this most exquisite scene through the editions of a quarter of a century ago, has read it thus:—

“Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish, fond old man,

Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.”

That most Shaksperian touch of nature—

“Fourscore and upward; not an hour more nor less”—

has been mutilated by the variorum editors. The breaking a limb off an ancient statue would, to our minds, not be a greater sacrilege. They found the words “not an hour more nor less” only in the folio, and they therefore rejected them. Malone says, “The folio *absurdly* adds, ‘not an hour more nor less,’ i. e., not an hour more nor less than an indeterminate number, for such is fourscore and upwards.” Why, who is speaking? One who speaks logically and collectedly? Not one who immediately after says, “I fear I am not in my perfect mind.” It was the half-consciousness of the “foolish, fond old man” which Shakspeare meant to express by the mixture of a determinate and an indeterminate idea—a depth of poetical truth which Steevens and Ritson call “the interpolation of some foolish player.”

And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this
man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh
at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I
pray, weep not:

If you have poison for me I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great
rage,

You see, is kill'd^a in him: [and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.^b]

^a *Killed*—the quartos, *cured*.

^b The words in brackets are omitted in the folio.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and
foolish.

[*Exit* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician,
and Attendants.]

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is the conductor of his people?

Kent. As 't is said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the king-
dom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit.*^a]

^a The scene in the folio concludes with Lear's speech—I
am old and foolish.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep."*

A CORRESPONDENT, who lives in the neighbourhood of Dover, has sent us the following particulars regarding Shakspeare's Cliff:—"It stands about a mile west of Dover Pier, and, by a trigonometrical observation taken by myself, is 313 feet above high-water mark. Though, perhaps, somewhat sunken, I consider it to be of the same shape as it was in the days of our great dramatist: and, though it has been said that the word 'in' means that it overhung the sea, I imagine differently; and that the bays on each side of it, which make it a small promontory, are sufficient to account for the use of the word. You must perceive that the 'half way down' must have projected beyond the summit to enable the samphire-gatherer to procure the plant." (See Illustration 3.) The solitariness of the cliff has gone; though its "high and bending head" still "looks fearfully" where it projects into the deep. The side of the promontory towards Dover is cut down, and the tunnels of a railway there emerge from its heart.

SCENE VI. ————— *"How fearful
And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!"*
&c.

Dr. Johnson has the following criticism on this celebrated passage:—"This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that—'He who can read it without being giddy has a very good head, or a very bad one.' The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror."

In this criticism we detect much of the peculiar character of Johnson's mind, as well as of the poetical taste of the age in which he lived. Wordsworth, in his preface to the second edition of his poems, has shown clearly upon what false foundations that criticism is built which would prefer high-sounding words, conveying only indeterminate ideas, and call these the only proper language of poetry, in opposition to the simple and distinct language, "however naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre," which by such criticism is denominated prosaic. Johnson was thoroughly consistent in his dislike of the "observations of particulars," and the

"attention to distinct objects." In Boswell's 'Li we have a more detailed account of his poetical creed, with reference to this very description of Dover cliff:—"Johnson said that the description of the temple, in 'The Mourning Bride,' was the finest poetical passage he had ever read: he recollected none in Shakspeare equal to it,—

("How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof;
By its own weight made steadfast and unmoveable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs;
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart!")

"But," said Garrick, all alarmed for the god or his idolatry, 'we know not the extent and variety of his powers. We are to suppose there are such passages in his works: Shakspeare must not suffer from the badness of our memories.' Johnson, diverted by this enthusiastic jealousy, went on with great ardour—"No, sir; Congreve has nature" (smiling on the tragic eagerness of Garrick); but, composing himself, he added, 'Sir, this is not comparing Congreve on the whole with Shakspeare on the whole, but only maintaining that Congreve has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakspeare. . . . What I mean is, that you can show me no passage where there is simply a description of material objects, without any intermixture of moral notions, which produces such an effect.' Mr. Murphy mentioned Shakspeare's description of the night before the battle of Agincourt; but it was observed it had men in it. Mr. Davies suggested the speech of Juliet, in which she figures herself awaking in the tomb of her ancestors. Some one mentioned the description of Dover cliff. Johnson—"No, sir; it should be all precipice—all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats, and other circumstances, are all very good description, but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided; you pass on, by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in 'The Mourning Bride' said she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it."

Taken as pieces of pure description, there is only one way of testing the different value of the passages in Shakspeare and Congreve—that is, by considering what ideas the mind receives from the different modes adopted to convey ideas. But the criticism of Johnson, even if it could have established that the passage of Congreve, taken apart, was "finer" than that of Shakspeare, utterly overlooks the dramatic propriety of each passage. The "girl," in the 'Mourning Bride' is soliloquising—uttering a piece of versification, harmonious enough, indeed, but without any dramatic purpose. The mode in which Edgar describes the cliff is for the

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

special information of the blind Gloster—one who could not look from a precipice. The crows and choughs, the samphire-gatherer, the fisherman, the bark, the surge that is seen but not heard—each of these, incidental to the place, is selected as a standard by which Gloster can measure the altitude of the cliff. Transpose the description into the generalities of Congreve's description of the cathedral, and the dramatic propriety at least is utterly destroyed. The height of the cliff is then only presented as an image to Gloster's mind upon the vague assertion of his conductor. Let the description begin, for example, something after the fashion of Congreve,—

"How fearful is the edge of this high cliff!"

and continue with a proper assortment of chalky crags and gulfs below. Of what worth then would be Edgar's concluding lines,—

"I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong!"

The mind of Gloster might have thus received some "idea of immense height," but not an idea that he could appreciate "by computation." The very defects which Johnson imputes to Shakspeare's description constitute its dramatic merit. We have no hesitation in saying further, that they constitute its surpassing poetical beauty, apart from its dramatic propriety.



[Samphire.]

SCENE VI.

"Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire;
dreadful trade!"

There can be little doubt that Shakspeare was locally acquainted with the neighbourhood of Dover. The cliffs in his time, as adjacent portions of the coast are now, were celebrated for the production of samphire. Drayton, in his, 'Polyolbion,' has these lines:—

"Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely understood,
Rob Dover's neighbouring cleaves of samphire, to excite
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite."

The last line shows us the uses of samphire. It was and is prepared as a pickle; and it was in such demand that it was mentioned by Heywood, in a song enumerating the cries of London,—

"Tha' rock-samphier, rock-samphier."

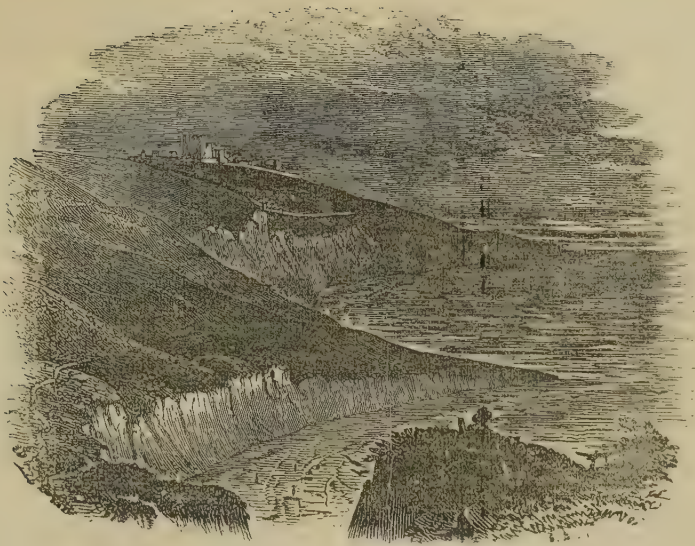
SCENE VI.—"Hadst thou been caught but gossamer."

There is a beautiful description of the gossamer in Romeo and Juliet,—

"A lover may bestride the gossamer,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity."

It is needless to inquire whether Shakspeare was aware that the filmy threads were the production of spiders. Spenser mentions them as "scorched dew." Without entering into any detail of the controversy between naturalists as to the causes of the phenomenon, in connexion with the spider, we may quote Gilbert White's remarks, attached to his interesting description of a shower of gossamers:—

"The remark that I shall make on these cobweb-like appearances, called gossamer, is, that, strange and superstitious as the notions about them were formerly, nobody in these days doubts but that they are the real production of small spiders, which swarm in the fields in fine weather in autumn, and have a power of shooting out webs from their tails, so as to render themselves buoyant and lighter than air. . . . Every day in fine weather, in autumn chiefly, do I see those spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft; they will go off from your finger if you will take them into your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book, as I was reading in the parlour, and, running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring, and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers seem to have, while mounting, some locomotive power, without the use of wings, and to move in the air faster than the air itself."—*History of Selborne.*



[Dover Castle, in the time of Elizabeth.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold;

Or whether, since, he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure. *[To an Officer, who goes out.]*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'T is to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. *[That thought abuses you.]*

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.*

* The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio; as well as the subsequent passages in the same scene so marked, as spoken by Goneril, Albany, and Edmund.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,

Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

[Gon.] I had rather lose the battle than that sister

Should loosen him and me. *[Aside.]*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—

Sir, this I heard,—The king is come to his daughter,

With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. *[Where I could not be honest,*
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not holds the king; with others, whom, I
fear,

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:

For these domestic, and particular broils
Are not the question* here.

* The question—the quæstio, to question.

Alb. Let's then determine with the ancient
of war
On our proceeding.^a

[*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your
tent.]

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you go with
us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I
will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man
so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak:
[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this
letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: if you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy
paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your
powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery:—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy

Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours,
LEAR, CORDILIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may
thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit EDGAR.*]

Alarums; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, ED-
MUND; LEAR and CORDILIA, as prisoners;
Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good
guard;

Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down;
Myself could ease out-frown false fortune's
frown.—

Shall we not see these daughters and these sis-
ters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to
prison;

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too,—

Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out,

^a Proceeding—the quartos, proceedings.
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And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven.
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good years^a shall devour them, flesh and
fell.^b

Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them
starve first.

Come. [*Ereunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; [*giving a paper*] go, follow
them to prison;

One step I have advanc'd thee: if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employ-

ment

Will not bear question;—either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou
hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.

[*Off.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work I will do it.^c] [*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain,

And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
I do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king

^a *Good years*—so the folio; the quartos, "*the good* shall devour them." The ordinary reading is *goujeers*. We sub-join a note from Tieck:—"The '*good yeares*' of the folio is used ironically for the bad year—the year of pestilence; and, like *il mal anno* of the Italians, had been long used as a curse in English. And yet the editors, who understood the poet as little as their own language, made out of this—the *goujeers*—*morbus gallicus*. Why, even old Florio, who might have known pretty well, is tutored that, when he translates *il mal anno* by *good year*, he ought to have written *goujeers*."

^b *Fell*—skin.

^c These lines are omitted in the folio; and so also the subsequent words and lines in Edmund's speech, each of which is marked in brackets.

To some retention [and appointed guard;]
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. [At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd

By those that feel their sharpness:—

The question of Cordelia and her father

Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this war,

Not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been de-
manded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.^a

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most if he should husband
you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should an-
swer

From a full-flowing stomach.—General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;

Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:

Witness the world, that I create thee here

My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good-will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine. [*To EDMUND.*]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I
arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,

This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to GON.*]—for
your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

^a *Addition*—the quartos, *advancement*.

"T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a glove.*]

I'll make^a it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.^b [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

[*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!^c

Alb.] Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

[*Off. Sound, trumpet!*] [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

If any man of quality or degree, within the lists of the
army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster,
that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third
sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

[*Edm.* Sound!]

[1 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

[2 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

[3 Trumpet.

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her.

What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg.

Know, my name is lost;

^a Make—the quartos, *prove*.

^b Medicine—the quartos, *poison*.

^c This speech is not found in the folio, nor the two subsequent exclamations of "Sound, trumpet" and "Sound!"

By treason's tooth bare gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb.

Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl
of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg.

Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession;^a I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—Thou art a traitor
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy bead,
To the descent and dust below thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say^b of breeding
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely
bruise,)

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets,
speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND calls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice,^c Gloster:

By the law of war,^d thou wast not bound to an-
swer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd.
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb.

Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Holla,
sir:—

^a We print as in the folio. The quartos read,—

"Behold, it is the privilege of my tongue,
My oath and profession."

A modern reading is—

"Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath and my profession."

^b Say—assay. (See note on Act I., Sc. II.)

^c Practice—the quartos, *mere practice*.

^d War—the quartos, *arms*.



DEATH OF CORDELIA.

Lear. "O, she is gone for ever—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth."

King Lear. Act v., sc. 3.

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[Gives the letter to EDMUND.]

Gon. Say, if I do: the laws are mine, not thine:

Who can^a arraign me for 't? [Exit GONERIL.]

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Edm. Ask me not what I know.^b

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her. [To an Officer, who goes out.]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,

And more, much more: the time will bring it out; 'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund; If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me. My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague^c us: The dark and vicious place where thee he got Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 't is true; The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee; Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself? How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—

And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst!—

The bloody proclamation to escape That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness—)

That we the pain of death would hourly die,^d Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift

^a Can—the quartos, *shall*.

^b We place the exit of Goneril as in the folio. The exclamation of Albany—"Most monstrous!" is the natural result of her unyielding haughtiness. The question of Albany—"Know'st thou this paper?" is, in the folio, answered by Edmund—"Ask me not what I know." In the quartos, however, which have been followed by the variorum editors, this reply is given to Goneril. But why should Albany address this question to Goneril, when he has previously said to her—"No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it."

^c Plague—the quartos, *scourge*.

^d We print this line as in the folio. The quarto reading is—

"That with the pain of death we'd hourly die."

Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit Met I my father with his bleeding rings, Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair. Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him, Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd. Not sure, though hoping, of this good success, I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last Told him our pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart, (Alack, too weak the conflict to support!) 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief, Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me, And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;

You look as you had something more to say

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in; For I am almost ready to dissolve, Hearing of this.

[Edg.] This would have seem'd a period To such as love not sorrow; but another, To amplify too much, would make much more, And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,

Who, having seen me in my worse estate, Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father; Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him, That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,

And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service Improper for a slave.^a]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'T is hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.^b

^a The lines in brackets, beginning—"This would have seem'd a period," are omitted in the folio.

^b We give the passage as in the folio. The quarto reads—

"It came from the heart of—"

Alb. Who, man? speak!

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or
dead!—

This judgment of the heavens that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter Kent.

O, is this he?^a

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which every manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king; and where's
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are
brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office?
send

Thy token of reprove.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit EDMUND.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and
me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms:
EDGAR, Officer, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men
of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so

That heaven's vault should crack:—She's gone
for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting fan-
chion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant
Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: He's dead and
rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and
decay,

I have followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-done^b them-
selves,

And desperately are dead.

^a *The promis'd end*—the end of the world foretold in the Scriptures. The "image of that horror" is the same as "the great doom's image" of Macbeth.

^b *Fore-done*—the quartos, *fore-doom'd*. We have previously had *for-did* used in the same sense of destroy.

^a The quartos, *O it is so*.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your
rights: [*To EDGAR and KENT.*]

With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no,
no life.

* And my poor fool is hang'd. Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose taste in one branch of art entitles him to the greatest consideration when he offers an opinion upon another branch, believes that Lear applies the expression *literally* to his Fool, and not to Cordelia. Malone, with great gravity, says, in controverting this opinion, "Lear has just seen his daughter hanged, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act; but we have no authority whatsoever for supposing his Fool hanged also." Malone has also shown that the expression was used by Shakspeare in other places as a word of tenderness. It might, indeed, be here employed something like the "excellent wretch" of Othello; but we cannot avoid thinking that Shakspeare, in this place, meant to express a peculiar tenderness, derived from Lear's confused recollection of his regard for his poor follower, the Fool, whom we have lost after the third act. In the depth of his distress, during the storm, Lear says—"Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee." And now, when the last and deepest calamity has fallen upon him, his expressions shape themselves out of the indistinctness with which he views the present and the past, and Cordelia is his "poor fool."

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no
more.

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her
lips,—

Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him

That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present
business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To KENT and EDGAR.*]

Rule in this realm, and the god's state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me,^b—I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must^c
obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we that are young

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*^c]

* *Rough.* The original reads *tough*. Pope made the correction.

^b *My master calls me*—the quarto has the line thus—

"My master calls, and I must not say no."

^c This is the original stage direction.



[Norman Gateway, Dover Castle.]



[Lear. After a study by Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

CRITICISM, as far as regards the *very* highest works of art, must always be a failure. What criticism (and in that term we include description and analysis) ever helped us to an adequate notion of the Belvedere Apollo or the Cartoons of Raffaele? We may try to apply general principles to the particular instances, as far as regards the ideal of such productions; or, what is more common, we may seize upon the salient points of their material and mechanical excellences. If we adopt this comparatively easy and therefore common course, criticism puts on that technical and pedantic form which is the besetting sin of all who attempt to make the great works of painting or sculpture comprehensible by the medium of words. If we take the more difficult path, we are quickly involved in the vague and obscure, and end in explanations without explanation. "The Corregginess of Correggio," after all, and in sober truth, tells as much as the critics have told us. And is it different with poetry of the very highest order? What criticism, for example, can make the harmony of a very great poem comprehensible to those who have not studied such a poem again and again, till all its scattered lights, and all its broad masses of shadow, are blended into one pervading tint upon which the mind reposes, through the influence of that mighty power by which the force of contrast is subjected to the higher force of unity? Criticism may, to a certain extent, stimulate us to the appreciation of the great parts of the highest creations of poetical genius; but in the exact degree in which it is successful in leading to a comprehension of details is it injurious to the higher purpose of its vocation—that of illuminating a whole. It is precisely the same with regard to the modes in which even the most tasteful minds attempt to convey impressions to others of the effects of real scenery. There are probably recollections lingering around most of us of some combination of natural grandeur or beauty which can never be forgotten—which has moved us even to tears. What can we describe of such scenes? Take a common instance—a calm river sleeping in the moonlight—familiar hills, in their massy outlines looking mountain-like—the well-known village on the river's bank, giving forth its cottage lights, each shining as a star in the depth of the transparent stream. The description of such a scene becomes merely picturesque. It is the *harmony* which cannot be described—the harmony which results from some happy combinations not always, and indeed rarely, present—which has thus invested the commonest things

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with life-lasting impressions. The "prevailing poet," in his great productions, converts what is accidental in nature into a principle in art. But the workings of the principle must, to a great extent, be felt and understood rather than analysed and described.

Hazlitt, applying himself to write a set criticism upon Lear, says—"We wish that we could pass this play over, and say nothing about it. All that we can say must fall far short of the subject, or even of what we ourselves conceive of it. To attempt to give a description of the play itself, or of its effect upon the mind, is mere impertinence." This is not affectation. The "effect upon the mind" which Lear produces is the result of combinations too subtle to be described—almost so to be defined to ourselves; and yet, to continue the sentence of Hazlitt, "we must say something."

There is an English word-joiner—author we will not call him—who has had the temerity to accomplish two things, either of which would have been enough to have conferred upon him a bad immortality. Nahum Tate has succeeded, to an extent which defies all competition, in degrading the Psalms of David and the Lear of Shakspeare to the condition of being tolerated, and perhaps even admired, by the most dull, gross, and anti-poetical capacity. These were not easy tasks; but Nahum Tate has enjoyed more than a century of honour for his labours; and his new versions of the Psalms are still sung on (like the Shepherd in Arcadia piped) as if they would never be old, and his Lear was the Lear of the playhouse at the time of the publication of our first edition, with one solitary exception of a modern heresy in favour of Shakspeare. To have enjoyed so extensive and lasting a popularity, Nahum Tate must have possessed more than ordinary power in the reduction of the highest things to the vulgar standard. He set about the metamorphosis of Lear with a bold hand, nothing doubting that he had an especial vocation to the office of tumbling that barbaric pile into ruins, for the purpose of building up something compact, and pretty, and modern, after the fashion of the architecture of his own age. He talks, indeed, of his feat in the way in which the court jeweller talks at the beginning of a new reign, when he pulls the crown to pieces, and re-arranges the emeralds and rubies of our Edwards and Henries according to the newest taste. "It is a heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that I soon perceived I had seized a treasure." We are grateful, however, to Tate for what he has done; for he has enabled us to say something about Shakspeare's Lear, when, without him, we might have shrunk into "expressive silence." We propose to show what the Lear is, in some of its highest attributes, by an investigation of the process by which one of the feeblest and most prosaic of verse-makers has turned it into something essentially different. Tate thus becomes a standard by which to measure Shakspeare; and we are relieved from the oppressive sense of the vast by the juxtaposition of the minute. We judge of the height of the pyramids by the scale of the human atoms at their base.

Shelley, in his eloquent 'Defence of Poetry,' published in his 'Posthumous Essays,' &c., has stated the grounds for his belief that the Lear of Shakspeare may sustain a comparison with the master-pieces of the Greek tragedy. "The modern practice of blending comedy with tragedy, though liable to great abuse in point of practice, is undoubtedly an extension of the dramatic circle; but the comedy should be as in King Lear, universal, ideal, and sublime. It is, perhaps, the intervention of this principle which determines the balance in favour of King Lear against the *Œdipus Tyrannus* or the *Agamemnon*, or, if you will, the *Ætologies* with which they are connected; unless the intense power of the choral poetry, especially that of the latter, should be considered as restoring the equilibrium. King Lear, if it can sustain that comparison, may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world." We can understand this now. But if any writer before the commencement of the present century, and indeed long after, had talked of the comedy of Lear as being "universal, ideal, and sublime," and had chosen that as the excellence to balance against "the intense power of the choral poetry" of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, he would have been referred to the authority of Voltaire, who, in his letter to the Academy, describes such works of Shakspeare as forming "an obscure chaos, composed of murders and buffooneries, of heroism and meanness, of the language of the Halles and of the highest interests."

In certain schools of criticism, even yet, the notion that Lear "may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world" would be treated as a mere visionary conceit; and we should still be reminded that Shakspeare was a "wild and irregular genius," producing these results because he could not help it. In France are now scarcely heard the feeble echoes of the contest between the disciples of the romantic and the classic schools. M. Guizot stated, some forty years ago, with his usual acuteness and good sense, some of the mistakes into which the opponents of the

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romantic school had fallen, from not perceiving that the productions of that school contained within themselves a principle of art. "This intellectual ferment can never cease, as long as the question shall be mooted as a contest between science and barbarism—the beauties of order and the irregular influences of disorder; as long as we shall obstinately refuse to see, in the system of which Shakspeare has traced the first outlines, nothing more than a liberty without restraint—an indefinite latitude, which lies open as much to the freaks of the imagination as to the course of genius. If the romantic system has its beauties, it has necessarily its art and its rules. Nothing is beautiful for man which does not owe its effect to certain combinations, of which our judgment may always disclose to us the secret when our emotions have borne witness to their power. The employment of these combinations constitutes art. Shakspeare had his own art. To discover it in his works we must examine the means which he used, and the results to which he aspired."* These combinations, of which Guizot speaks, were as unknown to what has been called the Augustan age of English literature as the properties of electro-magnetism; and poor Nahum Tate did not unfitly represent his age when he said of Lear, "It is a heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that I soon perceived I had seized a treasure." The principle of appropriation here is exquisite. But, after all, we fancy that Tate was something like the cock in the fable, who, having found the jewel, in his secret heart wished it had been a grain of barley. Be this as it may, he set to work in good earnest in the stringing and polishing process. Let us proceed to examine the character of his workmanship.

Coleridge has remarked emphatically, what every diligent student of Shakspeare must have been impressed with, the striking judgment which he displays in the management of his first scenes. The first scene of Lear is very short, perfectly simple, has no elaborate descriptions of character, and contains only a slight and incidental notice of the events upon which the drama is to turn. Of course Tate rejected this scene; and, without the necessary preparation of the dialogue between Kent and Gloster, he brings at once Edmund before us in the soliloquy, "Thou, nature, art my goddess." Shakspeare, in his soliloquies, makes his characters pursue a certain train of ideas to a conclusion; and by causing them to think aloud, he is enabled, without the slightest violation of propriety, to give the audience a due impression of their latent motives. He very rarely employs this expedient, but he never employs it in vain, or goes beyond its legitimate use. We have an example in the soliloquy of Iago at the end of the first act of Othello; and the soliloquy of Edmund in the second scene of Lear has precisely the same object in view. Tate, not understanding the art of Shakspeare, and having no dramatic art in himself, makes the soliloquy an instrument for telling the audience what has happened; and instead of exhibiting the management by which Gloster is made to distrust and hate Edgar, he gives us a *narrative* of the affair, which Edmund tells to the audience under the pretence of talking to himself:—

" With success
I've practis'd yet on both their easy natures.
Here comes the old man, chaf'd with the information
Which last I forg'd against my brother Edgar;
A tale so plausible, so boldly utter'd,
And heighten'd by such lucky accidents,
That now the slightest circumstance confirms him,
And base-born Edmund, spite of law, inherits."

It is no part of the plan of this notice to point out the differences between the language of Tate and the language of Shakspeare. It is with the conduct of the drama only that we wish to deal. Gloster, of course, after this preparation, enters in a furious passion.

The main business of the tragedy, by Tate's arrangement, has been thus made subordinate to the secondary plot. But Lear is not quite forgotten: Gloster says to Kent,—

" My lord, you wait the king, who comes resolv'd
To quit the toils of empire, and divide
His realms amongst his daughters. Heav'n succeed it,
But much I fear the change."

To which Kent replies,—

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"I grieve to see him,
With such wild starts of passion hourly seiz'd
As render majesty beneath itself."

We may be sure that if a dramatic purpose would have been served by a *description* of the temper of Lear, instead of an exhibition of it, Shakspeare would have introduced such a description. But that was not *his* art; it was for the jewel-stringer to convey impressions by such clumsy and common-place means. We have one more new combination to notice in Tate's introductory scene—Edgar and Cordelia in love. Of the results of this combination we shall have presently to speak. In the mean time, let the lovers explain themselves through the nine lines in the preparation of which Tate has put out his poetical strength:—

"Edgar. Cordelia, royal fair, turn yet once more,
And ere successful Burgundy receive
The treasure of thy beauties from the king,
Ere happy Burgundy for ever fold thee,
Cast back one pitying look on wretched Edgar.
"Cord. Alas! what would the wretched Edgar with
The more unfortunate Cordelia?
Who, in obedience to a father's will,
Flies from her Edgar's arms to Burgundy's."

The second sc  ne of Tate, like the second scene of Shakspeare, exhibits the trial by Lear of his daughters' affections, and the subsequent division of the kingdom. It was perfectly clear that in changing the dramatic situation of Cordelia, Tate would destroy her character. But it is not within the range of human ingenuity to conjecture how effectually he has contrived to render one of the loveliest of Shakspeare's creations not only uninteresting, but positively repulsive—he has produced a selfish and dissimulating Cordelia. These are the first words which she utters:—

"Now comes my trial. How am I distress'd
That must with cold speech tempt the cholerick king
Rather to leave me dowerless, than condemn me
To Burgundy's embraces!"

"Of the heavenly beauty of soul of Cordelia, pronounced in so few words, I will not venture to speak." This was the impression which Shakspeare's Cordelia produced upon Schlegel. In the whole range of the Shaksperian drama there is nothing more extraordinary than the effect upon the mind of the character of Cordelia. Mrs. Jameson has truly said, "Everything in her seems to lie beyond our view, and affects us in a manner which we feel rather than perceive." In the first act she has only forty-three lines assigned to her: she does not appear again till the fourth act, in the fourth scene of which she has twenty-four lines, and, in the seventh, thirty-seven. In the fifth act she has five lines. Yet during the whole progress of the play we can never forget her; and, after its melancholy close, she lingers about our recollections as if we had seen some being more beautiful and purer than a thing of earth, who had communicated with us by a higher medium than that of words. And yet she is no mere abstraction;—she is nothing more nor less than a personification of the holiness of womanhood. She is a creature formed for all sympathies, moved by all tenderness, prompt for all duty, prepared for all suffering; but she cannot talk of what she is, and what she purposes. The King of France describes the apparent reserve of her character as

"A tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do."

She herself says,—

"If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak, and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak."

But the conception of a character that should fill our minds without much talk, and without magniloquent talk, was something too ethereal for Tate, the jewel-polisher: so Cordelia is turned into a French intrigante. She does not profess as her sisters professed, not because she wanted the "glib and oily art," but because she desired to accomplish a secret purpose, that was to be carried by silence better than by words—she would lose her dower that she might marry Edgar. One more specimen of the Tatification of Cordelia, and we have done. The love-scenes, be it understood, go forward; and in the third act Cordelia, herself wandering about, encounters Edgar in his mad

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disguise. The "tardiness in nature" of Shakspeare is thus interpreted in the production which "Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene," have inflicted upon us almost up to the present hour, under the sanction of Dr. Johnson:—

"Cord. Come to my arms, thou dearest, best of men,
And take the kindest vows that e'er were spoke
By a protesting maid.
"Edg. Is't possible?
"Cord. By the dear vital stream that bathes my heart—
These hallow'd rags of thine, and naked virtue,
These abject tassels, these fantastic shreds
To me are dearer than the richest pomp
Of purpled monarchs."

Need we exhibit more of the Cordelia which is not Shakspeare's?

The mixed character of Shakspeare's Lear has been admirably dissected by Coleridge:—"The strange, yet by no means unnatural, mixture of selfishness, sensibility, and habit of feeling, derived from, and fostered by, the particular rank and usages of the individual; the intense desire of being intensely beloved,—selfish, and yet characteristic of the selfishness of a loving and kindly nature alone;—the self-supportless leaning for all pleasure on another's breast;—the craving after sympathy with a prodigal disinterestedness, frustrated by its own ostentation, and the mode and nature of its claims;—the anxiety, the distrust, the jealousy, which more or less accompany all selfish affections, and are amongst the surest contradistinctions of mere fondness from true love, and which originate Lear's eager wish to enjoy his daughters' violent professions, whilst the inveterate habits of sovereignty convert the wish into claim and positive right, and an incomppliance with it into crime and treason;—these facts, these passions, these moral verities, on which the whole tragedy is founded, are all prepared for, and will to the retrospect be found implied, in the first four or five lines of the play." They are implied, certainly, but the character which they make up is not described by Shakspeare. When Regan and Goneril speak slightly of their father, immediately after he has been lavishing his kingdom upon them, it is not the object of the poet to make us understand Lear, but to make us understand Regan and Goneril. This, again, was Shakspeare's art:—Tate, the representative of the vulgar notion of art, must have a defined character—something positive, something generic—a bad man, a good man—a mild man, a passionate man—a good son, a cruel son. Upon this principle the Lear of Tate is *the choleric king*. Because Goneril characteristically speaks of "the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them," Gloucester, in Tate, is made to say of Lear,—

"Yet has his temper ever been unfix'd
Chol'ric and sudden;"

and, as if this were not enough to disturb an audience in the proper comprehension of the real Lear, we must have Cordelia call him "the choleric king," and, last of all, Lear himself must exclaim, in the trial-scene, "'tis said that I am choleric." And now, then, that we have got a choleric king—a simple, unmixed, ranting, roaring, choleric king, he is in a fit condition to be stirred up by "the showmen of the scene." Charles Lamb would be immortal as a critic if he had only written these words:—"Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily." All the wonderful gradations of his character are utterly destroyed;—all the thin partitions which separate passion from wildness, and wildness from insanity, and insanity from a partial restoration to the most intense of human feelings,—a father's concentrated love;—all these traces of what Shakspeare only could effect, are utterly destroyed by the stage conception of Lear, such as has been endured amongst us for more than a century. When the "showmen" banished the Fool, they rendered it impossible that the original nature of Lear should be understood. It is the Fool who interprets to us the old man's sensitive tenderness lying at the bottom of his impatience. He cannot bear to hear that "the Fool hath much pined away."—"No more of that, I have noted it well." From the Fool, Lear can hear to hear truth; his jealous pride is not alarmed: he indeed calls him "a pestilent gall," "a bitter fool;" but the

"Poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man,"

in the depths of his misery, having scarcely anything in the world to love but the Fool, thus clings to him:—

"My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?"

KING LEAR.

I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee."

And all this is gone in the stage Lear. The "universal, ideal, and sublime" comedy, of which the Fool is the principal exponent, would have been incomprehensible to the Augustan age. We are quite sure that Tate would have got rid of the assumed madness of Edgar, if he had not found it convenient for the purpose of tacking a love-scene to it. As it is, he has brought the mad Tom and the mad king into juxtaposition. We do not suspect Tate of comprehending the metaphysical principle upon which Shakspeare worked, and which Coleridge has so well expounded:—"Edgar's assumed madness serves the great purpose of taking off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of Lear, and further displays the profound difference between the two. In every attempt at representing madness throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere light-headedness, as especially in *Otway*. In Edgar's ravings, Shakspeare all the while lets you see a fixed purpose, a practical end in view; in Lear's there is only the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression." Tate has left us this contrast; but he has taken away the Fool, which completes the wonderful power of the third act of Shakspeare's Lear. The Fool, as well as Edgar, takes off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the madness of Lear, whilst he yet contributes to the completeness of that moral chaos which Shakspeare has represented—"all external nature in a storm, all moral nature convulsed." A writer of very rare depth and discrimination has thus described these scenes of which Edgar and the Fool make up such important accessories:—"The two characters, father and king, so high to our imagination and love, blended in the reverend image of Lear—*both* in their destitution, yet *both* in their height of greatness—the spirit blighted, and yet undepressed—the wits gone, and yet the moral wisdom of a good heart left unstained, almost unobscured—the wild raging of the elements, joined with human outrage and violence to persecute the helpless, unresisting, almost unoffending sufferer—and he himself in the midst of all imaginable misery and desolation, descanting upon himself, on the whirlwinds that drive around him, and then turning in tenderness to some of the wild motley associations of sufferers among whom he stands—all this is not like what has been seen on any stage, perhaps in any reality; but it has made a world to our imagination about one single imaginary individual, such as draws the reverence and sympathy which would seem to belong properly only to living men. It is like the remembrance of some wild perturbed scene of real life. Everything is perfectly woeful in this world of woe. The very assumed madness of Edgar, which, if the story of Edgar stood alone, would be insufferable, and would utterly degrade him to us, seems, associated as he is with Lear, to come within the consecration of Lear's madness. It agrees with all that is brought together;—the night—the storms—the houselessness—Gloster with his eyes put out—the Fool—the semblance of a madman, and Lear in his madness,—are all bound together by a strange kind of sympathy, confusion in the elements of nature, of human society, and the human soul! Throughout all the play is there not sublimity felt amidst the continual presence of all kinds of disorder and confusion in the natural and moral world;—a continual consciousness of eternal order, law, and good? This it is that so exalts it in our eyes."*

The love-scene between Edgar and Cordelia, in the first scene of the first act of Tate's Lear, was an assurance, under the hand and seal of Tate, that the play would end happily. He might be constrained, in the impossibility of wholly destroying Shakspeare, to exhibit to us some of the most terrific conflicts of human passion, and the most striking displays of human suffering. He could not utterly conceal the terrible workings of the mind of Lear, which had been laid bare by the "explosions of his passion." But he takes care to let it be understood that there is nothing real in this; that all will be right in the end; that, though the flames rage, the house is insured; that a wedding and a dance will terminate the play much better than the "dead march" of Shakspeare. "Cordelia," says Dr. Johnson, "from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And if my sensations could add anything to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor."

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This was a bold or a lazy avowal in Johnson; for Aristotle describes the popular admiration of the tragedy which ends happily for the good characters, and fatally for the bad, as a result of the "weakness of the spectators;" * and though Johnson vigorously attacked Aristotle's Unities—or rather the doctrine of the Unities imputed to Aristotle—the good critic must have been sleeping when he gave his voice to the general suffrage at the risk of being accounted weak. Johnson was too clever a man not to know that he lost something by not reading "the last scenes" of Shakspeare's *Lear*; and we have considerable doubts whether he ever looked into the last scenes of Tate's *Lear*. Carrying the principle to the end with which we set out, we venture to print the last scene of each writer in apposition; and we ask our readers to apply the scale of Tate, in the manner which we have indicated, to the admeasurement of Shakspeare:—

[TATE.]

"Enter ALBANY, KENT, and Knights to LEAR and
CORDELIA in Prison.

Lear. Who are you?

My eyes are none o' th' best, I'll tell you straight;
Oh, Albany! Well, sir, we are your captives.
And you are come to see death pass upon us.
Why this delay?—Or, is't your highness' pleasure
To give us first the torture? Say you so?
Why here's old Kent, and I, as tough a pair
As e'er bore tyrant stroke;—but my Cordelia,
My poor Cordelia here, O pity—

Alb. Thou injur'd majesty,
The wheel of fortune now has made her circle,
And blessings yet stand 'twixt thy grave and thee.

Lear. Com'st thou, inhuman lord, to sooth us back
To a fool's paradise of hope, to make
Our doom more wretched? Go to, we are too well
Acquainted with misfortune, to be gull'd
With lying hope; no, we will hope no more.

* * * * *

Alb. Since then my injuries, Lear, fall in with thine,
I have resolv'd the same redress for both.

Kent. What says my lord?

Cord. Speak; for methought I heard
The charming voice of a descending god.

Alb. The troops by Edmund rais'd, I have disbanded:
Those that remain are under my command.
What comfort may be brought to cheer your age,
And heal your savage wrongs, shall be apply'd;
For to your majesty we do resign
Your kingdom, save what part yourself conferr'd
On us in marriage.

Kent. Hear you that, my liege.

Cord. Then there are gods, and virtue is their care.

Lear. Is't possible?

Let the spheres stop their course, the sun make halt,
The winds be hush'd, the seas and fountains rest,
All nature pause, and listen to the chang
Where is my Kent, my Caius?

Kent. Here, my liege.

Lear. Why, I have news that will recall thy youth;
Hail didst thou hear't?—or did th' inspiring gods
Whisper to me alone?—Old Lear shall be
A king again.

Kent. The prince, that like a god has pow'r, has said it.

Lear. Cordelia then shall be a queen, mark that;
Cordelia shall be queen: winds, catch the sound,
And bear it on your rosy wings to heav'n,
Cordelia is a queen.

Alb. Look, sir, where pious Edgar comes,
Lending his eyeless father. O my liege,
His wondrous story well deserves your leisure;
What he has done and suffer'd for your sake,
What for the fair Cordelia's.

[SHAKSPEARE.]

"Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms, EDGAR,
Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—She's gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [Kneeling.]

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;
Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.

KING LEAR.

Re-enter EDGAR with GLOSTER, L.H.

Glost. Where's my liege? Conduct me to his knees,
to hail

His second birth of empire: My dear Edgar
Has, with himself, reveal'd the king's blest restoration.

Lear. My poor dark Gloster!

Glost. O let me kiss that once more scepter'd hand!

Lear. Hold, thou mistak'st the majesty; kneel here;
Cordelia has our pow'r, Cordelia's queen.

Speak, is not that the noble, suff'ring Edgar?

Glost. My pious son, more dear than my lost eyes.

Lear. I wrong'd him too; but here's the fair amends.

* * * * *

Edg. Divine Cordelia, all the gods can witness
How much thy love to empire I prefer.

Thy bright example shall convince the world,

Whatever storms of fortune are decreed,

That truth and virtue shall at last succeed.

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.)"

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights:

[To EDGAR and KENT]

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more.

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips.—

Look there, look there!—

[He dies.]

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him

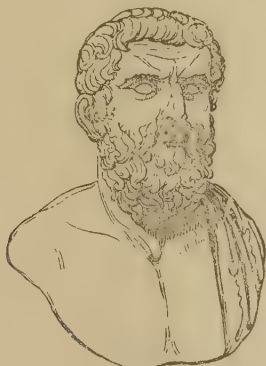
That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

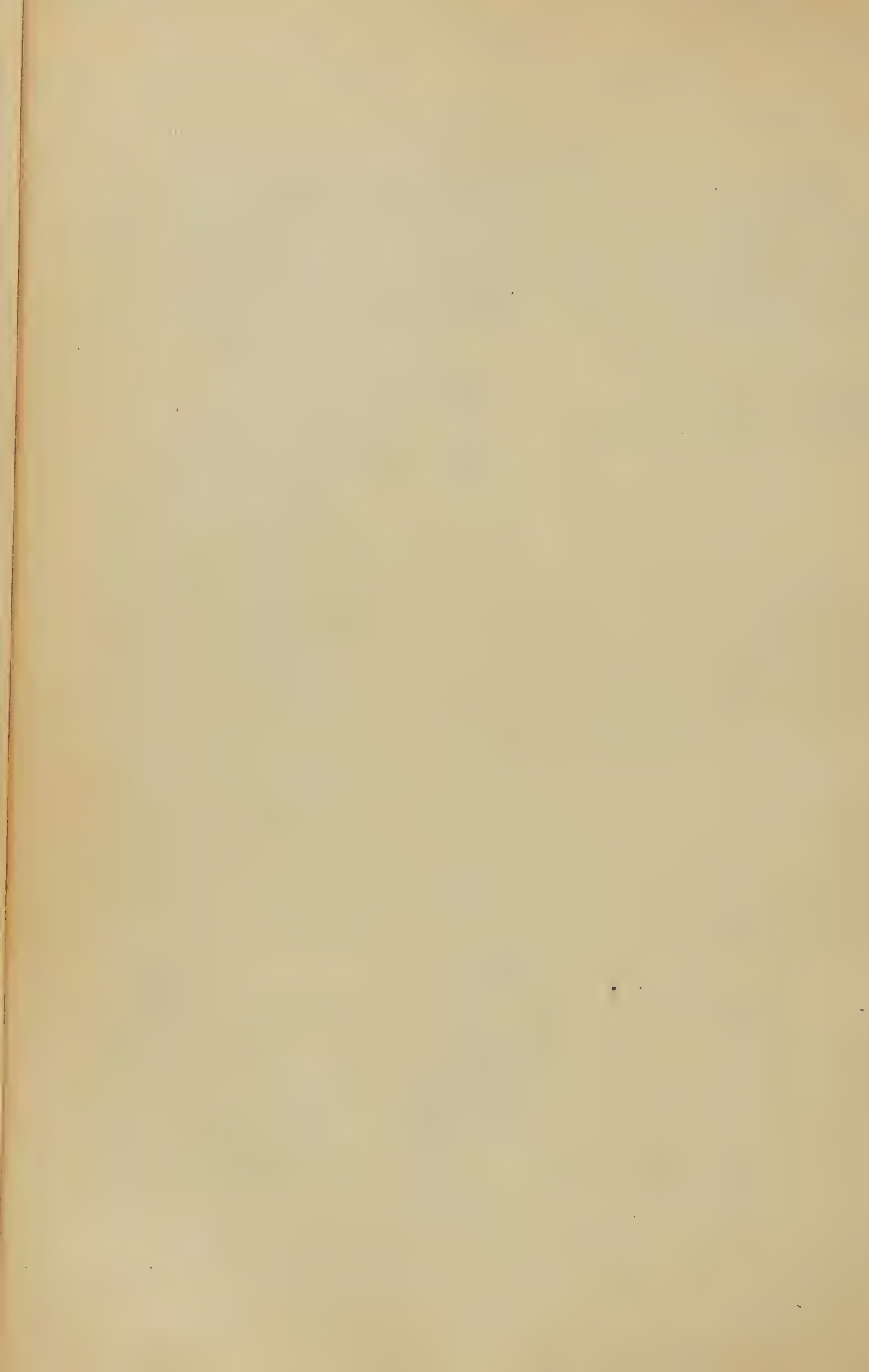
* * * * *

[Exeunt with a dead march.]

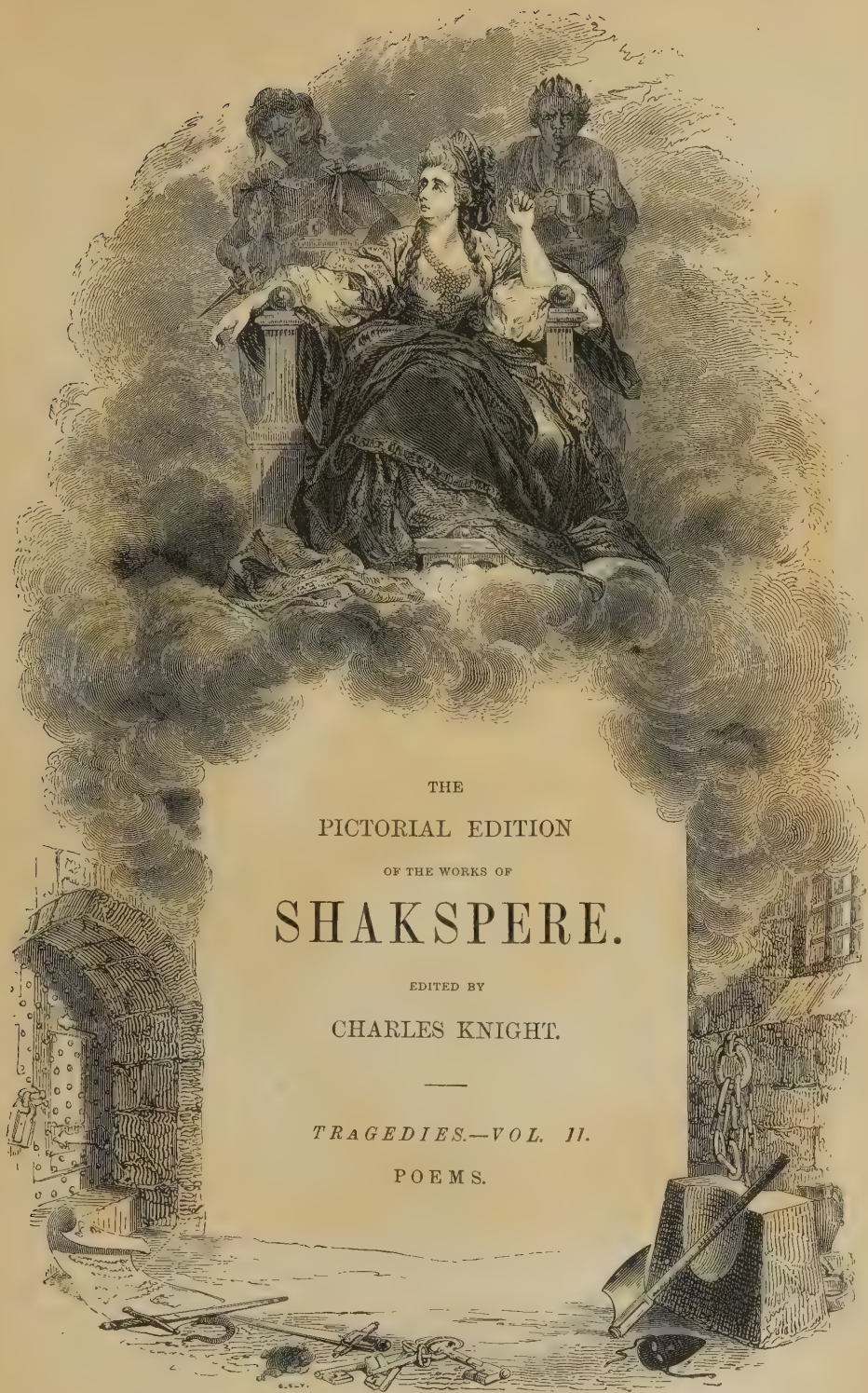
And why do we ask any one of our readers to compare what cannot be compared?—why do we put one of the most divine conceptions of poetry side by side with the meanest interpretation of the most unimaginative feelings—equally remote from the verisimilitude of common life, as from the truth of ideal beauty? It is, as we have said before, because we feel unable to impart to others our own conceptions of the marvellous power of the Lear of Shakspeare, without employing some agency that may give distinctness to ideas which must be otherwise vague. There is only one mode in which such a production as the Lear of Shakspeare can be understood—by study, and by reverential reflection. The age which produced the miserable parody of Lear that till within a few years has banished the Lear of Shakspeare from the stage, was, as far as regards the knowledge of the highest efforts of intellect, presumptuous, artificial, and therefore empty age. Tate was tolerated because Shakspeare was not read. We have arrived, in some degree, to a better judgment, because we have learnt to judge more humbly. We have learnt to compare the highest works of the highest masters of poetry, not by the pedantic principle of considering a modern great only to the extent in which he is an imitator of an ancient, but by endeavouring to comprehend the idea in which the modern and the ancient each worked. The Cordelia of Shakspeare and the Antigone of Sophocles have many points of similarity; but they each belong to a different system of art. It is for the highest minds only to carry their several systems to an approach to the perfection to which Shakspeare and Sophocles have carried them. It was for the feeblest of imitators, in a feeble age, to produce such parodies as we have exhibited, under the pretence of substituting order for irregularity, but in utter ignorance of the principle of order which was too skilfully framed to be visible to the grossness of their taste.



[Sophocles.]







THE
PICTORIAL EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF
SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY
CHARLES KNIGHT.

—
TRAGEDIES.—VOL. II.
POEMS.

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POEMS.

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[Inverness.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF MACBETH.

'THE Tragedie of Macbeth' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. Its place in that edition is between Julius Cæsar and Hamlet. In the entry on the Stationers' register, immediately previous to the publication of the edition of 1623, it is also classed amongst the Tragedies. And yet, in many modern reprints of the text of Shakspeare, Macbeth is placed the first amongst the Histories. This is to convey a wrong notion of the character of this great drama. Shakspeare's Chronicle-histories are essentially conducted upon a different principle. The interest of Macbeth is not an historical interest. It matters not whether the action is true, or has been related as true: it belongs to the realms of poetry altogether. We might as well call Lear or Hamlet historical plays, because the outlines of the story of each are to be found in old records of the past. Our text is, with very few exceptions, a restoration of the text of the original folio.

Malone and Chalmers agree in assigning this tragedy to the year 1606. Their proofs, as we apprehend, are entirely frivolous and unsatisfactory. The Porter says, "Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:" the year 1606 was a year of plenty, and therefore Macbeth was written in 1606. Again, the same character says, "Here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales, against either scale." This passage Malone most solemnly tells us, "without doubt, had a direct reference to the doctrine of equivocation avowed and maintained by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of the Jesuits in England, on his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, on

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the 28th of March, 1606, and to his detestable perjury." There is more of this sort of reasoning, in the examination of which it appears to us quite unnecessary to occupy the time of our readers. We have two facts as to the chronology of this play which are indisputable:—the first is, that it must have been written after the crowns of England and Scotland were united in one monarch, who was a descendant of Banquo:—

"Some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

The second is, that Dr. Forman has most minutely described the representation of this tragedy in the year 1610. The following extract from his 'Book of Plays, and Notes thereof, for common Policy,' is copied by Mr. Collier from the manuscript in the Bodleian Library:—

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, fairies, or nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, King of Coudor, for thou shalt be a king, but shalt beget no kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What, all to Macbeth and nothing to me? Yes, said the nymphs, Hail to thee Banquo; thou shalt beget kings, yet be no king. And so they departed, and came to the court of Scotland, to Duncan King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him home to his own castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the king in his own castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the king, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, no, from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.

"The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the other to Wales, to save themselves: they, being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned king, and then he, for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast (to the which also Banquo should have come), he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England to the king's son, and so they raised an army, and came into Scotland, and at Dunston Anseye overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's queen did rise in the night in her sleep and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the doctor noted her words."

Here, then, the date of this tragedy must be fixed after the accession of James I. in 1603, and before the representation at which Forman was present in 1610. Mr. Collier is inclined to believe that the play was a new one when Forman saw it acted. Be that as it may, we can have no doubt that it belonged to the last ten years of Shakspeare's life.

SUPPOSED SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

THAT Shakspeare found sufficient materials for this great drama in Holinshed's 'History of Scotland' is a fact that renders it quite unnecessary for us to enter into any discussion as to the truth of this portion of the history, or to point out the authorities upon which the narrative of Holinshed was founded. Better authorities than Holinshed had access to have shown that the contest for the crown of Scotland between Duncan and Macbeth was a contest of factions, and that Macbeth was raised to the throne by his Norwegian allies after a battle in which Duncan fell: in the same way after a long rule was he vanquished and killed by the son of Duncan, supported by his English allies.* But, with the differences between the real and apocryphal history, it is manifest that we can here have no concern. In the Illustrations of the several acts we have reprinted the passages in Holinshed with which Shakspeare was manifestly familiar. His deviations from the chronicler will be readily traced. There is another story, however, told also in the same narrative, which

* See Skene's 'Highlanders of Scotland,' vol. i., p. 116.

MACBETH

Shakspeare with consummate skill has blended with the story of Macbeth. It is that of the murder of King Duff by Donwald and his wife in Donwald's castle of Forres :—

"The king got him into his privy chamber, only with two of his chamberlains, who, having brought him to bed, came forth again, and then fell to banqueting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared divers delicate dishes and sundry sorts of drinks for their rear-supper or collation, whereat they sat up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow but asleep they were so fast that a man might have removed the chamber over them sooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleep.

"Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatly in heart, yet through instigation of his wife he called four of his servants unto him (whom he had made privy to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts), and now declaring unto them after what sort they should work the feat, they gladly obeyed his instructions, and, speedily going about the murder, they enter the chamber (in which the king lay) a little before cock's crow, where they secretly cut his throat as he lay sleeping, without any bustling at all: and immediately by a postern gate they carried forth the dead body into the fields. * * * * *

Donwald, about the time that the murder was in doing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued in company with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning, when the noise was raised in the king's chamber how the king was slain, his body conveyed away, and the bed all beraid with blood, he with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter, and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of blood in the bed and on the floor about the sides of it, he forthwith slew the chamberlains as guilty of that heinous murder. * * * * *

For the space of six months together, after this heinous murder thus committed, there appeared no sun by day, nor moon by night, in any part of the realm, but still was the sky covered with continual clouds, and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."

It was originally the opinion of Steevens and Malone that a play by Thomas Middleton, entitled 'The Witch,' had preceded Macbeth, and that Shakspeare was consequently indebted to Middleton for the general idea of the witch incantations. Malone subsequently changed his opinion; for in a posthumous edition of his 'Essay on the Chronological Order,' he has maintained that 'The Witch' was a later production than Macbeth. We shall refer to this question in our Supplementary Notice.

For the Local Illustrations affixed to each Act we have the gratification of acknowledging our obligation to Miss Martineau, who in 1838 visited all the localities to which this tragedy refers. Mr. Creswick's sketches, which also adorn our pages, were made on the several spots in 1839.

COSTUME.

THE rudely sculptured monuments and crosses which time has spared upon the hills and heaths of Scotland, however interesting to the antiquary in other respects, afford but very slender and uncertain information respecting the dress and arms of the Scotch Highlanders in the 11th century; and, attempt how we will to decide from written documents, a hundred pens will instantly be flourished against us. Our own opinion, however, formed long ago, has within these few years been confirmed by that of a most intelligent modern historian,* who says "it would be too much perhaps to affirm that the dress, as at present worn, in all its minute details, is ancient; but it is very certain that it is compounded of three varieties in the form of dress which were separately worn by the Highlanders in the seventeenth century, and that each of these may be traced back to the remotest antiquity." These are :—1st, The belted plaid; 2nd, The short coat or jacket; 3rd, The truis. With each of these, or, at any rate, with the two first, was worn, from the earliest periods to the seventeenth century, the long-sleeved, saffron-stained shirt, of Irish origin, called the *Leni-croich*.† Pitscottie, in 1573, says, "they (the Scotch Highlanders) be clothed with ane mantle, with ane schirt, saffroned after the Irish manner, going bare-legged to the knee." And Nicolay d'Arfeville, cosmographer to the King of France, who published at Paris, in 1583, a volume entitled '*La Navigation du Roy d'Escoce Jacques, cinquiesme du nom, autour de son Royaume et Isles Hebrides*

* 'The Highlanders of Scotland,' by W. E. Skene, F.S.A. Scot. 2 vols. 12mo., London, Murray, 1837.—Mr. Skene in this excellent work has also thrown great light upon the real history of Macbeth, from a careful investigation and comparison of the Irish annals and the Norse Sagas.

† "From the Irish words *leni*, shirt, and *croich*, saffron."—Martin's Western Isles of Scotland.

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et Orchadez, soutz la conduite d'Alexandre Lindsay, excellent Pilote Escossois,' says, "they wear, like the Irish, a 'large full shirt, coloured with saffron, and over this a garment hanging to the knee, of thick wool, after the manner of a cassock (soutane). They go with bare heads, and allow their hair to grow very long, and they wear neither stockings nor shoes, except some who have buskins (botines) made in a very old fashion, which come as high as the knees." Lesley in 1578 says, "all, both nobles and common people, wore mantles of one sort (except that the nobles preferred those of different colours); these were long and flowing, but capable of being gathered up at pleasure into folds. . . . They had also shaggy rugs, such as the Irish use at the present day. . . . The rest of their garments consisted of a short woollen jacket, with the sleeves open below, for the convenience of throwing their darts, and a covering for the thighs of the simplest kind, more for decency than for show or defence against cold. They made also of linen very large shirts, with numerous folds and very large sleeves, which flowed abroad loosely on their knees. These the rich coloured with saffron, and others smeared with some grease to preserve them longer clean among the toils and exercises of a camp, &c."* Here we have the second variety—that of the short woollen jacket with the open sleeves; and this confirms most curiously the identity of the ancient Scottish with the ancient Irish dress, as the Irish chieftains who appeared at court in the reign of Elizabeth were clad in these long shirts, short open-sleeved jackets, and long shaggy mantles, the exact form of which may be seen in the woodcut representing them engraved in the 'History of British Costume,' p. 369, from a rare print of that period in the collection of the late Francis Douce, Esq. The third variety is the truis, or trowse, "the breeches and stockings of one piece," of the Irish in the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, and the bracchæ of the Belgic Gauls and Southern Britons in that of Cæsar. The truis has hitherto been traced in Scotland only as far back as the year 1538; and there are many who deny its having formed a portion of the more ancient Scottish dress: but independently that the document of the date above mentioned recognises it as an established "*Highland*" garment at that time, thereby giving one a right to infer its having long previously existed, the incontrovertible fact of a similar article of apparel having been worn by all the chiefs of the other tribes of the great Celtic or Gælic family is sufficient, in our minds, to give probability to the belief that it was also worn by those of the ancient Scotch Highlanders. Mr. Skene, after remarking that it was from the very earliest period the dress of the gentry of Ireland, adds that he is therefore inclined to think it was introduced from that country; but hints at no particular period, and leaves us at liberty to presume such introduction to have taken place even centuries prior to the birth of Macbeth. With regard to another hotly disputed point of Scottish costume, the colours of the chequered cloth, commonly called *tartan* and *plaid* (neither of which names, however, originally signified its variegated appearance, the former being merely the name of the woollen stuff of which it was made, and the latter that of the garment into which it was shaped), the most general belief is, that the distinction of the clans by a peculiar pattern is of comparatively a recent date: but those who deny "a coat of many colours" to the ancient Scottish Highlanders altogether must as unceremoniously strip the Celtic Briton or Belgic Gaul of his tunic, "flowered with various colours in divisions," in which he has been specifically arrayed by Diodorus Siculus. The choquered cloth was termed in Celtic, *breacan*, and the Highlanders, we are informed by Mr. Logan,† give it also the poetical appellation of "*cath-dath*" signifying "the strife" or "war of colours." In Major's time (1512) the plaids or cloaks of the higher classes alone were variegated. The common people appear to have worn them generally of a brown colour, "most near," says Moniepenne, "to the colour of the hadder" (heather). Martin, in 1716, speaking of the female attire in the Western Isles, says the ancient dress, which is yet worn by some of the vulgar, called *arisad*, is a white plaid, having a few small stripes of black, blue, and red. The plain black and white stuff, now generally known in London by the name of "Shepherd's plaid," is evidently, from its simplicity, of great antiquity, and could have been most easily manufactured, as it required no process of dyeing, being composed of the two natural colours of the fleece. Defoe, in his 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' describes the plaid worn in 1639 as "striped across, red and yellow;" and the portrait of Lacy the actor, painted in Charles II.'s time, represents him dressed for Sawney the Scot in a red, yellow, and black truis and belted plaid, or, at any rate, in stuff of the natural yellowish tint of the wool, striped across with black and red.

* Jean de Beaugne, who accompanied the French auxiliaries to Scotland in 1548, in like manner describes "les sauvages," as he calls the Highlanders, naked except their stained shirts (*chemises taintes*) and a certain light covering made of wool of various colours, carrying large bows and similar swords and bucklers to the others. &c. the Lowlanders.

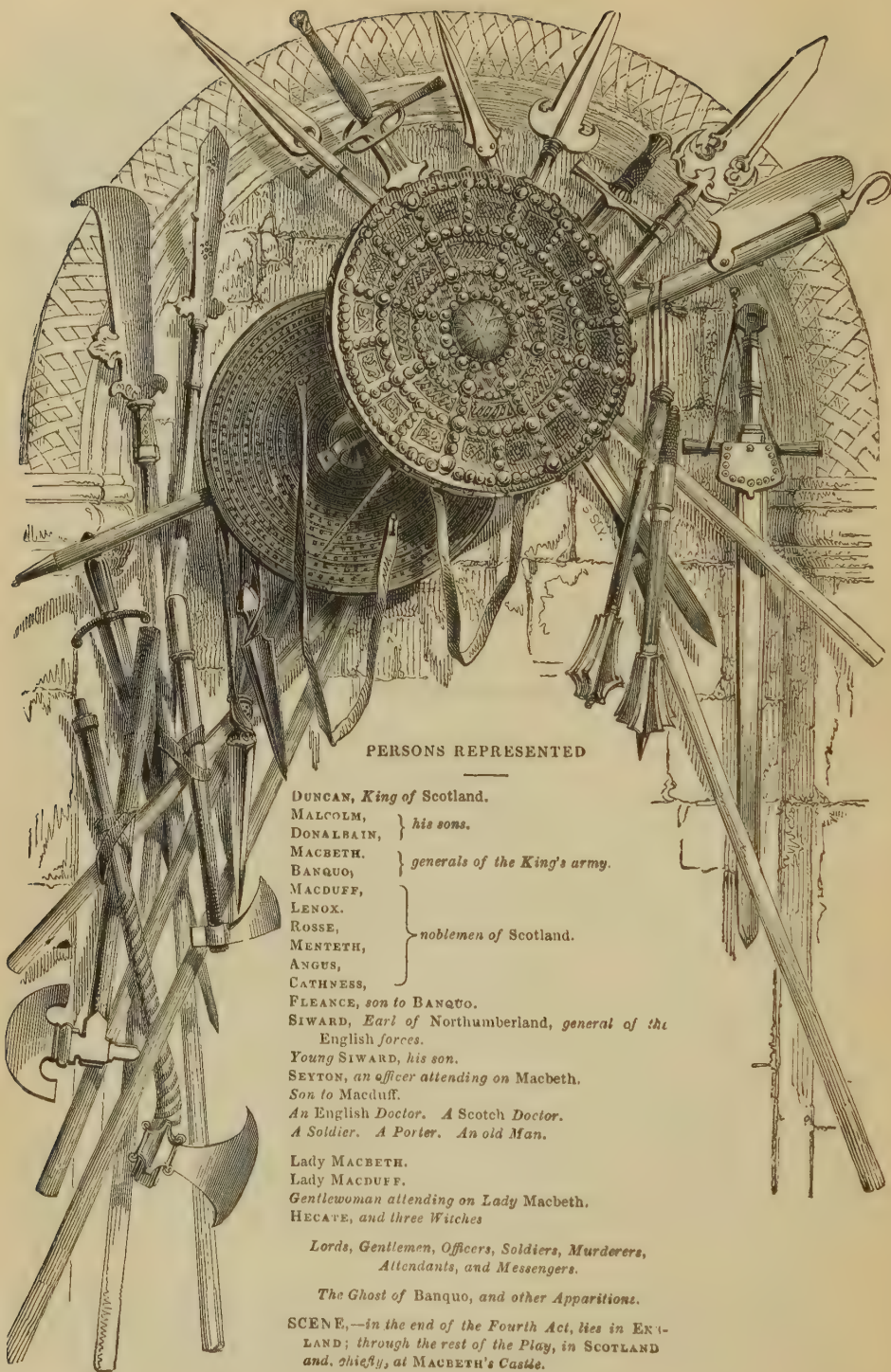
† 'History of the Gael.' 2 vols. 8vo. London.

MACBETH.

For the armour and weapons of the Scotch of the 11th century we have rather more distinct authority. The sovereign and his Lowland chiefs appear early to have assumed the shirt of ring mail of the Saxon; or, perhaps, the quilted *panzar* of their Norwegian and Danish invaders: but that some of the Highland chieftains disdained such defence must be admitted from the well-known boast of the Earl Strathearne, as late as 1138, at the Battle of the Standard:—"I wear no armour," exclaimed the heroic Gæll, "yet those who do will not advance beyond me this day." It was indeed the old Celtic fashion for soldiers to divest themselves of almost every portion of covering on the eve of combat, and to rush into battle nearly, if not entirely, naked.

The ancient Scottish weapons were the bow, the spear, the claymore (clédheamh-more), the battle-axe, and the dirk, or bidag, with round targets, covered with bull's-hide, and studded with nails and bosses of brass or iron. For the dress and arms of the Anglo-Saxon auxiliaries of Malcolm the Bayeux tapestry furnishes perhaps the nearest authority.

The Scottish female habit seems to have consisted, like that of the Saxon, Norman, and Danish women—nay, we may even add the ancient British—of a long robe, girdled round the waist, and a full and flowing mantle, fastened on the breast by a large buckle or brooch of brass, silver, or gold, and set with common crystals, or precious gems, according to the rank of the wearer. Dio describes Boadicea as wearing a variegated robe; and the ancient mantle worn by Scotchwomen, denominated the *arisad*, which we have already mentioned, is described by Martin as *chequered*.



PERSONS REPRESENTED

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*
MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*
MACBETH. } *generals of the King's army.*
BANQUO,
MACDUFF,
LENOX. } *noblemen of Scotland.*
ROSSE,
MENTETH,
ANGUS,
CATHNESS,
FLEANCE, *son to BANQUO.*
SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the*
English forces.
Young SIWARD, *his son.*
SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.
Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, and three Witches

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE,—*in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in ENGLAND; through the rest of the Play, in SCOTLAND and, chiefly, at MACBETH's Castle.*



[View from the Site of Macbeth's Castle, Inverness.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?^a

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's^b done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.^c

^a Hammer proposed to read "*and in rain,*" to prevent that misconception of the question which might arise from the use of *or*. The Witches invariably meet under a disturbance of the elements; and this is clear enough without any change of the original text.

^b *Hurlyburly*. In Peacham's "Garden of Eloquence," 1577, this word is given as an example of that ornament of language which consists in "a name intimating the sound of that it signifieth, as *hurlyburly*, for an uproar and tumultuous stir." Todd finds the word in a collection of Scottish proverbs, and therefore decides upon the propriety of its use by the Scottish witch. This is unnecessary; for, although it might belong to both languages, Spenser had used it in our own; and it had the peculiar recommendation of the quality described by Peacham for its introduction in a lyrical composition.

^c We have here the commencement of that system of

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

tampering with the metre of Shakspeare in this great tragedy, which universally prevailed till the reign of the variorum critics had ceased to be considered as firmly established and beyond the reach of assault. When we saw an edition of Shakspeare bearing the name of Thomas Campbell as editor, and found that the text of that edition was a literal reprint from the text of Steevens, and that consequently the loppings-off and patchings-on, the transpositions, the substitutions of a man without an ear were circulated with the imprimatur of one of the most elegant of our poets, we could not but see what a fearful weed bad taste is,—how prolific in its growth, how difficult to be eradicated. These remarks apply not so much to the particular instance before us as to the whole principle upon which the metre of this play has been regulated. We admit that it will not do servilely to follow the original in every instance where the commencement and close of a line are so arranged that it becomes prosaic; but on the other hand we contend that the desire to get rid of hemistichs, without regard to the nature of the dialogue, and so to alter the metrical arrangement of a series of lines, is to disfigure, instead of to amend, the poet. It is a matter of sincere gratification to the present editor, that five-and-twenty years have produced a marked alteration in the principles of criticism applied to the text of Shakspeare. The line before us reads, in the original,

"That will be ere the set of sun."

Steevens strikes out *the* as harsh and unnecessary. Any one

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!^a

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres. Alarum within.*

Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, IENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful^b it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Mac-
donwald

(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of^c kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;^d
And fortune, on his damned quarry^e smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak

who has an ear for the fine lyrical movement of the whole scene will see what an exquisite variety of pause there is in the ten lines of which it consists. Take, for example, the line

"There to meet with Macbeth;" and contrast its solemn movement with what has preceded it. But tampering editors must have seven syllables; and so some read

"There I go to meet Macbeth:" others,

and others,

"There to meet with—Whom?—Macbeth."

Malone has, however, here succeeded in retaining the original line, by persuading himself and others that *there* is a dissyllable.

^a *Graymalkin* is a cat; *Paddock*, a toad.
^b *Doubtful*.—So the original. The common reading, *doubtful*.
^c "My addition," says Steevens, "consists but of a single letter."

^d *Of* is here used in the sense of *with*.
^e *Quarry*.—So the original. The common reading, on the emendation of Hammer, is *quarrel*. We conceive that the original word is that used by Shakspeare. In *Coriolanus* we have,

"——— I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance."

It is in the same sense, we believe, that the soldier uses the word *quarry*: the "damned quarry" being the doomed army of kerns and gallowglasses, who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth, and became his *quarry*—his prey.

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he faced the slave;^b
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to

him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders
break;^c

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their
icels,

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this our captains, Macbeth
and Banquo?^e

Sold. Yes: As sparrows, eagles; or the hare,
the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the
foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds;

They smack of honour both:—Go, get him sur-
geons. [Exit Soldier, attended.]

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!

^a We follow the metrical arrangement of the original. Steevens changes the hemistich thus:—

"Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave."

^b The word *break* is not in the original. The second folio adds *breaking*. Some verb is wanting; and the reading of the second folio is some sort of authority for the introduction of *break*, which word was added by Pope.

^c We print this line according to the original as an Alexandrine—a verse constantly introduced by Shakspeare for the production of variety.

So should he look that seems to speak things
strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,^a lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,^b
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall
deceive

Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his pre-
sented death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath
won. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Heath. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her
lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:

—'Give me,' quoth I:

Aroint thee,^d witch! the rump-fed ronyon^e
cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the
Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,^a

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

^a *Bellona's bridegroom* is here undoubtedly Macbeth; but Henley and Stevens, fancying that the God of War was meant, chuckle over Shakspeare's ignorance in not knowing that Mars was not the husband of Bellona.

^b This is the original punctuation, which we think, with flick, is better than

"Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm."

^c Without the slightest ceremony Stevens omits the emphatic word *present*, as "injurious to metre."

^d *Aroint thee.*—See King Lear; Illustration of Act III., Scene IV.

^e *Ronyon.*—See As You Like It; Note on Act II., Scene II.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind

1 *Witch.* Th' art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay:^a

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid.

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum:

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird^b sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

^a Stevens says, "As I cannot help supposing this scene to have been uniformly metrical when our author wrote it, in its present state I suspect it to be clogged with interpolations, or mutilated by omissions." There really appears no foundation for the supposition that the scene was *uniformly* metrical. It is a mixture of blank-verse with the seven-syllable rhyme, producing, from its variety, a wild and solemn effect which no regularity could have achieved.

"Where hast thou been, sister?" Killing swine;"

is a line of blank verse:

"Sister, where thou?"

a dramatic hemistich. We have then four lines of blank verse, before the lyrical movement. "But in a sieve," &c.

"I'll give thee a wind.

Th' art kind.

And I another."

is a ten-syllable line, rhyming with the following octo-syllabic line. So, in the same manner,

"I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay,"

is a ten-syllable line, rhyming with the following one of seven syllables. Some editors have destroyed this metrical arrangement by changing "Th' art kind" into "Thou art kind;" and "I'll drain him dry as hay" into "I will drain him dry as hay." Capell's "thou art" is an improvement.

^b *Weird.*—There can be no doubt that this term is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrd*, word spoken; and in the same way that the word *fate* is anything spoken, *weird* and *fata* are synonymous, and equally applicable to such mysterious beings as Macbeth's witches. We cannot therefore agree with Tieck that the word is *weyward*—wilful. He says that it is written *weyward* in the original; but this is not so: it is written *weyward*, which Stevens says is a blunder of the transcriber or printer. We doubt this; for the word is thus written *weyward*, to mark that it consists of two syllables. For example, in the second act, Banquo says—

"I dreamt last night of the three *weyward* sisters."

But it is also written *weyard*:—

"As the *weyard* women promis'd, and I fear."

Here the word is one syllable, by elision. When the poet uses the word *weyward* in the sense of wilful, the editors of the original do not confound the words. Thus, in the third act, Hecate says—

"And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a *weyward* son."

Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres?—What are these,

So wither'd and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to under-stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be
king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem
to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical,^a o. that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great predic-
tion

Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak
not:

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will
not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou
be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives.
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge
you. [Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water
has,
And these are of them: Whither are they
vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd cor-
poral, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had
staid!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten out^a the insane root,^b
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not
so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words. Who's
here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Mac-
beth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post;^c and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

^a *On.*—The modern editors substitute *of*; but why should we reject an ancient idiom in our rage for modernising?

^b *Henbane* is called *insana* in an old book of medicine, which Shakspeare might have consulted.

^c The passage stands thus in the original:—

"He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself did make,
Strange images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post."

We venture to adopt the reading of Rowe; principally because the expression "as thick as hail" was rendered familiar by poetical use: Spenser has

"As thick as hail forth poured from the sky."

And Drayton,

"Out of the town come quarries thick as hail."

Resse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of
Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do
you dress me

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Nor-
way;

Or did line the rebel with hidden help
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his country's wrack, I know not;^a
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrow'n him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your
pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
I promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle-
men.—

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantas-
tical,

Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their
mould,

But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—

My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—
Let us toward the king.—^a

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more
time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.^b

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less
deserv'd;

^a To get rid of the two hemistichs these five lines are made four in modern edition.

^b The metrical arrangement of this speech is decidedly improved in the modern text; but the improvement is not, as in the cases where we have rejected changes, produced by the determination to effect an absurd uniformity. The same remark applies to Macbeth's answer to the king.

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and ser-
vants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every-
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.*

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd
for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a
step

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,

[*Aside.*

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*

* Sir William Blackstone interprets the word *safe* as *sured*, conceiving that the whole speech is an allusion to feudal homage: "The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king, was absolute, and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the love and honour) due to the sovereign. 'Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seigneur le roy,' as it is in Littleton." According to this interpretation, then, Macbeth only professes a qualified homage to the king's throne and state, as if the king's love and honour were something higher than his power and dignity. We cannot understand this. Surely it is easier to receive the words in their plain acceptation—our duties are called upon to do everything which they can do *safely*, as regards the love and honour we bear you.

Dun. Truc, worthy Banquo; he is full so
valiant;

And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exit.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's
Castle.

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I
have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to
question them further, they made themselves air, into which
they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it,
came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, "Thane of
Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted
me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, "Hail,
king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver
thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest
not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what
greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and fare-
well.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy na-
ture;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be
great;

Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have,
great Glamis,

That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou
have it:

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.' Lie thee
hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is
coming.

* *Metaphysical*—supernatural.

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is
hoarse

[*Evil Attendant.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's
breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering
ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,^a

To cry, 'Hold, hold!'^a—Great Glamis, wor-
thy Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where
men

May read strange matters:—To beguile the
time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your
eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming

^a The "blanket of the dark" has become a familiar phrase, and we are now to change it, under the authority of Mr. Collier's corrected folio, to "blackness of the dark." The phrase in Cymbeline, "If Cæsar could hide the sun from us with a blanket," gives the key to Lady Macbeth's metaphor. The light of "heaven" was to be shut out by the "blanket of the dark." So Drayton:—

❧ The sullen night in misty rug is wrapt."

Must be provided for, and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BAN-
QUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and
Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procereant
cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have ob-
serv'd,

The air is delicate.^a

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
you,

How you shall bid God-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.^b

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done
double,

^a We request our readers to repeat these celebrated lines as we have printed them. Our text is a literal copy of the original. Is not the harmony perfect? Would they venture to displace a syllable? And yet it was thus remodelled by the master-hand of Stevens, without the slightest explanation or apology:—

"This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procereant cradle: where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate."

^b We have restored the old familiar expression *God-eyld*, as suiting better with the playfulness of Duncan's speech than the *God yield us* of Johnson's text. Malone and Stevens each give a very long paraphrase of the passage. There is great refinement in the sentiment, but the meaning is tolerably clear. The love which follows us is sometimes troublesome; so we give you trouble, but look you only at the love we bear to you, and so bless us and thank us.

Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, where-
with

Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.^a

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
him

To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand :
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 't is done, then
't were well

It were done quickly : If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal^b of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.^c He 's here in double trust :

^a *Hermits*—beadsmen—bound to pray for a benefactor.

^b *Shoal*—in the original, *schools*. Theobald corrected the word to *shoal*.

^c The entire passage, from the beginning of the speech to this point, is obscure. Without venturing to alter the common punctuation, we would recommend an attentive consideration of the reading of the first line, as given by Mr. Macready ; and then carry on the soliloquy, as suggested by that alteration :—

" If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well.
It were done quickly, if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all. Here,—
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come, but in these cases
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips."

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off :
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no
spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,^a
And falls on the other^b—How now, what news ?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd : Why have
you left the chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
business :

We hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Nor cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept
since ?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem ;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?^c

^a It has been proposed (by Singleton, say the Cambridge editors) to read, instead of *itself*, *its sell*, its saddle. However clever may be the notion, we can scarcely admit the necessity for the change of the original. A person (and vaulting ambition is personified) might be said to *overleap* himself, as well as overbalance himself, or overcharge himself, or overlabour himself, or overmeasure himself, or overreach himself. There is a parallel use of the word *over* in Beaumont and Fletcher. " Prove it again, sir ; it may be your sense was set too high, and so *overwrought itself*." The word *over* in all these cases is used in the sense of *too much*.

^b After other Hamner introduced *side*. The addition is held to be unnecessary, inasmuch as the plural noun, *sides*, occurs just before. But surely this notion is to produce a jumble of the metaphor. Macbeth compares his *intent* to a courser : I have no spur to urge him on. Unprepared I am about to vault into my seat, but I overleap myself and fall. It appears to us that the sentence is broken by the entrance of the messenger ; that it is not complete in itself ; and would not have been completed with *side*.

^c We find the adage in Heywood's Proverbs, 1:66:—" The cat would eat fish and would not wet her feet."

Macb. Prithee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast w^t then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor
place,

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fit-
ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and
know

How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail.^a
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck^b only : When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?^c

Macb. Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't ?

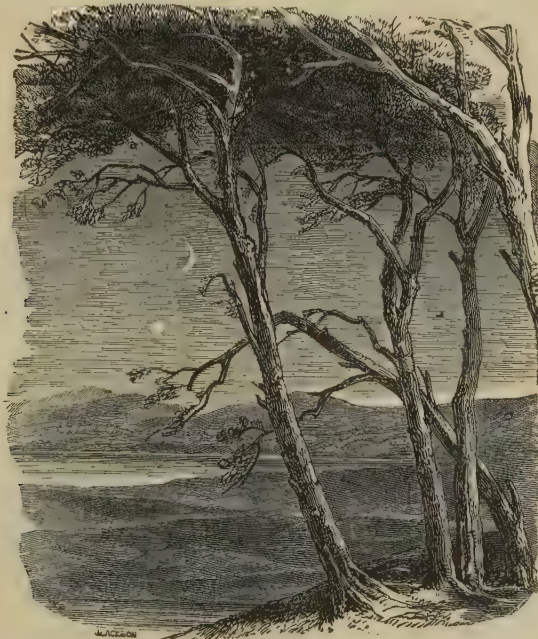
Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [Exeunt.]

^a *Convince*—overpower.

^b *Limbeck*—alembic. Shakspeare understood the construc-
tion of a still, in this happy comparison of the brain to that
part of a vessel through which a distilled liquor passes

^c *Quell*—murder.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE II.—“*Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied.*”

IN the Second Part of Henry VI. we have this passage :—

“The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland :
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array.”

Barnaby Rich describes the *gallowglass* as a foot-soldier armed with a skull, a shirt of mail, and a gallowglass axe. The *kernes* he denounces as the very dross and scum of the country, ready to run out with every rebel.

² SCENE III.—“*But in a sieve I ’ll thither sail.*”

In a pamphlet called ‘News from Scotland,’ 1591, it is shown how certain witches, who pretended to bewitch and drown his majesty (our James I.) in the sea coming from Denmark, “together went to sea, each one in a *riddle* or *cive*, and went in the same very substantially with flagons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way in the same *riddles* or *cives*.”

³ SCENE V.—“*Come, thick night,*” &c.

This celebrated passage has given rise to much discussion, particularly with reference to the word *blanket*. This, Malone says, was certainly the poet’s word, and “perhaps was suggested to him by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which, probably, while the house was yet but half lighted, he had himself often *peeped*.” But Whiter has very ingeniously illustrated the passage by another view of the subject. The internal roof of the stage was anciently called the *heavens*. This was its known and familiar name, as we have previously had occasion to mention. (See Henry VI., Part I. Illustration of Act I.) But when tragedies were represented, the back of the stage, according to Malone, was hung with black. Whiter is persuaded that, on these occasions, the decorations about the roof, which were designed to represent the appearance of the heavens, were also covered with black. This, then, was the “*blanket of the dark*” through which “*heaven*” was not to “*peep*.” This is certainly ingenious; but is it necessary to the understanding of the passage? Drayton, without any stage associations, has this line in an early poem :—

“The sullen *night* in misty *rug* is wrapp’d.”

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It is not our intention to conduct our readers through the obscure and contradictory traditions that belong to the history of Macbeth. Shakspeare found this history, apocryphal as it may be, graphically told in Holinshed; and it will be sufficient for us to select such passages as must necessarily have passed under the poet’s eye in the construction of this great tragedy.

“It fortune’d as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Forres, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way together, without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly, in the midst of a laund,* there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them

spoke and said, All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glamis! (for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said, Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawder! But the third said, All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland!

“Then Banquo: What manner of women (saith he) are you, that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all? Yes (saith the first of them), we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him, for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarily thou indeed shalt not reign at all; but of thee shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent. Herewith the fœrsaid women vanished immediately out of their

* A plain amongst trees.

MACBETH.

sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Macbeth and Banquo, inso-much that Banquo would call Macbeth in jest King of Scotland; and Macbeth again would call him in sport likewise the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, endued with knowledge of prophecy by their necromantical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken. For, shortly after, the Thane of Cawder being condemned at Forres of treason against the king committed, his lands, livings, and offices were given of the king's liberality to Macbeth.

"The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him, and said, Now, Macbeth, thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth only for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to pass. Whereupon Macbeth, revolving the thing in his mind, began even then to devise how he might attain to the kingdom; but yet he thought with himself that he must tarry a time, which should advance him thereto (by the Divine Providence) as it had come to pass in his former preferment. But shortly after it chanced that King Duncan, having two sons by his wife, which was the daughter of Siward Earl of Northumberland, he made the elder of them, called Malcolm,

Prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdom immediately after his decease. Macbeth, sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realm, the ordinance was, that, if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to do (as he took the matter), for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claim which he might in time to come pretend unto the crown.

"The words of the three weird sisters also (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him hereunto, but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of a queen. At length, therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trusty friends, amongst whom Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid he slew the king at Enverns, or (as some say) at Botchosvane, in the first year of his reign. Then, having a company about him of such as he had made privy to his enterprise, he caused himself to be proclaimed king, and forthwith went unto Scone, where (by common content) he received the investiture of the kingdom according to the accustomed manner."



[St. Colmes' Inch.]

LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SCENE II.—"A camp near Forres."

PROBABLY situated in the moors to the south of the town, so as to intercept the march of the invaders from Fife to the royal residences of the north. Wide and almost level tracts of heath extend southwards from Forres, amidst which the march of an army might be discerned from a great distance. It must be mentioned that the stage

direction, "Camp near Forres," does not occur in the original; although it is clear in the third scene that Macbeth and Banquo are on their way thither:—

"How far is't called to Forres?"

SCENE II.—"St. Colmes' inch."

Inch; Island. St. Colmes'; St. Columba's.—This island of St. Columba lies in the Firth of Forth, off

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

the coast of Fife, a little to the east of North Queens-ferry. Alexander I. was wrecked on this island, and entertained by a hermit. In memory of his preservation Alexander founded a monastery, to which great sanctity attached for many centuries, and the remains of which are still conspicuous. It was often plundered by English marauders; but it was so generally believed that the saint invariably avenged himself on the pirates, that the sacredness of the place, as the scene of conferences and contracts, remained unimpaired. The "Norwegian king" was probably compelled to disburse his "ten thousand dollars" on this spot before burying his men on the soil of Fife, in order to make his humiliation as solemn and emphatic as possible.

SCENE III.—"A Heath."

Common superstition assigns the Harmuir, on the borders of Elgin and Nairn, as the place of the interview between Macbeth and the weird sisters. A more dreary piece of moorland is not to be found in all Scotland. Its eastern limit is about six miles from Forres, and its western four from Nairn, and the high road from these places intersects it. This "blasted heath" is without tree or shrub. A few patches of oats are visible here and there, and the eye reposes on a fir-plantation at one extremity; but all around is bleak and brown, made up of peat and bog-water, white stones and bushes of furze. Sand-hills and a line of blue sea, beyond which are the distant hills of Ross and Caithness, bound it to the north; a farmstead or two may be seen afar off; and the ruins of a castle rise from amidst a few trees on the estate of Brodie of Brodie on the north-west. There is something startling to a stranger in seeing the solitary figure of the peat-digger or rush-gatherer moving amidst the waste in the sunshine of a calm autumn day; but the desolation of the scene in stormy weather, or when the twilight fogs are trailing over the pathless heath or settling down upon the pools, must be indescribable.

Boece narrates the interview of Macbeth and Banquo with the weird sisters as an actual occurrence; and he is repeated by Holinshed. Buchanan, whose mind was averse from admitting more superstitions than were necessary to historical fidelity, relates the whole scene as a dream of Macbeth's. It is now scarcely possible even for the imagination of the historical student to make its choice between the scene of the generals, mounted and attended by their troops, meeting the witches in actual presence on the waste of the Harmuir, and the encounter of the aspiring spirit of Macbeth with the prophets of its fate amid the wilder scenery of the land of dreams. As far as the superstition is concerned with the real history, the poet has bound us in his mightier spells. The Witches of Shakspeare have become realities.

SCENE III.—"Thane of Glamis."

Glamis Castle, five miles from Forfar, is one of the four or five castles in which the murder of Duncan is erroneously declared to have been perpetrated. Previous to 1372 a small castle, two stories high, stood on this spot, commanding a wide extent of level country, bounded in one direction by the range of Dunsinane hills, and within view of Birnam hill. Tradition assigns this old stronghold as the occasional residence of Macbeth; who, however, as will be seen elsewhere, could never have dwelt within stone walls. The present magnificent edifice is above a hundred feet in height, and contains a hundred rooms; and the walls of the oldest part of the building are fifteen feet thick. An ancient bedstead is preserved in it, on which it is pretended that Duncan was murdered. Glamis Castle is made by tradition the scene of another murder—that of Malcolm II., in 1034. The property passed into the hands of the Strathmore family (to whom it still belongs) in 1372, on occasion of the marriage of John Lyon, ancestor of the family, with a daughter of Robert II., from whom the estate was received as a gift.



[Glamis Castle.]

MACBETH.

SCENE III.—*"Thane of Cawdor."*

Cawdor Castle is another supposed scene of the murder of Duncan. A portion of Duncan's coat-of-mail is pretended to be shown there; and also the chamber in which he was murdered, with the recess, cut out of the thickness of the walls, in which the king's valet hid himself during the perpetration of the deed. Cawdor Castle is about six miles from Nairn, and stands on a rising ground above the windings of the Calder, overlooking a wide tract of woodland, bounded on the north by the Moray Firth. It has a moat and drawbridge; and a part of it, without date, shows marks of very high antiquity. The more modern part bears the date of 1510. Tra-

dition says that the original builder of this castle was desired to load an ass with the gold he could afford for his edifice, to follow where the ass should lead, and build where it should stop. The ass stopped at a hawthorn in the wood, and this hawthorn was built into the centre chamber of the ground floor of the castle. There it is still, worn and cut away till it is a slender wooden pillar in the midst of the antique apartment. Beside it stands the chest which contained the gold; and here, it is supposed, did the train of Duncan mingle in revel with the servants of Macbeth on the night of the murder. The stranger who stands in the low, dim vault, regrets that history and tradition cannot be made to agree.



[Cawdor Castle.]

SCENE IV.—*"Forres. A Room in the Palace."*

Forres is a town of great antiquity. At its western extremity there is an eminence commanding the river, the level country to the coast of Moray Firth, and the town. On this spot, advantageous for strength and survey, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, the walls of which are very massive, and the architecture Saxon. Tradition declares that before this castle was built the fort stood there in which King Duffus was murdered in 965 or 966. It is probable that this fort was the residence of

Duncan, and afterwards of Macbeth, when the court or royal army was at Forres. The imagination of the student of the chroniclers or of Shakspeare fixes on this green mound as the spot where Macbeth bent the knee to his sovereign, while internally occupied with the greetings which had just met him on the Harmuir.

SCENE V.—*"Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle."*

Boece declares that Macbeth's castle, in which Duncan was murdered, was that which stood on a

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

eminence to the south-east of the town of Inverness. It is certain that the building, called a castle, which stood there, was razed to the ground by Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, who built another on a different part of the hill. It was this last, dismantled in the war of 1745, which Dr. Johnson and Boswell entered in 1773, apparently without any suspicion that it was not the identical place in which Duncan was received by Lady Macbeth. Boswell not only recognises the "pleasant seat" of the building, but looks up with veneration to the battlements on which the raven croaked. He declares—"I had a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it." It appears, however, from the researches of antiquarians, that the castles of Macbeth's days were not built of stone and mortar at all. The "vitrified forts," whose vestiges are found scattered over Scotland, and which are conjectured to be the work of the primitive Celtic inhabitants, remain a mystery, both as to their construction and purposes; but, with the exception of these, there are no traces of erections of stone of so early a date as the reign of Duncan. The forts and castles of those days appear to have been composed of timber and sods, which crumbled and dissolved away ages ago, leaving only a faint circle upon the soil, to mark the place where they stood. It is thus that the site of Lunfanan Fort (the supposed scene of Macbeth's death) has been ascertained. This fact about the method of

building in that age settles the question of Duncan's murder at Cawdor Castle, or Glamis, or any other to which that event has been assigned. It could not have taken place in any building now in existence.

It is now believed by some that Duncan was not assassinated at all, but slain in battle. Later historians follow Boece in his declaration that the king was murdered in Macbeth's castle at Inverness; but the register of the Priory of St. Andrew's says, "Doncath interfectus est in *Bothgonanan*." Fordun says that, being wounded, he was conveyed to Elgin, and died there. The meaning of *Bothgonanan* being "the smith's dwelling," it has been conjectured that the king was murdered by ambushed assassins, at or near a smith's dwelling, in the neighbourhood of Elgin.

Supposing the murder to have taken place, however, at Macbeth's castle at Inverness, the abode might well be said to have "a pleasant seat." The hill overhangs the river Ness, and commands a fine view of the town, the surrounding levels, and the mountains which enclose Loch Ness to the west. The eminence is at present crowned with the new castle, which contains the courts and the offices connected with them. No vestiges remain of Malcolm's castle, visited by Dr. Johnson and Boswell as the Macbeth's castle of Boece and Shakspere.



[Scene.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE with a torch.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry^a in heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's
a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:^a
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

^a *Officers.*—This is the original word. Malone would read *officers*; but it is of little consequence, whether the largess was sent to the servants or the servants' hall.

^a *Husbandry*—frugality.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that
business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,^a—
when 't is,

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear;
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[*Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink
is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon^b gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such
thing.

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep:^c witchcraft celebrates

^a *Consent*.—union. Macbeth covertly says, If you will unite yourself to my fortunes. Malone proposes to read *content*. Tieck says that Macbeth here purposely uses an obscure form of words.

^b *Dudgeon*.—the handle of the dagger.

^c After sleep we find now in several editions. D'Avenant, in his alteration of the play, added the word, which subsequent editors adopted. We have no doubt that Shakespeare introduced the long pause to add to the solemnity of the description.

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides,^a towards his
design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure^b and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk,^c for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he
lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire:—
Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd,
The fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good
night.

He is about it:^d The doors are open;

^a *Strides*. *Sides* is the word of the old copies; but Pope changed it to *strides*. A doubt then arises whether this word is compatible with "stealthy pace." Johnson says that a ravishing *stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult. This is denied; and we have examples given of a "leisureable stride" and "an easy stride." The word, in its usual acceptation, and looking at its etymology, does not convey the motion of stealthy and silent movement. We receive it as Milton uses it:—

"Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode."

Can we reconcile then the word *sides* with the context? Tieck contends that *sides* has been received as the seat of the passions, and is so here poetically used. We have some doubt of this; although we do not reject the opinion. Might we not receive *sides* as a verb, and read the passage thus?—

"Wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace
(Which Tarquin's ravishing *sides*) towards his design,
Moves like a ghost."

To *sides* is to match, to balance, to be in collateral position. Thus, in Ben Jonson's 'Sejanus,'

"Whom he, upon our low and suffering necks,
Hath rais'd from excrement to side the gods!"

In the passage before us, "murder" "with his stealthy pace," which pace *sides*, matches, "Tarquin's ravishing," (*ravishing* a noun,) moves like a ghost toward^e his design. This conjecture has been noticed by the Cambridge editors, but they adopt *strides*, as do most other recent commentators. Although a conjectural emendation, *strides* gives a clear meaning, however imperfect.

^b *Sure*.—The original has *sure*.

^c The original has "which they may walk." Tieck defends the original reading, as ungrammatical, singular, and perfectly dream-like. Is not this to refine somewhat over-much?

^d Here we follow the metrical arrangement of the original, with a slight deviation in the subsequent lines.





Lady Macbeth.

And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge
with snores :

I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!¹

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have
awak'd,

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the
deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers
ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done't—My hus-
band!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not
hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry
sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried, 'murder!' that they did wake
each other;

I stood and heard them: but they did say their
prayers,

And address'd them again to sleep.^a

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, 'God bless us!' and 'Amen,'
the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's
hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

^a Here again we follow the original regulation of the
lines.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep
no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep,'—the innocent
sleep;

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve^a of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's
bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.^b

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all
the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep: and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no
more!'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?

They must lie there: Go, carry them; and
smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the
dead,

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is 't with me, when every noise appals
me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine

Making the green, one red.^c

^a Sleeve—unwrought silk—the *stiletta* of the Italians.

^b There are differences of opinion as to where the 'voice
ends. Hanmer carried it to the end of Macbeth's speech.
Johnson made it stop at 'murder sleep;' the remainder of
the speech being Macbeth's comment.

^c Heywood has this passage:

"The multitudes of seas dyed red with blood."

This gives us, we think, the meaning of *multitudinous*.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but
I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a
knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark!
more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not
know myself. [*Knock.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I^a would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.]

Porter. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a
man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old
turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock,
knock: Who 's there, i' the name of Belzebub?
Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the ex-
pectation of plenty: Come in time; have nap-
kins enough about you; here you 'll sweat for 't.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who 's there,
i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here 's an equi-
vocator, that could swear in both the scales
against either scale; who committed treason
enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate
to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*]
Knock, knock, knock: Who 's there? 'Faith,
here 's an English tailor come hither, for steal-
ing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here
you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock,
knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this
place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no
further: I had thought to have let in some of all
professions, that go the primrose way to the ever-

Upon the mode of reading the following line the commen-
tators are at variance. In the original it stands

"Making the green one, red."

This Malone adopts. The reading,

"Making the green, one red,"

was suggested by Murphy in the 'Gray's Inn Journal,' and
adopted by Stevens. There can be little doubt, we appre-
hend, of the propriety of the alteration. We have a similar
expression in Milton's 'Comus,'

"And makes one blot of all the air."

^a Stevens reads "Ay, would thou couldst." He is prob-
ably right, for *ay* is invariably written *I* in the old copy.
Yet this pronoun appears to us more emphatic.

lasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I
pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to
bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker
of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink espe-
cially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unpro-
vokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away
the performance: 'Therefore, much drink may be
said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes
him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it
takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens
him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in
conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and,
giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last
night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me:
But I requited him for his lie; and, I think,
being too strong for him, though he took up my
legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
him;

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to
you;

But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited^a service. [*Exit MACDUFF*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.^b

^a Limited—appointed.

^b Stevens writes the passage thus:—

From hence to-day? "Goes the king

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so."

We reject such forced attempts to get rid of the hemistich
and the Alexandrine.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death:
And, prophesying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time,
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night:
Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.*

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake!
awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarm-bell:—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.^b

[*Bell rings.*]

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd.

O, gentle lady,

'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell.—

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master's murderer'd!

Lady M. Woe alas! what, in our house?

Ban.

'Too cruel, anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,

And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,

There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't,
The spring, the head: the fountain of your blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murderer'd.

Mal.

O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found

Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted;

No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd.

Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate,
and furious,

Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach nature

* We here follow the regulation of the original. But we have adopted a punctuation suggested by a friend, which connects "the obscure bird" with "prophesying."

^b The words "ring the bell" form part of the original text; and the stage direction, "bell rings," immediately follows. Theobald and other commentators strike out "ring the bell," contending that these words also were a stage direction. But how natural is it that Macduff, having previously cried "ring the alarm-bell," should repeat the order!

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their
daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could
refrain

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our
tears

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—
[*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake
us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.^a

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet it^b the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort
with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to Eng-
land.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a This speech in the original belongs to *Macduff*; but, without any explanation, it is given by the various editors to *Macbeth*.

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSSE and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well:

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this
sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse.

Ah, good father,

Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is
day,

And yet dark night strangles the travelling
lamp:

Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M.

'T is unnatural,

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday
last,

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M.

'T is said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of
mine eyes,

That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good
Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse.

Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd.

They were suborn'd
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse.

'Gainst nature still:
Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

^a *Pretend*—propose.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to
Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmc-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse.

Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there:—adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes!

[*Exeunt.*]



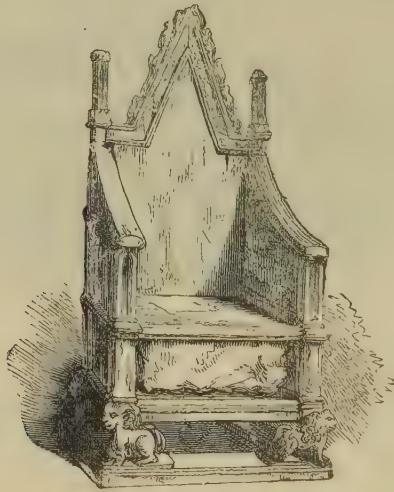
[*Cont.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

SCENE II.—“Who's there?—what, ho!”

AFTER “That summons thee to heaven or to hell,” Tieck inserts—“*he ascends.*”—and says, “we learn afterwards that he descends. I have inserted this stage direction that the reader may the better understand the construction of the old theatre.” Again, when Macbeth calls out “Who's there?” he inserts, before the exclamation, “*he appears above,*” and after it, “*he again withdraws.*” Tieck says, “I have also added these directions for the sake of perspicuity. The editors make him say this without being seen—‘*within,*’—which is an impossibility. To whom should he make this inquiry *within* the chambers, where all are sleeping? The king, besides, does not sleep in the first, but in the second chamber; how loud then must be the call to be heard from within the second chamber in the court-

yard below’ The original at this passage has ‘*Enter Macbeth.*’ I explain this peculiar direction thus:—Macbeth lingers yet a moment within: his unquiet mind imagines it hears a noise in the court below, and thoughtlessly, bewildered, and crazed, he rushes back to the *balcony*, and calls beneath, ‘Who's there?’ in his agony, however, he waits for no answer, but rushes back into the chambers to execute the murder. Had Fleance, or Banquo, or even any of the servants of the house, whom he had but just sent away, been beneath, the whole secret deed would have been betrayed. I consider this return, which appears but a mere trifle, as a striking beauty in Shakspeare's drama. He delights (because he always sets tragedy in activity through passion as well as through intrigue) in suspending success and failure on a needle's point.



[Coronation Chair.]

LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SCENE IV.—“And gone to Scone, To be invested.”

THE ancient royal city of Scone, supposed to have been the capital of the Pictish kingdom, lay two miles northward from the present town of Perth. It was the residence of the Scottish monarchs as early as the reign of Kenneth M'Alpin, and there

was a long series of kings crowned on the celebrated stone enclosed in a chair, now used as the seat of our sovereigns at coronations in Westminster Abbey. This stone was removed to Scone from Dunstaffnage, the yet earlier residence of the Scottish kings, by Kenneth II., soon after the founding of the abbey of Scone by the Culdees in 838, and

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

was transferred by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey in 1296. This remarkable stone is reported to have found its way to Dunstaffnage from the plain of Luz, where it was the pillow of the patriarch Jacob while he dreamed his dream.

An aisle of the abbey of Scone remains. A few poor habitations alone exist on the site of the ancient royal city.

SCENE IV.— “Where is Duncan's body?
Carried to Colme-kill.”

Colme-kill (St. Columba's Cell). *Icolm-kill*. *Hyona*. *Iona*.—The island of Iona, separated only by a narrow channel from the island of Mull, off the western coast of Argyle, was the place of sepulture of many Scottish kings; and, according to tradition, of several Irish and Norwegian monarchs. This little island, only three miles long and one and a half broad, was once the most important spot of the whole cluster of British Isles. It was inhabited by Druids previous to the year 563, when Colum M'Felim M'Fergus, afterwards called St. Columba, landed with twelve companions, and began to preach Christianity. A monastery was soon established on the spot, and others afterwards arose in the neighbouring isles, and on the mainland. A noble cathedral was built, and a nunnery at a short distance from it, the ruins of both of which still remain. The reputation of the learning, doctrine, and discipline of these establishments extended over the whole Christian world for some centuries; devotees of rank or other eminence strove for admission into them; missionaries of the highest qualifications issued from them; the records of royal deeds were preserved there; and there the bones of kings reposed. Historians seem to agree that all the monarchs of Scotland, from Kenneth III. to Macbeth, inclusive—that is, from 973 to 1040—were buried at Iona; and some suppose that the cathedral was a place of royal sepulture from the time of its erection. The island was several times laid waste by the Danes and by pirates; and the records which were saved were removed to Ireland in consequence

of the perpetual peril; but the monastic establishments survived every such attack, and remained in honour till the year 1561, when the Act of the Convention of Estates was passed, by which all monasteries were doomed to demolition. Such books and records as could be found in Iona were burnt, the tombs were broken open, and the greater number of its host of crosses thrown down or carried away.

The cathedral of Iona, as seen afar off from the outside of Fingal's Cave in Staffa, standing out against the western sky, is a singular object in the midst of some of the wildest scenery of the ocean,—the only token of high civilization—the solitary record of an intellectual world which has passed away. It presides over a wide extent of stormy waters, with their scattered isles; and the stone crosses of its cemetery, and the lofty walls and Saxon and Gothic arches of its venerable buildings, form a strange contrast with the hovels of the fishermen which stand upon the shore.

In the cemetery, among the monuments of the founders and of many subsequent abbots, are three rows of tombs, said to be those of the Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings, in number reported to be forty-eight. For statements like these, however, there is no authority but tradition. Tradition itself does not pretend to individualize these tombs; so that the stranger must be satisfied with the knowledge that within the enclosure where he stands lie Duncan and Macbeth.

Corrach, two miles from Fort William, retains some distinction from being the place whence the bodies of the Scottish monarchs were embarked for the sacred island. While traversing the stormy waters which surround these gloomy western isles, the imagination naturally reverts to the ancient days when the funeral train of barks was tossing amidst the waves, and the chant of the monks might be heard from afar welcoming the remains of the monarch to their consecrated soil.

Some of the Irish and Norwegian kings buried in Iona were pilgrims, or had abdicated their thrones and retired to the monastery of St. Columba.



[Forres.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,

As the weird women promis'd; and I fear
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady
MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten

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It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing^a unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
advice
(Which still hath been both grave and pros-
perous,)

In this day's council; but we'll take^b to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

^a *All-thing.*—So the original—not *all things*, as sometimes printed.

^b *Take.*—This is the word of the original, which Steevens has very properly retained; although Malone changes it to

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are be-
stow'd

In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fiance with
you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit BANQUO.*]
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with
you.

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our
pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*]
To be thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much
he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark^a Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the
sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon
me,

And bade them speak o' him; then, propheet-
like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlinical hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd^a my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd:
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!^b—Who's
there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

I Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

I have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with
you,

How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else,
that might,

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

I Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

I Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are
claped

All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

^a Fil'd—acclied.

^b Utterance.—The French *combat à outrance*. See *Cymbeline*, Act III., Scene I.

^c Borne in hand—encouraged by false hopes.

talk. It is difficult to imagine a more unnecessary change. Who could doubt our meaning if we were to say, "Well, sir, if you cannot come this afternoon, we will take to-morrow?"

^a Steevens proposed to omit *Mark*, "for the sake of metre." Johnson would have gone farther, and would have omitted the whole allusion to Mark Antony, writing the passage thus:—

"My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters."

The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank^a of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 Mur. Truc, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody dis-
tance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For^b certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. With-
in this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,^c

^a In the preceding part of this speech a distinction is drawn between the *catalogue* and the *valued file*. The *catalogue* contains the names of all; the *valued file* select names. So in these lines there may be a "station in the file" above that of the "worst rank." The *rank*, then, is the row,—the *file* those set apart from the row, for superior qualities. Is not this the meaning of the military term, rank and file, which is still in use?

^b For—on account of—because of.

^c We understand this passage as follows. Macbeth has said,

"I will advise you where to plant yourselves:" he then adds, "Acquaint you"—inform yourselves—"with the perfect spy"—with most careful inquiry—"o' the time"—the expected time of Banquo's return;—

"The moment on't; for 't must be done to-night."

And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,) Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide
within.

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

Exit.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died

With them they think on? Things without all^a
remedy,

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd
it;

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace,^b have sent to peace,

^a Stevens omits *all*.

^b *Peace*.—For this word of the original the editor of the second folio substituted *place*. The repetition of the word *peace* seems very much in Shakspeare's manner; and as every one who commits a crime such as that of Macbeth proposes to himself, in the result, happiness, which is another word for peace,—as the very promptings to the crime disturb his peace,—we think there is something much higher in the

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor

poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's a not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;

Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,

The shard-borne beetle,^b with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.^c

Lady M. What's to be done?

Mac. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

sentiment conveyed by the original word than in that of *place*. In the very contemplation of the murder of Banquo, Macbeth is vainly seeking for peace. Banquo is the object that makes him eat his meal in fear and sleep in terrible dreams. His death, therefore, is determined; and then comes the fearful lesson,

"Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy."

There is no peace with the wicked.

^a *Nature's copy*.—Johnson explains this as *the copy*, the lease, by which they hold their lives from nature; and Ritson says it is the *copy of court roll*. Is not this very forced? Although the expression may be somewhat obscure, does not every one feel that the *copy* means the individual,—the particular cast from nature's mould,—a perishable copy of the prototype of man?

^b *Shard-borne beetle*.—the beetle borne on its shards, or scaly wing-cases. See *Cymbeline*; Illustration of Act III., Scene III.

^c We print these lines as in the original. In modern editions they are "regulated" thus:—

"Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note."

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling^a night,

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do
rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn,
with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then 't is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'T is he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
fly, fly;

Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies. FLEANCE escapes.*]

^a *Seeling*.—blinding. The expression is taken from the practice of closing the eyelids of hawks.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
 1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?
 3 *Mur.* There 's but one down; the son is fled.
 2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
 1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much
 is done. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace.
 A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX,
 Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
 at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
 And play the humble host.
 Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
 We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
 friends;
 For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. Sec, they encounter thee with their
 hearts' thanks:

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
 Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
 The table round. [Approaching the door.] There's
 blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he
 within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did
 for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:
 Yet he's good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
 Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
 Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else
 been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock:

As broad and general as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound
 in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
 bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
 The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's
 fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
 No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-
 morrow

We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
 That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,
 'T is given with welcome: * To feed, were best at
 home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
 Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

*Enter the Ghost of BANQUO, and sits in MAC-
 BETH'S place.¹*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
 roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
 Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
 highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What
 is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never
 shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not
 well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is
 often thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you,
 keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well: If much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion;

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
 that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M.

O proper stuff!

* We understand, that 't is given with welcome.

This is the very painting of your fear :
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak
too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him,

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would
die,

And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more
strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all;
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill
full:—

Re-enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge,

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the
earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then,* protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being
gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
the good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood
will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
speak;

Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies
his person,

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to
know,

* *Inhabit then.*—This is the original reading, which has
been changed into *inhibit thee*. Horne Tooke was the first
to denounce this alteration; contending that the true mean-
ing is, that if he were dared to the desert he would not skulk
within his house.

By the worst means, the worst : for mine own
good,

All causes shall give way ; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no
more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
Strange things I have in head, that will to
hand ;

Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep : My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :—

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate ? you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?

And, which is worse, all you have done,
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful ; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now : Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning ; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and everything beside :

I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.*

Great business must be wrought ere noon—
Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop, profound ;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground :

And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,

As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion :

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :

* So the original. This noble line, by which the metre
is so beautifully varied, has been changed to—

"Unto a dismal—fatal end."

And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] 'Come away, come away,' &c.

Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste : she'll soon
be back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,

Which can interpret farther : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne : The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late ;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance
kill'd,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of
sleep :

Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they
should find

What 't were to kill a father ; so should Fleance.
But, peace !—for from broad words, and 'cause
he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace : Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of Duncan,

From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court ; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect : Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward :
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again

Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours ;—

All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, 'Sir,
not I,'

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Len.

And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord.

I'll send my prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*]



[Forres—Emmence at the Western Extremity.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

SCENE IV.—“*Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place.*”

THIS is the stage direction of the original; and nothing can be more precise. It presents the strongest evidence that, in the representation of this tragedy within sixteen years of its original production, and only seven years after the death of its author, the ghost of Banquo was exhibited to the audience.* It has been maintained, however, and the opinion was acted upon by John Kemble, that the ghost of Banquo ought not to be visible to the audience; and that, as it was visible only to Macbeth of all the company assembled at the solemn supper, it can only be regarded as

“A false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain,”

like the dagger which he saw previous to the murder of Duncan. This opinion is, of course, supported by the argument that the visible introduction of the ghost is to be ascribed to an injudicious stage direction of the players, and was not intended by the poet. Tieck, in his translation of this tragedy, receives, though unwillingly, the stage direction; and he explains that the banquet takes place on the secondary stage (see *Othello*, Illustration of Act v.), and that the ghost enters from behind the curtain of that stage. There cannot, we think, be any hesitation about the acceptance of the stage direction as evidence how the play was acted by Shakspeare's “fellows;” and this is the best evidence we can have of Shakspeare's own conception of the thing. But there is another point, to which our attention has been drawn by the communication of a gentleman personally unknown to us, which cannot be dismissed with such certainty. This gentleman states that, having recently attended a meeting of a Society for Literary Discussion, one, who called himself an actor, “among other dramatic criticisms boldly propounded the following, somewhat to the astonishment of the audience, viz. that the first apparition which Macbeth beholds in the celebrated banquet scene is that of Duncan—the *second only* that of Banquo.” Our correspondent favours us with some of the arguments by which this proposition was supported at the literary meeting; and he adds some of his own, which appear to us equally ingenious. But we are met on the threshold of the argument by the original stage direction. We should be inclined, with Kemble, and Capell Loft, and Tieck, to reject any visible ghost *altogether*, but

* Forman's account confirms this. (See Introductory Notice.)

for this stage direction; and it equally compels us to admit in this place *the ghost of Banquo*. Is there anything, then, in the text inconsistent with the stage direction? When Macbeth has hypocritically said, in his consciousness of the murder,—

“Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,”

it is a piece of consummate art that he should see the table full, and his own chair occupied by the vision of him whose presence he has just affected to desire. His first exclamation is

“Thou canst not say *I* did it.”

The hired murderers had done it,—the common evasion of one perpetrating a crime through the instrumentality of another. If it be *Duncan's* ghost we must read,

“Thou canst not say *I* did it.”

But we have afterwards the expression,—

“If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.”

This must apply, it is said, to Duncan:—“Duncan is in his grave.” Of Banquo, Macbeth has just heard, “safe in a ditch he bides.” But the same species of argument is equally strong against the proposed change. If the second ghost is to be the ghost of Banquo, how can it be said of him,—“Thy bones are *marrowless*”? There can be no doubt that these terms, *throughout the scene*, must be received as general expressions of the condition of death as opposed to that of life; and have no more direct reference to Duncan than to Banquo. There is a coincidence of passages pointed out by our correspondent which strongly makes, as admitted by him, against the opinion which he communicates to us. The murderer has said,—

“Safe in a ditch he bides,
With *twenty* trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.”

The idea seized upon Macbeth's mind; and it embodied itself in this echo:—

“The times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again,
With *twenty* mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.”

We have no doubt of the correctness of the original stage direction.

But there is *no* direction in the original copy for the disappearance of the ghost before Macbeth exclaims “If I stand here I saw him.” The direc-

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

tion which we find is modern; but the ghost is unquestionably gone, as far as Macbeth is conscious of its presence. Macbeth recovers his self-possession. After "Give me some wine, fill full," we have in the original the stage direction,

Enter Ghost.

Now, then, arises the question, Is this the ghost of Banquo? To make the ghost of Banquo return a second time at the moment when Macbeth wishes for the presence of Banquo is not in the highest style of art. The stage direction does not prevent us arguing that here it may be the ghost of Duncan. The terror of Macbeth is now more intense than on the first appearance; it becomes desperate and defying. In the presence of the ghost of Banquo, when he is asked, "Are you a man," he replies, —

"Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil."

Upon the second apparition it is, "Avaunt! and out my sight,"—"Take any shape but *that*"—"Hence, horrible shadow!" Are not these words applied to some object of *greater* terror than the former? Have there not been *two* spectral appearances, as implied in the expressions

"Can such *things* be?"

and

"You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such *sights*?"

We of course place little confidence in this opinion, though we confess to a strong inclination towards it. At any rate we have discharged a duty which we owed to our kind correspondent, in examining the question somewhat fully.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The murder of Banquo is thus told by Holinshed:—

"These and the like commendable laws Macbeth caused to be put as then in use, governing the realm for the space of ten years in equal justice. But this was but a counterfeit zeal of equity showed by him, partly against his natural inclination, to purchase thereby the favour of the people. Shortly after, he began to show what he was,—instead of equity, practising cruelty: for the prick of conscience (as it chanceth ever in tyrants, and such as attain to any estate by unrighteous means) caused him ever to fear lest he should be served of the same cup as he had ministered to his predecessor. The words also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which, as they promised him the kingdom, so likewise did they promise it at the same time unto the posterity of Banquo. He willed therefore the same Banquo, with his son, named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared

for them, which was indeed, as he had devised, present death at the hands of certain murderers whom he hired to execute that deed, appointing them to meet with the same Banquo and his son without the palace as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slay them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might clear himself if anything were laid to his charge upon any suspicion that might arise.

"It chanced yet by the benefit of the dark night that, though the father were slain, the son, yet by the help of Almighty God, reserving him to better fortune, escaped that danger; and afterwards having some inkling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no less than his father's, who was slain not by chance-medley (as by the handling of the matter Macbeth would have had it to appear), but even upon a devise; whereupon, to avoid further peril, he fled into Wales."



[The Harmuir.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harpier cries:—'T is time, 't is time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold* stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

* This is the reading of the original—*cold*. The line is certainly defective in rhythm, for a pause here cannot take the place of a syllable, unless we pronounce *cold*—*co*-old. There is no natural retardation. We do not, however, alter the text. The emendation of Steevens is

"Toad, that under *coldest* stone."

Rowe has,

"Toad, that under *the cold* stone."

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the raviu'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;

Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,^a
For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.

Chaudron—entrails.



And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a Song, 'Black spirits,' &c.*^a]

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags,
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you pro-
fess,

(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches : though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
down ;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their beads to their foundations ; though the
treasure

Of nature's germins^b tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We 'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from
our mouths,

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease, that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. *An Apparition of an armed Head*
rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware
Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—
Enough. [*Descends.*]

Macb. What'e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks ;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :—But one word
more :—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded : Here's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An Apparition of a bloody Child*
rises.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to
scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.^a [*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff : What need I fear
of thee ?

But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. *An Apparition of a Child crowned,*
with a Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements '
good !

Rebellious head,^b rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

^a This is the original stage-direction. The variorum editors inserted four lines of a song, which they found in Middleton's 'Witch,' but without any authority for their introduction here, beyond the stage-direction. In the Witch scene of Act III. we have mention of a song, "Come away." These words are also in Middleton. If the song of the fourth act should be inserted in the text, why not that of the third act? See Illustration.

^b *Germins*—the original is *germaine*, which Tieck would retain. *Germins* are seeds; *germaine*, kindred, something closely related to another. We cannot see whence he derives his opinion that "natures *germaine*" means the sun and moon.

^a In the desire to make their own metrical arrangement, the variorum editors shut their eyes to the fact that we have here a rhyming couplet. They write,

"Be bloody, bold,
And resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth."

^b *Head*.—The old copy has *head*. The correction of *head*, which is evidently required, was made by Theobald. Hanmer reads *Rebellion's head*.

To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me
know:—

Why sinks that caldron? and what noise^a is
this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.*
Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in
order; the last with a Glass in his hand;
BANQUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy
hair,^b

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start,
eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true;

For the blood-bolter'd^c Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this
pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

^a *Noise.*—This is the *music* of the hautboys, the word
noise being synonymous with the sound of instruments. It
was so little understood, even by John Kemble, that under
his management a *shriek* was here heard.

^b *Hair.*—This is the original word, which Warburton
changed to *air*. Monck Mason acutely defends the old
reading: "It implies that their *hair* was of the same colour,
which is more likely to mark a family likeness than the *air*,
which depends on habit."

^c *Blood-bolter'd.* *Bolter'd* is a word of the midland coun-
ties, meaning begrimed, besmeared.

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did
hear

The galloping of horse: Who was 't came by?

Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring
you word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-
ploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in^a his line. No boasting like a
fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentle-
men?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in Macduff's
Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.

Lady Macd. What had he done to make him
fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do
not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

^a *Steevens omits him in.*

All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
T'is fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold
rumour

From what we fear; yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of
you:

Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay
longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit ROSSE.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do
they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the
net, nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do
for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and
yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear
and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools
for there are liars and swearers enow to beat
the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him:
if you would not, it were a good sign that I
should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talkest.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven pre-
serve you!

I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why, then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm? What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a traitor

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-eard' villain.

Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*]
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*]

[*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying 'Murder,'
and pursued by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III.—England. A Room in the King's
Palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade,
and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

a Shag-eard'.—This should be probably *shag-hair'd*, a form
of abuse found in old plays, and even in law reports.

Macd. Let us rather,
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new
morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sor-
rows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him
well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but
something

You may deserve^a of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall^b crave your
pardon;

That which you are my thoughts cannot trans-
pose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find
my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love,)

Without leave-taking?—I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly
just,

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou
thy wrongs,

The title is after'd^c.—Fare thee well, lord:

I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds: and each new day a gash

Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,

There would be hands uplifted in my right;

And here, from gracious England, have I offer

Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,

When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,

Or wear it on my sword, yet, my poor country

Shall have more vices than it had before;

More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,

By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know

All the particulars of vice so grafted,

That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth

Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state

Esteem him as a lamb, being compared

With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions

Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd

In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,

Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,

Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin

That has a name: But there 's no bottom, none,

In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daugh-
ters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up

The cistern of my lust; and my desire

All continent impediments would o'erbear,

That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,

Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny; it hath been

The untimely emptying of the happy throne,

And fall of many kings. But fear not yet

To take upon you what is yours: you may

Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,

And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink.

We have willing dames enough; there can
not be

That culture in you, to devour so many

^a *Deserve*.—The original reads *discerne*.

^b *I shall*.—Steevens omits these words, for the old reason.

^c The original reads, *the title is after'd*. A modern
reading is *thy title is after'd*. We have first to consider
how Shakspeare uses the word *title*. In a subsequent passage
of this play, Angus, speaking of Macbeth, says,

"Now does he feel his *title*
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief."

In each of these passages *title* is printed with a capital T.

Does Macduff then mean to say, hurt and indignant at the
doubts of Malcolm, the *title* (personifying the regal title)
is *after'd*—frighted;—and therefore, "poor country," "wear
thou thy wrongs:" or, continuing to apostrophise "great
tyranny," "wear thou thy wrongs"—enjoy thy usurpation,
*wrong*s being here opposed to rights: the title is *after'd*
—confirmed—admitted—as afterers decide upon a claim
and terminate a dispute? We hold to the latter interpreta-
tion.

As ill to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons^a to fill up your will
Of your mere own: All these are portable,^b
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptre'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal
father

Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore
thee,

Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth

By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point,^a was setting forth:
Now we're together: And the chance, of good-
ness,

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things
at once,
'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king
forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched
souls

That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[Exit Doctor.]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is called the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king:
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,^a
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

^a So the original. Some read "all ready;" and it is held
that "at a point" means fully equipped, as in Hamlet,
"armed at point." This we know is point-device; but we
have no example of the use of the word with the article.
Is it not that the "ten thousand warlike men" were already
assembled "at a point?"—at a particular spot where they
had collected—a point of space.

^a Foysons—abundant provision.

^b Portable.—The word is used in the same sense in Lear:
"How light and portable my pain seems now."

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes
remove

The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend
the air,

Aie made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I
did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was by my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.^a

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main
part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest
sound,

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife,
and babes,

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows,

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it
break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could
be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! My wife
kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great re-
venge,

To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty
ones?

Did you say, all?—O, heli-kite!—All?

^a Latch them—lay hold of them.

^b One would imagine that there could be no doubt of whom Macduff was thinking when he says, "He has no children:" but various commentators enter into a discussion whether Macbeth had any children, or not; and upon the whole they consider that Macduff points at Malcolm, reproaching him for saying "Be comforted." Look at the whole course of the heart-stricken man's sorrow. He is first speechless; he then ejaculates "my children too?" then "my wife kill'd too?" And then, utterly insensible to the words addressed to him,

"He has no children.—All my pretty ones?"

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me.—Did heaven
look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword:
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes.

And braggart with my tongue!—But gentle
heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front,

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This time^a goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Time*.—Rowe changed this to *tune*. Gifford has shown, in a note on Massinger, that the two words were once synonymous in a musical acceptation; and that *time* was the more ancient and common term.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Black spirits,*” &c.

IN Act III. Scene V. we have the stage-direction, “*Sing within, Come away, come away, &c.*” In the same manner we have in this scene “*Music and a song, Black spirits, &c.*” In Middleton’s ‘*Witch*’ we find two songs, each of which begins according to the stage-direction. The first is,

“Come away, come away;
Hecate, Hecate, come away.” *in the air.*
Hec. I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.”

The second is called ‘A Charm Song about a Vessel:’—

“Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may;
Titty, T’fin, keep it stiff in;
Ciredrake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.”

Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keep out.”

² SCENE III.—“*Hanging a golden stamp about their necks.*”

Holinshed thus describes the gift of curing the evil which was alleged to exist in the person of Edward the Confessor:—“As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king’s evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm.” The golden stamp is stated to be the coin called an *angel*; for the origin of which name, as given by Verstegan, see the Merchant of Venice, Illustrations of Act II.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

We continue our extracts from Holinshed:—

“Neither could he afterwards abide to look upon the said Macduff, either for that he thought his puissance over great; either else for that he had learned of certain wizards, in whose words he put great confidence, (for that the prophecy had happened so right which the three fairies or weird sisters had declared unto him,) how that he ought to take heed of Macduff, who in time to come should seek to destroy him.

“And surely hereupon had he put Macduff to death, but that a certain witch, whom he had in great trust, had told that he should never be slain with man born of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castle of Dunsinane. By this prophecy Macbeth put all fear out of his heart, supposing he might do what he would without any fear to be punished for the same; for by the one prophecy he believed it was impossible for any man to vanquish him, and by the other impossible to slay him. This vain hope caused him to do many outrageous things, to the grievous oppression of his subjects. At length Macduff, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to pass into England, to procure Malcolm Cammore to claim the crown of Scotland. But this was not so secretly devised by Macduff but that Macbeth had knowledge given him thereof; for kings (as is said) have sharp sight like unto Lynx, and long ears like unto Midas: for Macbeth had in every nobleman’s house one sly fellow or other in fee with him, to reveal all

that was said or done within the same, by which flight he oppressed the most part of the nobles of his realm.

“Immediately then, being advertised whereabouts Macduff went, he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and forthwith besieged the castle where Macduff dwelled, trusting to have found him therein. They that kept the house, without any resistance opened the gates, and suffered him to enter, mistrusting none evil. But nevertheless Macbeth most cruelly caused the wife and children of Macduff, with all other whom he found in that castle, to be slain. Also he confiscated the goods of Macduff, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of all the parts of his realm; but Macduff was already escaped out of danger, and gotten into England unto Malcolm Cammore, to try what purchase he might make by means of his support to revenge the slaughter so cruelly executed on his wife, his children, and other friends.

“Though Malcolm was very sorrowful for the oppression of his countrymen the Scots, in manner as Macduff had declared; yet, doubting whether he were come as one that came unfeignedly as he spake, or else as sent from Macbeth to betray him, he thought to have some further trial; and thereupon, dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth:—

“I am truly very sorry for the misery chanced to my country of Scotland, but, though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason

MACBETH.

of certain incurable vices which reign in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensuality (the abominable fountain of all vices) followeth me, that, if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to destroy your maids and matrons, in such wise that mine intemperancy should be more importable unto you than the bloody tyranny of Macbeth now is. Hereunto Macduff answered, This surely is a very evil fault, for many noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdoms for the same; nevertheless there are women enough in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsel: make thyself king, and I shall con the matter so wisely, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise that no man shall be aware thereof.

"Then said Malcolm, I am also the most avaricious creature on the earth, so that if I were king I should seek so many ways to get lands and goods that I would slay the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by furnished accusations, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods, and possessions; and therefore, to show you what mischief may ensue on you through my unsatiable covetousness, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on him overset with a swarm of flies that continually sucked out his blood; and when one that came by, and saw this manner, demanded whether he would have the flies driven beside him, he answered, No; for if these flies that are already full, and by reason thereof suck not very eagerly, should be chased away, other that are empty and an hungered should light in their places, and suck out the residue of my blood, far more to my grievance than these, which now being satisfied, do not much annoy me. Therefore, said Malcolm, suffer me to remain where I am, lest, if I attain to the regiment of your realm, mine unquenchable avarice may prove such that ye would think the displeasures which now grieve you should seem easy in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might ensue through my coming amongst you.

"Macduff to this made answer, how it was a far worse fault than the other; for avarice is the root of all mischief, and for that crime the most part of our kings have been slain and brought to their final end. Yet, notwithstanding, follow my counsel, and take upon thee the crown. There is good and riches

enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greedy desire. Then said Malcolm again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kind of deceit, so that I naturally rejoice in nothing so much as to betray and deceive such as put any trust and confidence in my words. Then, sith there is nothing that more becometh a prince than constancy, verity, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those fair and noble virtues which are comprehended only in soothfastness, and that lying utterly overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to govern any province or regiment; and, therefore, sith you have remedies to cloak and hide all the rest of my other vices, I pray you find shift to cloak this vice amongst the residue.

"Then said Macduff, This yet is the worst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore say, Oh ye unhappy and miserable Scotchmen, which are thus scourged with so many and sundry calamities, each one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you without any right or title, oppressing you with his most bloody cruelty. This other, that hath the right to the crown, is so replete with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing worthy to enjoy it; for, by his own confession, he is not only avaricious and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withal, that no trust is to be had unto any word he speaketh. Adieu, Scotland! for now I account myself a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation. And with those words the brackish tears trickled down his cheeks very abundantly.

"At the last, when he was ready to depart, Malcolm took him by the sleeve, and said, Be of good comfort, Macduff, for I have none of these vices before remembered, but have jested with thee in this manner only to prove thy mind: for diverse times heretofore hath Macbeth sought by this manner of means to bring me into his hands; but the more slow I have showed myself to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing the same. Incontinently hereupon they embraced each other, and, promising to be faithful the one to the other, they fell in consultation how they might best provide for all their business, to bring the same to good effect."

LOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

SCENE II.—"*Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*"

On the Fifeshire coast, about three miles from Dysart, stand two quadrangular towers, supposed to be the ruins of Macduff's castle. These are not

the only remains in Scotland, however, which claim to have been the abode of Macduff's wife and children when they were surprised and slaughtered by Macbeth.



[Dunrold.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field,^a I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

^a Steevens says, "this is one of Shakspeare's oversights: he forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers." We may reply, this is one of Steevens's presumptuous assertions. In the next scene the Scotchmen say "the English power is *near*." When an enemy is advancing from another country is it not likely that the commander about to be attacked would first go "into the field" before he finally resolved to trust to his "castle's strength?"

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two: Why, then't is time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard! What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone; To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady MACBETH.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets: More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night: My mind she has mated,^a and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.^b

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach; Those he commands move only in command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil, and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on, To give obedience where't is truly ow'd: Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal; And with him pour we, in our country's purge, Each drop of us.

^a *Mated*—amated—dismayed.

^b *Mortified man*.—We think, with Warburton, that the poet here means a hermit or religious ascetic,—one indifferent to the concerns of the world, but who would be excited to fight by such "causes" of revenge as Macduff comes with.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the
weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the
Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them
fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-
colm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me
thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of
woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly,
false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg^a with doubt, nor shake with
fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
loon;

Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am
sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer^b me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life^c

^a *Sagg* is to droop or sink down; probably from *ic sige*, the first person present of the irregular Anglo-Saxon verb, *sigan*, to fall, or sink down; to fail.

^b *Cheer* is the word of the original folio, but Percy suggested *cheat*, which is also the reading of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector.

^c Dr. Johnson proposed to read "*Way of life*." If the poet intended to represent Macbeth as a young man,—one in the

"*Way of youth, and bloom of lustyhood*,"—who had by his crimes and their consequent anxieties

"Fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,"—

The emendation would be just and beautiful. But we doubt if the poet had any such intention. The expression "*way*

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
dare not.

Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh
be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir* the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine
armour:—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd:

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of
it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from
me:—

Come, sir, dispatch:—If thou couldst, doctor,
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,^c or what purgative drug,

of life" appears to us equivalent with "time of year," in the seventy-fourth Sonnet:—

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Gifford says, "*way of life* is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for *life*."

^a *Skir*—scur—scur.

^b *Senna*.—This is the reading of the fourth folio. The original reads *cyme*.

Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*]

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane: A Wood in view.

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATANESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,

That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough, And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure

Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'T is his main hope: For where there is advantage to be given, Both more and less^a have given him the revolt; And none serve with him but constrained things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches, That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have, and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

^a *More and less.*—Shakspeare uses these words, as Chaucer and Spenser use them, for greater and less

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still, 'They come:' Our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,

Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home. What is that noise? [*A cry within, of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir

As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty^a death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more: it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought, The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*]

^a *Dusty.*—Warburton would read *dusky*. In *Troilus and Cressida* we have "dusty nothing." Douce has the following valuable illustration of the passage: "Perhaps no quotation can be better calculated to show the propriety of this epithet than the following grand lines in 'The Vision of Pierce Plowman,' a work which Shakspeare might have seen:—

'Death came drivynge after, and all to dust pashed Kynges and kaysers, knyghtes and popes.'

Mess. Let me endure your wrath if't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Mach. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution;^a and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;'—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and
out!—

If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now
undone —
Ring the alarum-bell:—Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the
Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with
boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy
uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give
them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the
Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Mach. They have tied me to a stake; I can-
not fly,

^a Monck Mason gives an illustration from Fletcher, which
explains the use of *pull in*:—

"All my spirits
As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,
Fall in their powers, and give me up to destiny."

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's
he

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.*

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Mach. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Mach. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Mach. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with
my sword

I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

Mach. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show
thy face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine.
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Mac-
beth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undecided. There thou shouldst
be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

* We have again the small critics discovering oversights
in Shakspeare. Mrs. Lenox, the queen of fault-finders, says,
"Shakspeare seems to have committed a great oversight in
making Macbeth, after he found himself deceived in the
prophecy relating to Birnam wood, so absolutely rely on the
other, which he had good reason to fear might be equally
fallacious." If Mrs. Lenox had known as much of human
nature as Shakspeare knew, she would have understood that
one hope destroyed does not necessarily banish all hope;—
that the gambler who has lost thousands still believes that
his last guinea will redeem them;—and that the last of a
long series of perishing delusions is as firmly trusted as if
the great teacher, Time, had taught nothing.

The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siv. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

Macb. Thou locest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me
bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells
me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with
thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,^a
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body

^a *I will not yield.*—This is sometimes minced into "I'll not yield."

I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Holla,
enough.'

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and
colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE,
LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and
Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arriv'd.

Siv. Some must go off; and yet, by these
I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble
son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess con-
firm'd,

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siv. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your
cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siv. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siv. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of
time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,—
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,

Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place :
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exit.*]



[The Dunsinane Range.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

HOLINSHED thus narrates the catastrophe :—

"He had such confidence in his prophecies that he believed he should never be vanquished till Bernane wood were brought to Dunsinane; nor yet to be slain with any man that should be or was born of any woman

"Malcolm, following hastily after Macbeth, came the night before the battle unto Bernane wood, and, when his army had rested awhile there to refresh them, he commanded every man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might bear, and to march forth therewith in such wise that on the next morrow they might come closely and without sight in this manner within view of his enemies. On the morrow, when Macbeth beheld them coming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter meant, but in the end remembered himself that the prophecy which he had heard long before that time, of the coming of Bernane wood to Dunsinane Castle, was likely to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battle, and exhorted them to do valiantly; howbeit, his enemies had scarcely cast from them their boughs when Macbeth, perceiving their numbers, betook him straight to flight, whom Macduff pursued with great hatred, even till he came unto Lunfannaine, where Macbeth, perceiving that Mac-

duff was hard at his back, leaped beside his horse, saying, Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest thus in vain follow me, that am not appointed to be slain by any creature that is born of a woman? Come on, therefore, and receive thy reward, which thou hast deserved for thy pains: and therewithal he lifted up his sword, thinking to have slain him.

"But Macduff, quickly avoiding from his horse ere he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand), saying, It is true, Macbeth, and now shall thine insatiable cruelty have an end, for I am even he that thy wizards have told thee of; who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb: therewithal he stepped unto him, and slew him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm. This was the end of Macbeth, after he had reigned seventeen years over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reign he accomplished many worthy acts, very profitable to the commonwealth (as ye have heard); but afterwards, by illusion of the devil, he defamed the same with most terrible cruelty. He was slain in the year of the Incarnation, 1057, and in the sixteenth year of King Edward's reign over the Englishmen."

LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SCENE IV.—"*What wood is this before us?*"

The wood of Birnam."

BIRNAM HILL is distant about a mile from Dunkeld: and the two trees, which are believed to be the last remains of Birnam wood, grow by the river-side, half a mile from the foot of the hill. The hills of Birnam and Dunsinane must have been excellent posts of observation in time of war, both commanding the level country which lies between them, and various passes, lochs, roads, and rivers in other directions. Birnam Hill, no longer clothed with forest, but belted with plantations of young larch, rises to the height of 1040 feet, and exhibits, amidst the heath, ferns, and mosses, which clothe its sides, dis-

tinct traces of an ancient fort, which is called Duncan's Court. Tradition says that Duncan held his court there. The Dunsinane hills are visible, at the distance of twelve miles, from every part of its northern side. Birnam Hill is precisely the point where a general, in full march towards Dunsinane, would be likely to pause, to survey the plain which he must cross; and from this spot would the "heavy screen" devised by Malcolm become necessary to conceal the amount of the hostile force from the watch on the Dunsinane heights:—

"Thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

SCENE V.—*“As I did stand my watch upon the hill.”*

It is not ascertained on which hill of the Dunsinane range, in Perthshire, Macbeth's forces were posted. Behind Dunsinane House there is a green hill, on the summit of which are vestiges of a vitrified fort, which tradition has declared to be the remains of Macbeth's castle.

The country between Birnam and Dunsinane is level and fertile, and from several parts of the Dun-

sinane range the outline of Birnam Hill is visible; but, as the distance is twelve miles in a direct line, no sentinel on the Dunsinane hills could see the wood at Birnam begin to move, or even that there was a wood. We must suppose either that the distance was contracted for the poet's purposes, or that the wood called Birnam extended from the hill for some miles into the plain:—

“Within this three mile may you see it coming.”



[In Birnam Wood.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

In Coleridge's early sonnet 'to the Author of the Robbers,' his imagination is enchained to the most terrible scene of that play; disregarding, as it were, all the accessaries by which its horrors are mitigated and rendered endurable:

"Schiller! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry—
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
Diminish'd shrunk from the more withering scene!"

It was in a somewhat similar manner that Shakspeare's representation of the murder of Duncan affected the imagination of Mrs. Siddons:—"It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that on which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, (a night I can never forget,) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting it out; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes."* This most interesting passage appears to us to involve the consideration of the principles upon which the examination of such a work of art as Macbeth can alone be attempted. To analyse the conduct of the plot, to exhibit the obvious and the latent features of the characters, to point out the proprieties and the splendours of the poetical language,—these are duties which, however agreeable they may be to ourselves, are scarcely demanded by the nature of the subject: and they have been so often attempted, that there is manifest danger of being trite and wearisome if we should enter into this wide field. We shall, therefore, apply ourselves as strictly as possible to an inquiry into the nature of that poetical Art by which the horrors of this great tragedy are confined within the limits of pleasurable emotion.

* Memoranda by Mrs. Siddons, inserted in her 'Life' by Mr. Campbell.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

If the drama of *Macbeth* were to produce the same effect upon the mind of an imaginative reader as that described by Mrs. Siddons, it would not be the great work of art which it really is. If our poet had resolved, using the words of his own *Othello*, to

“abandon all remorse,
On horror’s head horrors accumulate,”

the midnight terrors, such as Mrs. Siddons has described, would have indeed been a tribute to *power*,—but not to the power which has produced *Macbeth*. The paroxysm of fear, the panic-struck fancy, the prostrated senses, so beautifully described by this impassioned actress, were the result of the intensity with which she had fixed her mind upon that part of the play which she was herself to act. In the endeavour to get the words into her head, her own fine genius was naturally kindled to behold a complete vision of the wonderful scene. Again and again were the words repeated, on that night which she could never forget,—in the silence of that night when all about her were sleeping. And then she heard the owl shriek, amidst the hurried steps in the fatal chamber—and she saw the bloody hands of the assassin,—and, personifying the murderess, she rushed to dip her own hands in the gore of Duncan. It is perfectly evident that this intensity of conception has carried the horrors far beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion, and has produced all the terrors of a real murder. No reader of the play, and no spectator, can regard this play as Mrs. Siddons regarded it. On that night she, probably for the first time, had a strong though imperfect vision of the character of Lady Macbeth, such as she afterwards delineated it; and in that case, what to all of us must, under any circumstances, be a work of art, however glorious, was to her almost a reality. It was the isolation of the scene, demanded by her own attempt to conceive the character of Lady Macbeth, which made it so terrible to Mrs. Siddons. We have to regard it as a part of a great whole; which combines and harmonizes with all around it; for which we are adequately prepared by what has gone before; and which,—even if we look at it as a picture which represents only that one portion of the action, has still its own repose, its own harmony of colouring, its own *chiaro-scuro*,—is to be seen under a natural light. There was a preternatural light upon it when Mrs. Siddons saw it as she has described.

The assassination scene of the second act is dimly shadowed out in the first lines of the drama, when those mysterious beings,—

“So wither’d, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o’ the earth,
And yet are on ’t,”—

have resolved to go

“Upon the heath,
There to meet Macbeth.”

We know there is to be evil. One of the critics of the last age has observed, “The Witches here seem to be introduced for no other purpose than to tell us they are to meet again.” If the Witches had not been introduced in the first scene,—if we had not known that they were about “to meet, with Macbeth,”—the narrative of Macbeth’s prowess in the second scene, and the resolution of Duncan to create him Thane of Cawdor, would have been comparatively pointless. The ten lines of the first Witch-scene give the key-note of the tragedy. They take us out of the course of ordinary life; they tell us there is to be a “supernatural soliciting;” they show us that we are entering into the empire of the unreal, and that the circle of the magician is to be drawn about us. When the Witches “meet again” their agency becomes more clear. There they are, again muttering of their uncouth spells, in language which sounds neither of earth nor heaven. Fortunate are those who have never seen the stage-witches of *Macbeth*, hag-like forms, with beards and brooms, singing D’Avenant’s travestie of Shakspeare’s lyrics to music, fine and solemn indeed, but which is utterly inadequate to express the Shaksperian idea, as it does not follow the Shaksperian words. Fortunate are they; for, without the stage recollections, they may picture to themselves beings whose “character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature,—elemental avengers without

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sex or kin.* The *stage-witches* of Macbeth are not much elevated above the 'Witch of Edmonton,' of Rowley and Dekker—"the plain traditional old-woman witch of our ancestors; poor, deformed, and ignorant, the terror of villages, herself amenable to a justice." Charles Lamb (from whom we quote those words) has, with his accustomed discrimination, also shown the essential differences between the witches of Shakspeare and the witches of Middleton: "These (Middleton's) are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth, he is spell-bound. That meeting aways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches hurt the body, those have power over the soul."† But the witches of the stage Macbeth, are Middleton's witches, and not Shakspeare's, and they sing Middleton's lyrics as stolen by D'Avenant, but they are not Shakspeare's lyrics. The witches of Shakspeare essentially belong to the action. From the moment they exclaim

"A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come,

all their powers are bent up to the accomplishment of his ruin. Shakspeare gives us no choruses of

"We dance to the echoes of our feet;

and

"We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits."

He makes the superstition tell upon the action of the tragedy, and not a jot farther; and thus he makes the superstition harmonize with the action, and prepare us for its fatal progress and consummation. It was an effect of his consummate skill to render the superstition essentially poetical. When we hear in imagination the drum upon that wild heath, and see the victorious generals in the "proper temperament for generating or receiving superstitious impressions,"‡ we connect with these poetical situations the lofty bearing of the "imperfect speakers," and the loftier words of the "prophetic greeting:"—

"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter."

It is the romance of this situation which throws its charm over the subsequent horrors of the realization of the prophecy, and keeps the whole drama within the limits which separate tragedy from the 'Newgate Calendar.' If some Tate had laid his hand upon Macbeth, as upon Lear (for D'Avenant, who did manufacture it into something which up to the time of Quin was played as Shakspeare's, had yet a smack of the poet in him)—if some matter-of-fact word-monger had thought it good service to "the rising generation" to get rid of the Witches, and had given the usurper and his wife only their ambition to stimulate their actions, he would have produced a George Barnwell instead of a Macbeth.

It is upon the different reception of the supernatural influence, proceeding out of the different constitution of their minds, by which we must appreciate the striking differences in the characters of Macbeth, Banquo, and Lady Macbeth. These are the three who are the sole recipients of the prophecy of the Witches; and this consideration, as it appears to us, must determine all that has been said upon the question whether Macbeth was or was not a brave man. There can be no doubt of his bravery when he was acting under the force of his own will. In the contest with "the merciless Macdonwald" he was "valour's minion." In that with "Norway himself" he was "Bellona's bridegroom." But when he encountered the Witches, and his will was laid prostrate under a belief in destiny, there was a new principle introduced into his mind. His self-possession and his self-reliance were gone:—

"Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?"

* Coleridge's *Literary Remains*, vol. ii., p. 238.

† *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, vol. i., p. 187.

‡ Coleridge

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But he yet depended upon his reason. With marvellous art Shakspeare at this moment throws on the straw which is to break the camel's back :—

“ The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor.”

In a few minutes he knows he *is* Cawdor :

“ Glamis, and thane of Cawdor ;
The greatest is behind.

But Banquo receives the partial consummation of the prophecy with an unsubdued mind :—

“ Oftentimes, to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths :
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.”

The will of Banquo refuses to be mixed up with the prophecy. The will of Macbeth becomes the accomplice of the “instruments of darkness,” and is subdued to their purposes :

“ Why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? ”

And then comes the refuge of every man of infirm mind upon whom temptation is laid :—

“ If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.”

If he had opposed the chance he would have been safe, but his will was prostrate before the chance, and he perished. It is perfectly clear that the faint battle had been fought between his principle and his “black and deep desires” when he saw something to “o’erleap” even beyond the life of Duncan — “the prince of Cumberland.” In the conflict of his mind it is evident that he communicates to his wife the promises of those who “have more in them than mortal knowledge,” not only that she might not lose the “dues of rejoicing,” but that he might have some power to rely upon stronger than his own will. He was not deceived there. It is clear that Lady Macbeth had no reliance upon the prophecy working out itself. She had no belief that chance would make him king without his stir :—

“ Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promis’d.”

It was not thou mayst be, or thou wilt be, but thou *shalt* be. The only fear she had was of his nature. She would “catch the nearest way.” She instantly saw that way. The prophecy was to her nothing but as it regarded the effect to be produced upon him who would not play false, and yet would wrongly win. All that is coming is clear before her through the force of her will :—

“ The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under *my* battlements.”

Upon the arrival of Macbeth, the breathless rapidity with which she subjects him to her resolve is one of the most appalling things in the whole drama. Her tremendous will is the real destiny which subjugates his indecision. Not a word of question or explanation ! She salutes him as Glamis and Cawdor, and

“ Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter.”

This is the sole allusion to the weird sisters. “We will speak further,” seals his fate.

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Here then, up to this point, we have the supernatural influence determining the progress of the action with a precipitation which in itself appears almost supernatural; and yet it is in itself strictly consonant to nature. It works in and through human passions and feelings. It works through unbelief as well as through belief. It pervades the entire action, whether in its repose or in its tumult. When "the heavens' breath smells wooingly" in Macbeth's castle, we feel that it is as treacherous to the "gentle senses" of Duncan as the blandishments of his hostess, and that this calm is but the prelude to that "unruly" night which is to follow, with its "lamentings" and its "strange screams in death." But this is a part of the poetry of the action, which keeps the horror within the bounds prescribed by a high art. The beautiful adaptation of the characters to the action constitutes a higher essential of the poetry. The last scene of the first act, where Macbeth marshals before him the *secondary* consequences of the meditated crime, and the *secondary* arguments against its commission,—all the while forgetting that the real question is that of the one step from innocence into guilt,—and where all these prudential considerations are at once overwhelmed by a guilty energy which despises as well as renounces them,—that scene is indeed more terrible to us than the assassination scene, for it shows us how men fall through their own weakness and the bad strength of others. But in all this, we see the deep philosophy of the poet,—his profound knowledge of the springs of human action, derived perhaps from his experience of everyday crime and folly, but lifted into the highest poetry by his marvellous imagination. We know that after this the scene of the murder must come. All the preparatory incidents are poetical. The moon is down; Banquo and Fleance walk by torch-light; the servants are moving to rest: Macbeth is alone. He sees "the air-drawn dagger" which leads him to Duncan; he is still under the influence of some power stronger than his will; he is beset with false creations; his imagination is excited; he moves to bloodshed amidst a crowd of poetical images, with which his mind dallies, as it were, in its agony. Half frantic he has done the deed. His passion must now have vent. It rushes like a torrent over the calmness which his wife opposes to it. His terrors embody themselves in gushing descriptions of those fearful voices that rang in the murderer's ears. Reproaches and taunts have now no power over him :—

"I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done,
Look on't again, I dare not."

It is impossible, we think, for the poet to have more clearly indicated the mode in which he meant to contrast the characters of Macbeth and his wife than in the scene before us. It is a mistake to characterise the intellect of Lady Macbeth as of a higher order than that of her husband. Her force of character was stronger, because her intellect was less. She wanted that higher power which he possessed—the power of imagination. She hears no noises in that terrible hour but the scream of the owl and the cry of the crickets. To her,

"The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures."

In her view

"A little water clears us of this deed."

We believe that, if it had not been for the necessities of a theatrical representation, Shakspeare would never have allowed it to have been supposed that a visible ghost was presented in the banquet-scene. It is to him who saw the dagger, and heard the voices cry "sleep no more," and who exclaimed

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?"—

it is to him alone that the spectral appearances of that "solemn supper" are visible. Are they not then the forms only of his imagination? The partner of his guilt, who looked upon the great crime only as a business of necessity,—who would have committed it herself but for one touch of feeling confessed only to herself,—

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"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't,"—

who had before disclaimed even the tenderest feelings of a mother if they had stood between her and her purpose,—she sees no spectre, because her obdurate will cannot co-exist with the imagination which produces the terror and remorse of her husband. It is scarcely the "towering bravery of her mind,"* in the right sense of the word: it is something lower than courage; it is the absence of impossibility: the tenacious adherence to one dominant passion constitutes her force of character.

As Macbeth recedes from his original nature under the influence of his fears and his superstitions, he becomes, of necessity, a lower creature. It is the natural course of guilt. The "brave Macbeth" changes to a counterfeiter of passions, a hypocrite,—

"O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them."

He descends not only to the hire of murderers, but to the slander of his friend to stimulate their revenge. But his temperament is still that of which poets are made. In his murderous purposes he is still imaginative:—

"Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note."

It is this condition of Macbeth's mind which, we must again repeat, limits and mitigates the horror of the tragedy. After the tumult of the banquet-scene the imagination of Macbeth again overbears (as it did after the murder) the force of the will in Lady Macbeth. It appears to us that her taunts and reproaches are only ventured upon by her when his excitement is beginning. After it has run its terrific course, and the frightful guests have departed, and the guilty man mutters "it will have blood," then is her intellectual energy utterly helpless before his higher passion. Mrs. Jameson says of this remarkable scene, "A few words of submissive reply to his questions, and an entreaty to seek repose, are all she permits herself to utter. There is a touch of pathos and tenderness in this silence which has always affected me beyond expression. Is it submission? Is it tenderness? Is it not rather the lower energy in subjection to the higher? Her intellect has lost its anchorage, but his imagination is about to receive a new stimulant:—

"I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst."

"He has by guilt torn himself live-asunder from nature, and is therefore himself in a preternatural state: no wonder, then, that he is inclined to superstition, and faith in the unknown of signs and tokens, and superhuman agencies." Coleridge thus notices the point of action of which we are speaking. But it must not be forgotten that Macbeth was inclined to superstition before the guilt, and that his faith in superhuman agencies went far to produce the guilt. From this moment, however, his guilt is bolder, and his will more obdurate; his supernatural knowledge stands in the place of reflection and caution. He believes in it, and yet he will do something beyond the belief. He is told to "beware Macduff;" but he is also told that "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth." How does he reconcile this contrary belief?—

"Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee!
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder."

* Mrs. Jameson.

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And then comes the other prophecy of safety :—

“ Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.”

Does it produce tranquillity? All beyond is desperation :—

“ *Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len.

No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len.

No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them !—I did hear
The galloping of horse : Who was 't came by ?

Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb.

Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat 'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it : From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
The castle of Macduff I will surprise—
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line.”

The retribution which falls upon Lady Macbeth is precisely that which is fitted to her guilt. The powerful will is subjected to the domination of her own imperfect senses. We cannot dwell upon her terrible punishment. There can be nothing beyond the agony of

“ Here 's the smell of the blood still : all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand.”

The vengeance falls more gently on Macbeth ; for he is in activity ; he is still confident in prophetic securities. The contemplative melancholy which, however, occasionally comes over him in the last struggle is still true to the poetry of his character :—

“ Seyton !—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have liv'd long enough : my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.”

This passage, and the subsequent one of

“ To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.”—

tell us of something higher and better in his character than the assassin and the usurper. He was the victim of “ the equivocation of the fiend ;” and he has paid a fearful penalty for his belief. The final avenging is a compassionate one, for he dies a warrior's death :—

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' I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last : Before my body
I throw my warlike shield."

- The principle which we have thus so imperfectly attempted to exhibit, as the leading characteristic of this glorious tragedy, is, without doubt, that which constitutes the essential difference between a work of the highest genius and a work of mediocrity. Without *power*—by which we here especially mean the ability to produce strong excitement by the display of scenes of horror—no poet of the highest order was ever made; but this alone does not make such a poet. If he is called upon to present such scenes, they must, even in their most striking forms, be associated with the beautiful. The pre-eminence of his art in this particular can alone prevent them affecting the imagination beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion. To keep within these limits, and yet to preserve all the energy which results from the power of dealing with the terrible apart from the beautiful, belongs to few that the world has seen : to Shakspeare it belongs surpassingly.



MRS. SIDDONS AS THE "TRAGIC MUSE."





[Chaucer.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE original quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, bears the following title:—‘The famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the Beginning of their Loues, with the Conceited Wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Imprinted by G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the Spred Eagle in Paules Churchyeard, ouer against the great North Doore, 1609.’ In the same year a second edition was put forth by the same publishers, in the title-page of which appears, “As it was acted, by the King’s Majesty’s Servants at the Globe.” There was a preface to the first edition, which is omitted in the second, in which are these words:—“You have here a new play, never staled with the stage.” We shall have occasion more fully to notice this preface. No other edition of the play was published until it appeared in the folio collection of 1623. Its position in this collection has given rise to a singular hypothesis. Steevens says, “Perhaps the drama before us was not entirely of his (Shakspere’s) construction. It appears to have been unknown to his associates, Hemings and Condell, till after the first folio was almost printed off.” If the play had been *unknown* to Hemings and Condell, the notion that, for this reason, it might not be entirely of Shakspere’s construction, would be a most illogical inference. But how is it shown that the play was *unknown* to Shakspere’s associates? Farmer tells us, “It was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not, however, appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *Histories* and the *Tragedies*, without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think on one leaf only.” If these critics had carried their

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inquiries one step further, they would have found that *Troilus and Cressida* was neither unknown nor forgotten by the editors of the first folio. It is more probable that they were only doubtful how to classify it. In the first quarto edition it is called a famous *History*, in the title-page; but in the preface it is repeatedly mentioned as a *Comedy*. In the folio edition it bears the title of '*The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida*.' In that edition the Tragedies begin with *Coriolanus*; and the paging goes on regularly from 1 to 76, that last page bringing us within a hundred lines of the close of *Romeo and Juliet*. We then skip pages 77 and 78, *Romeo and Juliet* concluding with 79. Now the leaf of *Troilus and Cressida* on which Farmer observed an enumeration of pages includes the second and third pages of the play, and those are marked 79, 80. If the last page of *Romeo and Juliet* had been marked 77, as it ought to have been, and the first page of *Troilus and Cressida* 78, we should have seen at once that this *Tragedy* was intended by the editors to follow *Romeo and Juliet*. But they found, or they were informed, that this extraordinary drama was neither a Comedy, nor a History, nor a Tragedy; and they therefore placed it between the Histories and the Tragedies, leaving to the reader to make his own classification. This is one solution of the matter which we have to offer; and it is a better one, we think, than the theory that so remarkable a production of Shakspeare's later years should be unknown or forgotten by his "fellows." But there is another view of the matter, to be presently noticed, which involves a curious point in literary history.

The first quarto edition of 1609 contains the following very extraordinary preface:—

"A never writer to an ever reader.

"News.

"Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook anything comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such favoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed), but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasures' loss and judgments, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wit's healths) that will not praise it. Vale."

In 1609, then, the reader is told, "You have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;" and he is farther exhorted—"refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." The reader is also invited to spend a sixpence upon this play:—"Had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed." Never was one of Shakspeare's plays set forth during his life with such commendation as here abounds. His Comedies "are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives." The passage towards the conclusion is the most remarkable:—"Thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed." We have here, then, first, a most distinct assertion that, in 1609, *Troilus and Cressida* was a new play, never staled with the stage. This, one might think, would be decisive as to the chronology of this play; but in the Stationers' books is the following entry:—"Feb. 7, 1602. Mr. Roberts. The booke of Troilus and Cresseda, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlen's mon." Malone assumes that the *Troilus and Cressida* thus acted by the Lord Chamberlain's men

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

(the players at the Globe during the reign of Elizabeth) was the same as that published in 1609. Yet there were other authors at work upon the subject besides Shakspeare. In Henslowe's manuscripts there are several entries of moneys lent, in 1599, to Dekker and Chettle, in earnest of a book called *Troilus and Cressida*. This play, thus bargained for by Henslowe, appears to have been subsequently called *Agamemnon*. The probability is, that the rival company at the Globe had, about the same period, brought out their own *Troilus and Cressida*; and that this is the play referred to in the entry by Roberts in 1602; for if that entry had applied to the *Troilus and Cressida* of Shakspeare, first published in 1609, how are we to account for the subsequent entry in the same registers made previously to the publication of that edition? "Jan. 28, 1608. Richard Bonian and Hen. Walley. A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressuda." According to Malone's theory, the copyright in 1602 was in Roberts; but in 1608 a new entry claims it for Bonian and Walley. In that case there must have been an assignment from Roberts to Bonian and Walley. Roberts was a printer. His name appears as printer to the second edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, to the second edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, and to two editions of *Hamlet*; but nowhere as a publisher. Altogether the evidence of the date of the play, derived from the entry of 1602, appears to us worth very little. Malone most gratuitously assumes that the statement in the preface to the edition of 1609, that it was a new play never staled by the stage, was altogether false: "Mr. Pope, in his 'Table of Editions of Shakspeare's Plays,' having mentioned one of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, subjoined a notice of a second copy—'as acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe;' not thinking it necessary to repeat the year. But in fact both these copies are one and the same edition. The truth is, that in that edition, where no mention is made of the theatre in which the play was represented, we find a preface, in which, to give an additional value to the piece, the booksellers assert that it never had been acted. That being found a notorious falsehood, they afterwards suppressed the preface, and printed a new title-page, in which it is stated to have been acted at the Globe Theatre by his Majesty's Servants. The date of this, as of the other title-page, is 1609."* According to this theory, a preface is written which sets out with a lie, known to be such by every person who buys the book; and then, because the lie is found out, a new title-page is printed, acknowledging the truth that the play had been acted, and the lying preface is withdrawn. Is not all this the most forced interpretation of two very simple facts, which are perfectly consistent with each other? *Troilus and Cressida* was a new play, and it had not been publicly acted, when the original edition appeared. The editor does not state this to give an "additional value to the piece," for he evidently thinks that the circumstance may be injurious to the sale of the book: "Refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." After the piece has thus been published, it is publicly acted; and then the preface which states that it has not been acted is naturally suppressed, in a new edition of which the title-page bears the additional recommendation of, "As it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe."

And here arises the question, whether the expressions, "never staled with the stage,"—"never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar,"—"not sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude," mean that the play had not been acted at all, or that it had not been acted on the public stage. There is a good deal of probability in the conjecture of Tieck upon this subject:—

"In the palace of some great personage, for whom it was probably expressly written, it was first represented,—according to my belief for the King himself, who, weak as he was, contemptible as he sometimes showed himself, and pedantic as his wisdom and shortsighted as his politics were, yet must have had a certain fine sense of poetry, wit, and talent, beyond what his historians have ascribed to him. But whether the King, or some one else of whom we have not received the name, it is sufficient to know that for this person, and not for the public, Shakspeare wrote this wonderful comedy."

We have already noticed the remarkable passage in the conclusion of the preface of 1609 in the Introductory Notice to *Henry V.* We there stated that the copy of *Troilus and Cressida* was acknowledged by the editor to have been obtained by some artifice; that we learn that the copy had an escape from some powerful possessors; and that those possessors were probably the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. But another view of this matter may be taken without any glaring inconsistency

* Note in Malone's edition of Dryden's *Prose Works*, vol. I., part ii., p. 261.

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The proprietors of the Globe Theatre were clearly hostile to the publication of Shakspeare's later plays; and, in fact, with the exception of *Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, no play was published between 1608 and Shakspeare's death. Now, in the title-page of the original *Lear*, published in 1608, there is the following minute particularity :—"As it was played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon St. Stephen's night in Christmas holidays, by his Majesty's Servants playing usually at the Globe, on the Bank's side." From this statement it appears to us highly probable that in the instances both of *Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, the plays were performed, for the first time, before the King; that the copies so used were out of the control of the players who represented these dramas; and that some one, authorized or not, printed each play from the copy used on these occasions. Let us look again at the passage in the preface to *Troilus and Cressida* under this impression :—"Thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed." There is an obscurity in this passage which we cannot attempt to clear up if we receive "the grand possessors" as the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. But suppose the grand possessors to be, as Tieck has conjectured, some great personage, probably the King himself, for whom the play was expressly written, and a great deal of the obscurity of the preface vanishes. By the grand possessors' wills you should have prayed for them (as subjects publicly pray for their rulers) rather than been prayed (as you are by players who solicit your indulgence in prologues and epilogues).

We have bestowed more attention upon this inquiry than it may appear at first intrinsically to deserve; but it must be borne in mind that the original quarto edition, upon the credibility of which these questions have been raised, is not, like several of the early quartos, a mutilated and imperfect copy. From whatever secondary source it proceeded, there can be no doubt that it was printed from the genuine copy of the great poet. The slight variations between the text of the quarto and of the folio, which we have indicated in our foot-notes, sufficiently show that the original was most accurately printed. The alterations of the folio are not corrections of errors in the original; but, for the most part, slight changes of expression. We have no doubt that each text was printed from a different but a genuine copy. The consideration of the genuineness of the original edition brings us back to the point from which we started. *Troilus and Cressida* might, as we have shown, have been placed between the *Histories* and *Tragedies* of the folio collection, on account of the difficulty of classification. But suppose another probable case. The proprietors of this first-collected edition of Shakspeare's works entered upon the Stationers' registers, in 1623, a claim to the copyright of sixteen plays, "not formerly entered to other men." The proprietors of that edition were four booksellers, in whom, for the most part, the copyright of the original quartos had merged by assignment. But it is not difficult to imagine that Bonian and Walley, or their representatives, the possessors of the copy of this single play, might have refused to come to terms with the proprietors of the folio, and that the printing of this play was necessarily suspended till the final settlement of the matter in dispute. In the mean time the printing of the volume had gone on to its completion; and *Troilus and Cressida* was finally inserted, out of its order, but having two pages numbered which show where it was intended to have been placed.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

"THE original story," says Dryden, "was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English; intended, I suppose, a satire on the inconstancy of women. I find nothing of it among the ancients, not so much as the name Cressida once mentioned. Shakspeare (as I hinted), in the apprenticeship of his writing, modelled it into that play which is now called by the name of Troilus and Cressida." We shall have occasion to revert to Dryden's opinion of this play, and to his transmutation of it into what he considered his own fine gold. Chaucer himself speaks of "Myne Auctor Lollius;" and in his address to the Muse, in the beginning of the second book, he says,—

"To every lover I me excuse
That of no sentiment I this endite,
But out of Latin in my tongue it write."

Without entering into the question who Lollius was, or believing more than that "Lollius, if a writer of that name existed at all, was a somewhat somewhere,"* we at once receive the 'Troilus and Creseide' of Chaucer as the foundation of Shakspeare's play. Of his perfect acquaintance with that poem there can be no doubt. Chaucer, of all English writers, was the one who would have the greatest charm for Shakspeare. The Rape of Lucrece is written precisely in the same versification as Chaucer's 'Troilus and Creseide.' When Lorenzo, in *The Merchant of Venice*, exclaims,—

"In such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night,"—

we may be sure that Shakspeare had in his mind the following passages of Chaucer:—

"Upon the wallés fast eke would he walk,
And on the Greekes host he would ysee,
And to himself right thus he would ytalk:
'Lo! yonder is mine owné lady free,
Or ellés yonder there the tentés be,
And thence cometh this air that is so sote,
That in my soul I feel it doth me hote.

* * * * *
The day go'th fast, and after that came eve,
And yet came not to Troilus Creseid:
He looketh forth by hedge, oy tree, by grove,
And far his head over the wall he laid."

Mr. Godwin has justly observed that the Shaksperian commentators have done injustice to Chaucer in not more distinctly associating his poem with this remarkable play:—

"It would be extremely unjust to quit the consideration of Chaucer's poem of 'Troilus and Creseide' without noticing the high honour it has received in having been made the foundation of one of the plays of Shakspeare. There seems to have been in this respect a sort of conspiracy in the commentators upon Shakspeare against the glory of our old English bard. In what they have written concerning this play, they make a very slight mention of Chaucer; they have not consulted his poem for the purpose of illustrating this admirable drama; and they have agreed, as far as possible, to transfer to another author the honour of having supplied materials to the tragic artist. Dr. Johnson says, 'Shakspeare has in his

* Coleridge. 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 130

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story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer.' Mr. Stevens asserts that 'Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Booke of Lydgate.*' And Mr. Malone repeatedly treats the 'History of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Caxton,' as 'Shakspeare's authority' in the composition of this drama. * * * * The fact is, that the play of Shakspeare we are here considering has for its main foundation the poem of Chaucer, and is indebted for many accessory helps to the books mentioned by the commentators. * * * * *

"We are not, however, left to probability and conjecture as to the use made by Shakspeare of the poem of Chaucer. His other sources were Chapman's translation of Homer, the '*Troy Book*' of Lydgate, and Caxton's '*History of the Destruction of Troy.*' It is well known that there is no trace of the particular story of '*Troilus and Creseide*' among the ancients. It occurs, indeed, in Lydgate and Caxton; but the name and actions of Pandarus, a very essential personage in the tale as related by Shakspeare and Chaucer, are entirely wanting, except a single mention of him by Lydgate, and that with an express reference to Chaucer as his authority. Shakspeare has taken the story of Chaucer with all its imperfections and defects, and has copied the series of its incidents with his customary fidelity; an exactness seldom to be found in any other dramatic writer."*

Although the main incidents in the adventures of the Greek lover and his faithless mistress are followed with little deviation, yet, independent of the wonderful difference in the characterization, the whole story under the treatment of Shakspeare becomes thoroughly original. In no play does he appear to us to have a more complete mastery over his materials, or to mould them into more plastic shapes by the force of his most surpassing imagination. The great Homeric poem, the rude romance of the destruction of Troy, the beautiful elaboration of that romance by Chaucer, are all subjected to his wondrous alchemy; and new forms and combinations are called forth so lifelike, that all the representations which have preceded them look cold and rigid statues, not warm and breathing men and women. Coleridge's theory of the principle upon which this was effected is, we have no doubt, essentially true:—

"I am half inclined to believe that Shakspeare's main object (or shall I rather say his ruling impulse?) was to translate the poetic heroes of Paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featured*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer."†

Without attempting to exhibit all the materials which Shakspeare has thus made his own, we shall, in the Illustrations to each act, give some passages from Chaucer's poem, Chapman's '*Homer*,' Caxton's '*Destruction of Troy*,' and Lydgate's '*Troy Book*,' in which the reader may trace the resemblances which, however obvious or minute, equally manifest the same power in the dramatic poet of fashioning a perfect whole out of the most incongruous parts.

* '*Life of Chaucer*,' vol. I. (4to.), p. 315

† '*Literary Remains*,' vol. II., p. 193

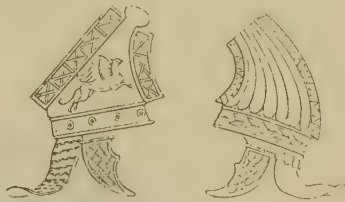
TEOILUS AND CRESSIDA

COSTUME.

In our notice of the costume for the *Midsummer Night's Dream* we have given a description of the dress and arms of the Greeks during the heroical ages, illustrated by engravings from the frieze of the Parthenon. To the information there collected may be added on the present occasion that afforded to us by the *Iliad* of Homer, and the vases and statues possessed or described by the late Mr. Hope. According to the latter authorities, the Trojans and other Phrygians appear to have worn the tunic with sleeves to the wrist, the tight trousers or pantaloons, and the cap with the point bending forwards, in the form of which their helmets were made. In war the tunic of mail



[A Trojan.]



[Phrygian Helmets.]

composed of rings sewn flat upon leather or cloth, like those of the Anglo-Saxons and Normans of the 11th century, would seem to have distinguished them in general from the Greeks, who wore the cuirass and the greaves. Homer, however, by his descriptions of the armour of the Trojan heroes, would induce us to believe that it did not always so essentially differ from that of the Greeks. He describes Paris, when arming for the combat with Menelaus, as putting on greaves,* fastened with silver buttons, a thorax, or breast-plate, and a helmet with a horse-hair crest†. On an old Sicilian vase too, in the Hope collection, Eneas is represented in complete Grecian armour.‡ Again, we gather from the vases that the Phrygian shield, like that of the Amazons, was the Pelta, or small semi-lunar shield, and their favourite weapon the bi-pennis, or double axe. Yet Homer does not make this distinction, but arms the Trojans with the large orbicular shield of the Greeks, the two spears, the sword, &c. He also describes the warriors of both armies as wearing occasionally the skins of beasts over their armour. Is it that some of the poets and painters of Greece, like all those of the middle ages, represented persons of every nation and period in the costume of the country and time in which they themselves wrote or painted; or was there really little or no difference between the Greeks and Trojans when armed for battle?§ In the latter case, are we to look upon the interesting figures of Paris and other Phrygians represented on the ancient vases, &c., as things of no authority? These are questions the discussion of which would require much more time and space than can be afforded to us in the present instance, and we must content ourselves with submitting to our readers the engravings from the antique which are scattered throughout this play, with the avowal that we lean, as in duty bound, to the *pictorial* side, and consider that there *was* that remarkable difference between the Grecian armour and that of the Trojans which may be observed in the specimens given. The Phrygians are represented in shoes, the Greeks in sandals, or with naked feet, when wearing the greaves.

* Ridiculously rendered by Pope as "*purple cuishes*."

† Phrygian helmets, with crests, both of horse-hair and metal, in imitation of the Greek, appear in Hope's collection, and so far bear out the poet's description.

‡ Mr. Hope, however, does not give us his authority for so designating the figure, which in the edition of 1806 is termed "*a Greek warrior*."

§ Then wherefore "*the well-greaved Greeks*?" Does not that designation imply a peculiarity distinguishing them from their Asiatic or other opponents?

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The arms of Achilles, worn by Patroclus, are said by Homer to have been of brass ornamented with gold. Those made for Achilles, by Vulcan, were of various metals,—the greaves of tin, the corslet of gold, the sword of brass, the helmet with a four-fold crest of gilded horse-hair, the shield of the most elaborate workmanship. The arms of Diomed were all brass; those of Ajax steel. Agamemnon's cuirass was composed of steel, tin, and gold, and ornamented with dragons. The hilt of his sword was gold, the sheath silver. His buckler was defended by ten circles and twenty bosses of brass, and in the centre had a Gorgon's head. The helmet was surmounted by a four-fold crest of horse-hair.



[Homer]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,

TROILUS,

PARIS,

DEIPHOBUS,

HELENUS,

} *his sons.*

ÆNEAS,

ANTENOR,

} *Trojan commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general.*

MENECLAUS, *his brother.*

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

ULYSSES,

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

} *Grecian commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*

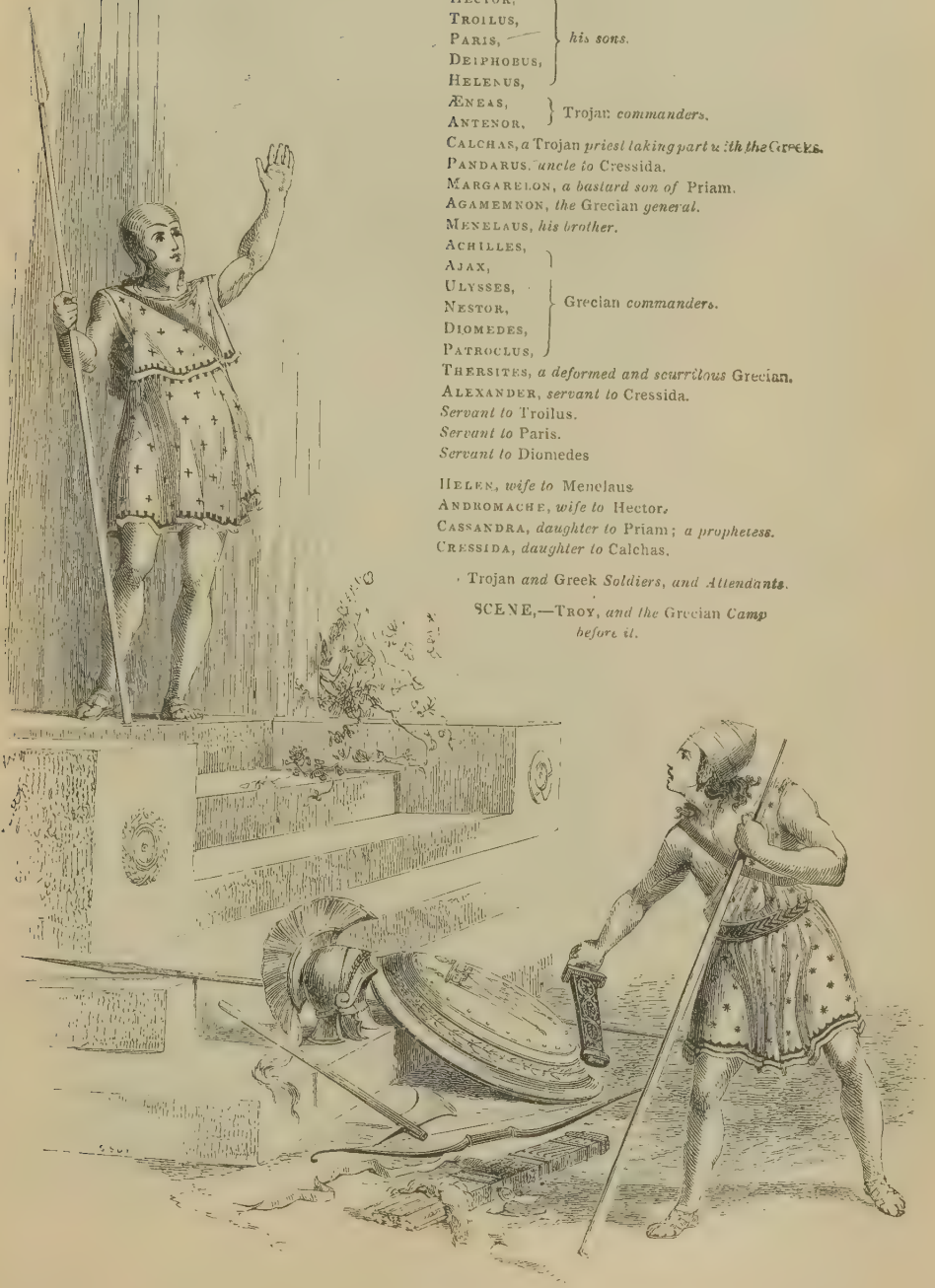
ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—TROY, and the Grecian Camp
before it.





[" To Tenedos they come."]

PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes orgulous,^a their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine that were
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps,—and that's the quarrel.

To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains

The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides,^b with massy staples,

^a *Orgulous*—proud—the French *orgueilleux*. Lord Berners, in his translation of Froissart, several times uses the word: as, "The Flemings were great, fierce, and *orgulous*."

^b The names of the gates thus stand in the folio of 1623:—

"Dardau and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien, And Antenorides."

There can be little doubt that Shakspeare had before him Caxton's translation of the 'Recuyel of the Historyes of roy,' and there the names of the gates are thus given: "In this citty were six principall gates: of which the one was named Dardane, the second Tymbria, the thyrd Helias, the fourth, Chetas, the fifth Troyan, and the sixt Antenorides." But he was also familiar with the 'Troy Booke' of Lydgate, in which the six gates are described as Dardanydes, Tymbria, Helyas, Cetheas, Trojana, Anthonydes. It is difficult

And corresponsive and fulfilling^a bolts,
Sperr up^b the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,^c—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt^d and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war

to say whether Shakspeare meant to take the *Antenorides* of Caxton, or the *Anthonydes* of Lydgate; or whether, the names being pure inventions of the middle age of romance-writers, he deviated from both. As it is, we have retained the *Antenorides* of the modern editors.

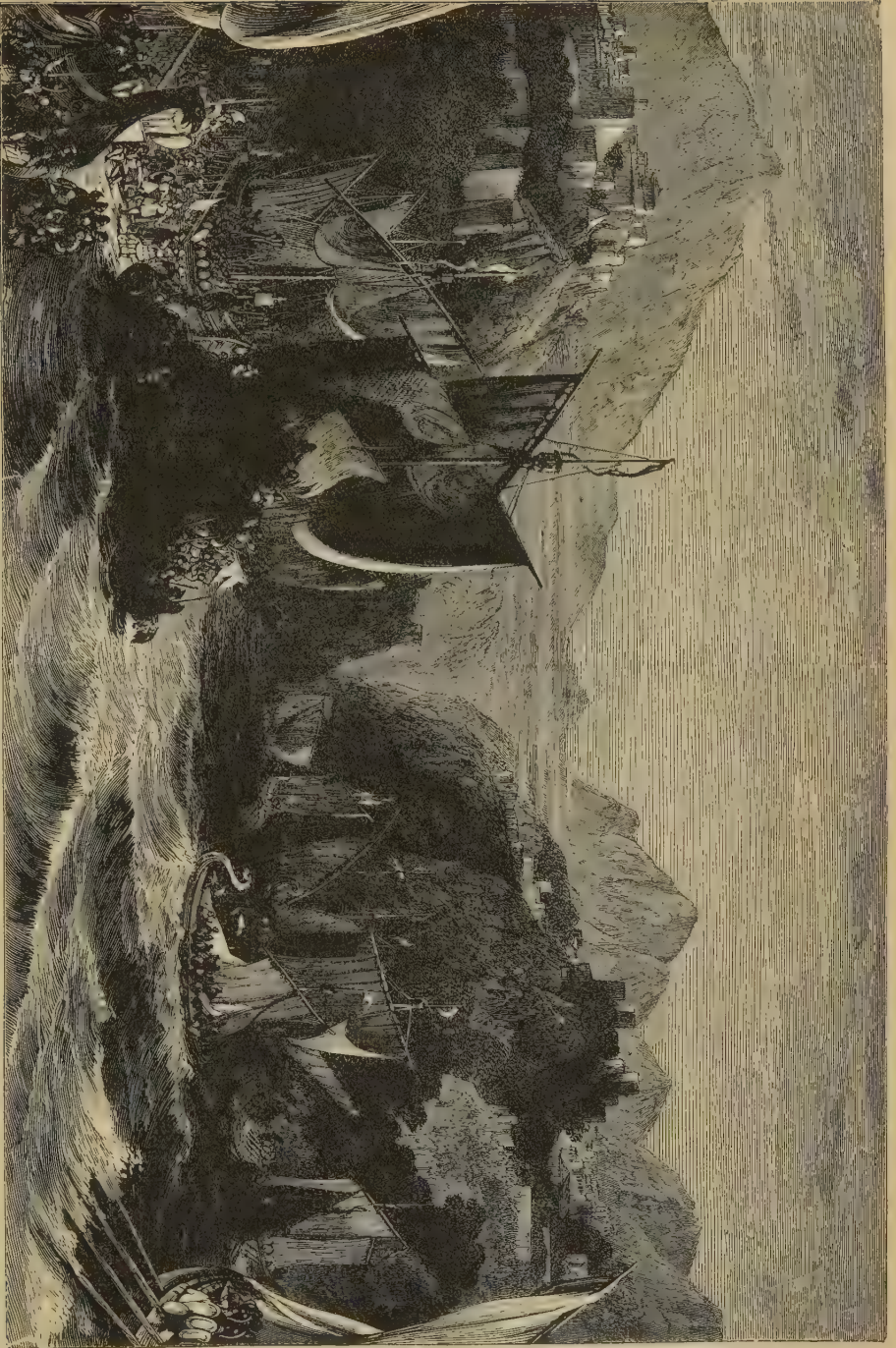
^a *Fulfilling*. The verb *fulfil* is here used in the original sense of *fill full*.

^b *Sperr up*. The original has *stirre up*, which Tieck considers preferable to Theobald's substitution of *sperr up*. Desirous as we are to hold to the original, we cannot agree with Tieck. The relative positions of each force are contrasted. The Greeks pitch their pavilions on Dardan plains; the Trojans are shut up in their six-gated city. The commentators give us examples of the use of *sperr*, in the sense of to fasten, by Spenser and earlier writers. They have overlooked a passage in Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cressida' (book v.), which Shakspeare must have had before him in the composition of his play:—

"For when he saw her dorés *sperrd* all,
Well nigh for sorrow adoun he gan to fall."

^c *Arm'd*. Johnson has pointed out that the prologue was spoken by one of the characters in armour. This was noticed, because in general the speaker of the Prologue wore a black cloak. (See Collier's 'Annals of the Stage' (vol. iii., p. 442.)

^d *Vaunt*—the van.



EMBARKATION OF THE GREEKS FOR THE TROJAN WAR.

Prologue.—"From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war."

Troilus and Cressida, p. 80.



[SCENE III. Before Agamemnon's Tent.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet,* I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to
their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
valiant ;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,

* *Varlet*—a servant. Tooke considers that *varlet* and *valet* are the same ; and that, as well as *harlot*, they mean *hiring*.

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Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this :
for my part I'll not meddle nor make no farther.
He that will have a cake out of the wheat must
needs^a tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding : but you must tarry the
bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the bolting : but you must tarry the
leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in
the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of

^a *Needs* is not found in the quarto, and is consequently
omitted in all modern editions.

the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking :
nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may
chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she
be,

Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit ;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor ! when she comes !—When is she
thence ?^a

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than
ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my
heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain ;

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile :

But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more
comparison between the women.—But, for my
part, she is my kinswoman ; I would not, as
they term it, praise her,—But I would some-
body had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I
will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit ;
but—

Tro. O, Pandarus ! I tell thee, Pandarus,—

When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep

They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

In Cressid's love : Thou answer'st, she is fair ;

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart

Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
voice ;

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,

In whose comparison all whites are ink,

Writing their own reproach ;^b to whose soft
seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense^c

Hard as the palm of ploughman ;—this thou
tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ;

But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,

Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me

The knife that made it.

^a This line as it stands is an ingenious and tasteful correction by Rowe. The line in both the originals appears thus :—

“ So (traitor) then she comes when she is thence.”

^b We do not receive this passage as an interjection beginning “ O ! that her hand ;” for what does Troilus desire ?—the wish is incomplete. The meaning we conceive to be rather,—in thy discourse thou handlest that hand of hers, in whose comparison, &c.

^c Johnson explains *spirit of sense* as the most exquisite sensibility of touch.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her
be as she is : if she be fair 't is the better for
her ; an she be not she has the mends in her
own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus ! How now, Pandarus ?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail ;
ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you .
gone between and between, but small thanks for
my labour

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus ? what,
with me ?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's
not so fair as Helen : an she were not kin to me,
she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on
Sunday. But what care I ? I care not an she
were a black-a-moor ; 't is all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair ?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no.
She's a fool to stay behind her father ; let her
to the Greeks ; and so I'll tell her the next time
I see her : for my part, I'll meddle nor make no
more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me ; I will
leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. *Alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours ! peace,
rude sounds !

Fools on both sides ! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument ;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me !

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar ;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste, against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ?

Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl :

Between our Ilium and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood ;

Ourselves, the merchant ; and this sailing Pandar,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus ? wherefore
not afield ?

Tro. Because not there : This woman's answer
sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

Ane. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, *Aeneas*?

Ane. — Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 't is but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Ane. Hark! what good sport is out of town
to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might
were 'may.'—

But to the sport abroad:—Are you bound
thither?

Ane. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the
vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among
the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many
beasts of their particular additions; he is as
valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as
the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so
crowded humours, that his valour is crushed
into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there
is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a
glimpse of; nor any man an attainment but he
carries some stain of it: he is melancholy with-
out cause, and merry against the hair: He hath
the joints of everything; but everything so out
of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands

and no use; or purblind^a Argus, all eyes and
no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes
me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in
the battle, and struck him down; the disdain
and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector
fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do
you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How
do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came?
Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to
Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not
up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his
anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too;
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that:
and there's Troilus will not come far behind
him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell
them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better
man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?
Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew
him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he
is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some
degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to each of them; he is him-
self

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would
he were.

Cres. So he is.

^a Purblind in the folio—the quarto purblind

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above. Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit^a this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,^b—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?^c

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How ~~pane~~ it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin!—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that, 'Two and fifty hairs,'^a quoth he, 'and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these

^a So the quarto and folio. Some modern copies read *one and fifty*. "How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons?" says Theobald. This is an exactness which Priam and his chroniclers would equally have spurned. The Margarelon of the romance-writers, who makes his appearance in Act v., is one of the additions to the old classical family. We leave the text as we find it.

^b *Will*.—This is Rowe's correction: both the old copies have *will*.

^c *Compassed window*—a bow-window.

^d *Lifter*—thief. We still say a *shepifter*.

Lairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck it out, and give it him.' But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.^a

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May.

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one of the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector,² that, that, look you, 'hat: there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance! Is 't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look

you yonder, do you see? look you there! there is no jesting: there's laying on; tak 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? anything, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece. Is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferently well:—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hera!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

^a *Passed*—was excessive. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—"Why, this *passes*, master Ford." Cressida retorts ^a the common acceptance of the word.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth,^a the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be naked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such another^b woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him.^c]

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.* I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts,^d tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she below'd knows nought that knows not
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

^a So forth in the folio—the quarto, *such like*.

^b Another in the folio—the quarto, *a*.

^c The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^d Gifts is the reading of all the old copies. Griets crept into some of the earlier modern editions.

That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth
bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
[*Exit*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

Senet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls
stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And call^a them shames, which are, indeed,
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad^b and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

^a Call is the reading of the quarto—the folio has *think them shame*.

^b Broad in the quarto—the folio, *loud*.

Lies the true proof of men: the sea being
smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy
boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and bright-
ness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize^a
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.^b

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and
sway,— [To AGAMEMNON.

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out
life,— [To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches,—which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears.^c
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please
both,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be 't of
less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

^a *Brize*—the gad-fly.

^b The original has an obvious misprint:—

"Retires to chiding fortune."

Pope suggested *retirne*. Hanmer and Mr. Collier's folio
Corrector have *replies*, which is better, although *returns*
gives the meaning. Mr. Dyce suggests *retorts*, which might
well be adopted. ^c This is the reading of the quarto.

When rank Thersites opes his mastick^a jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had beer
down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
master,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-
tions.

When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose mod'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: But when the^a
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, hor-
rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is
shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degress in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?

^a *Mastick*.—We retain the word of the original. *Mas-
tiche* is there printed with a capital initial, as marking
something emphatic. In Boswell's edition the word is
rendered *masive*. We are inclined to think that *mastick* is
not a typographical mistake. Every one has heard of
Prynne's celebrated book, "*Histrio-Mastix: The Player's
Scourge*;" but it is not so generally known that this title
was borrowed by the great controversialist from a play first
printed in 1610, but supposed to be written earlier, which is
a satire upon actors and dramatic writers from first to last.
We attach little importance to the circumstance that the
author of that satire has introduced a dialogue between
Troilus and Cressida; for the subject had most probably
possession of the stage before Shakspeare's play. But it
appears to us by no means improbable that an epithet
should be applied to the "rank Thersites" which should
pretty clearly point at one who had done enough to make
himself obnoxious to the poet's fraternity.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets

In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and
wrong

(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice
too.

Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglect of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot.
Not her own sinews To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives,^a not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
Ulysses,

What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion
crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'T wixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-
age,

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'T is like a chime a mending; with terms un-
suar'd,

Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropp'd

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—'Excellent!—'T is Agamemnon just.—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy
beard,

As he, being 'dress'd to some oration,'—
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god^a Achilles still cries, 'Excellent';
'T is Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet;—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, 'O!—enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cow-
ardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Foretell prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by
measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:

^a God in the old copies. It is frittered down by the
moderns into good.

^a Lives in the folio—in the quarto, stands.

They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great spring and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine ;
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent ?

Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you ?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'
arm

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one
voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How
may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

Agam. How ?

Æne. Ay,

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus :

Which is that god in office, guiding men ?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and,
Jove's accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
Æneas ?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you ?

Æne. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's
ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes
from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
him :

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind :
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy
tents ;

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,
lords !

If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his
peril ;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not
worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord
Æneas ;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home : But we are soldiers ;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector ; if none else, I'll be he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;

But, if there be not in our Grecian mould*
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,
I'll pawn^b this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Grece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor!

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 't is:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet: Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me,
Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who, miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering
part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better.^a Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should wear^b with him:

But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among our-
selves

Give him allowance as the worthier man,^c

^a The quarto reads—

"The lustre of the better shall exceed
By showing the worse first."

^b Wear in the folio—in the quarto, share.

^c So the folio—in the quarto, for the better man.

^a Mould in the folio—in the quarto, host.

^b Pawn in the folio—in the quarto, prove.

For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him
fall

His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy
advice;

And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Ulysses.]



[Phrygian Lady, with Casket.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I

¹ SCENE II.—“*When were you at Ilium?*”

ILIUM, according to the romance-writers, was the palace of Priam. The author of ‘The Destruction of Troy’ thus describes it:—“In the most open place of the city, upon a rock, the king Priamus did build his rich palace, which was named Ilium: that was one of the richest palaces and the strongest that ever was in all the world.”

² SCENE II.—“*That’s Hector,*” &c.

This scene, in which Pandarus so characteristically describes the Trojan leaders, is founded upon a similar scene in Chaucer, in which the same personage recounts the merits of Priam’s two valiant sons:—

“Of Hector needeth nothing for to tell;
In all this world there n’is a better knight
Than he, that is of worthiness the well,
And he well more of virtue hath than might;
This knoweth many a wise and worthy knight:
And the same praise of Troilus I say:
God help me, so I know not such a twy.”

“Pardie, quod she, of Hector there is soth,
And of Troilus the same thing trow I.
For dreddeless * men telleth that he doth
In armés day by day so worthily,
And bear’th him here at homé so gently
To ev’ry wight, that allé praise hath he
Of them that me were levest praised be.†

* Doubtless.

† Whose praise I should most desire.

“Ye say right soth, I wis, quod Pandarus,
For yesterday whoso had with him been
Mighten have wonder’d upon Troilus;
For never yet so thick a swarm of been *
Ne flew, as Greekés from him ’gonnen fleen,
And through the field in every wightés ear
There was no cry but ‘Troilus is there!’

“Now here, now there, he hunted them so fast,
There n’as but Greekés blood and Troilus;
Now him he hurt, and him all down he cast;
Aye where he went it was arrayed thus:
He was their death, and shield and life for us,
That as that day there durst him none withstand
While that he held his bloody sword in hand.”

³ SCENE III.—“*Kings, princes, lords,*” &c.

Steevens says the challenge thus sent “would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis than Hector or Æneas.” Precisely so. And this was not only the language of romance, but of real life, almost up to the days of Shakspeare. In a challenge of the reign of Mary, four Spanish and English knights will maintain a fight on foot at the barriers against all comers, that “they may show their great desires to serve their ladies by the honourable adventure of their person.” But would Steevens assert that Shakspeare did not purposely make the distinction between the Homeric and the feudal ages? He found the challenge of Hector in Homer; he invested it with its Gothic attributes in accordance with a principle. The commentators sneer at

* Bees.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Shakspere's violation of chronology, in the mention of Aristotle: what do they say to Chaucer's line in the 'Troilus and Cressida'—

"He sung, she play'd, he told a tale of *Wade*"?

Wade was a hero of the same fabulous school as Bevis and Launcelot. The challenge of Hector is thus rendered by Chapman:—

"Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind, diffus'd
Through all my spirits, commands me speak; Saturnius hath not us'd
His promis'd favour for our truce, but, studying both our ills,
Will never cease till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomach fills
With ruin'd Troy; or we consume your mighty sea-born fleet.
Since then the general peers of Greece in reach of one voice meet,

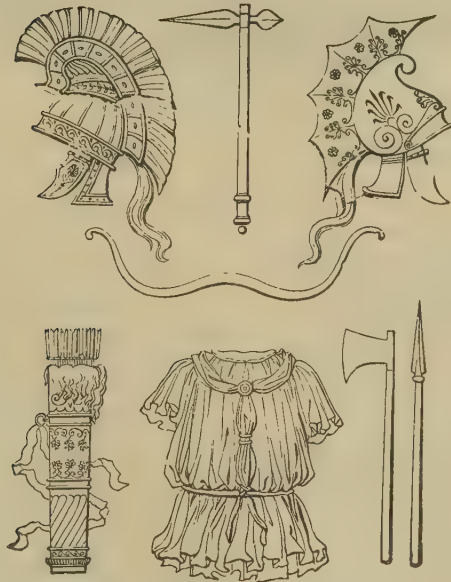
Amongst you all whose breast includes the most *impulsive* mind

Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest design'd;
Before whom thus I call high Jove to witness of our *strife*,
If he with home-thrust iron can reach th' exposure of my life,

Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent;
But let my body be return'd, that Troy's two-sex'd descent
May waste it in the funeral pile: if I can slaughter him,
Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil his conquer'd limb,
And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine
I'll hang them as my trophies due: his body I'll resign
To be disposed by his friends in *flamy* funerals,
And honour'd with erected tomb where Hellespontus falls
Into Egæum, and doth reach even to your naval road;
That, when our beings in the earth shall hide their period,
Survivors sailing the Black Sea may thus his name renew,
This is his monument whose blood long since did fate's
embrue,

Whom passing fair in fortitude illustrate Hector slew.
This shall posterity report, and my fame never die."

Book vii.



Phrygian Tunic, Bi-pennes, Bow, Quiver, Helmets, &c.



[SCENE II. 'Enter Cassandra, raving.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils?
full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—
did not the general run? were not that a botchy
core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from
him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinew'd^a leaven,
speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and
holiness; but I think thy horse will sooner con
an oration, than thou learn a prayer without
book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red
murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou
strick'st me thus?

Ajax. 'The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers
itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to
foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would
make thee the loathsome scab in Greece.
[When thou art forth in the incursions, thou
strikest as slow as another.^a]

mouldy; the word in the text is the superlative of *vinewed*.
In the preface to our translation of the Bible we have
"feneved traditions."

^a These words are not in the folio.

^a *Vinew'd* — vinewed — vinny — signifies decayed,

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun^a thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego^b may tutor thee: Thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans: and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

^a Pun—pound.

^b Assinego—an ass.

^c But.—Both the quarto and folio so read; but *put* was substituted by Stevens.

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLE interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so;—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth^a hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Fare-
well.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; other-
wise,

He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more
of it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and
HELENUS.*

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches
spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

'Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-
sum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks
than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, dread
Priam,

'There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—'Who knows what fol-
lows?'

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this ques-
tion,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,^b
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father, in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters ~~sum~~
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at
reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our
father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him
so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
priest,²

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and
honour

Should have hare^a hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost

The holding.

Tro. What's aught but as 't is valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer; 't is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is inclinable^b
To what infectiously itself effects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

^a Fifth.—So the folio; the quarto has *first*, which obtained in most modern editions. The knights of chivalry did not encounter at the *first* hour of the sun; by the *fifth* of a summer's morning the lists would be set, and the ladies in their seats. The usages of chivalry are those of this play.

^b Dimes—ten sh.

^a Hare in the quarto; by a typographical error, *hard* in the folio.

^b Inclination in the folio; the quarto, *attributive*.

When we have spoil'd them : nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,*
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
Your breath of full consent^b bellied his sails ;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a trace,
And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :
Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—'Go, go,')
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cried—'Inestimable!') why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate ;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggars the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land ? O theft most base ;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep !
But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place !

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry !

Pri. What noise ? what shriek is this ?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans !

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry ! lend me ten thousand
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age, and wrinkled
eld,^a

* *Sieve*. The quarto has *sive*, the old mode of spelling *sieve*. The first folio has *same*; the second folio *place*. *Same* is held to be a misprint. The commentators explain that *sieve* is a basket, and that the term 'a well known in Covent Garden and other markets for fruit and vegetables'. The original notion of *sieve* implies separation, and we therefore held, in our first edition, that a *sieve* of fruit was a basket of sorted fruit. But domestic observation might have shown us that the "unrespective" sieves into which any "remainder" is thrown has subsequently to perform the office of separation. This consideration reconciles us to the adoption of *sieve*.

^b How forcible is "your breath of full consent."—compared with the reading of the quarto, "your breath, with full consent."

^c Old in the folio—the quarto, *elders*. Theobald substituted *old*.

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears . . .
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand ;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen, and a woe :
Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit*.]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these
high strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same ?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it ;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick rap-
tures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain !

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels :
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak

Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 The reasons you allege do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and re-
 venge,

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 All dues be render'd to their owners: Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their bezzumb'd wills, resist the same,
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still;
 For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect.

I am yours,

You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
 I was advertis'd their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter: Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals?—Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles:—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*]

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent^a our messengers, and we lay by

Our appointments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, it is pride: But why, why? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes* AGAMEMNON aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish than their faction: But it was a strong counsel a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy:

His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.^a

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry If anything more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him; he hopes it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—

We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues, Not virtuously of his own part beheld, Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him We come to speak with him: And you shall not

sin,

If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;

^a *Shent*.—The quarto reads *safe*, the folio *snt*. Theobald made the change to *shent*, meaning to rebuke.

Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lines,^a his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*]

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter
you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he
thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say
he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as
valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,
and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How
doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats
up himself: pride is his own glass, his own
trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever
praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed
in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the
engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: Is't not strange?

[*Aside.*]

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why, will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with great-
ness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

^a *Lénes* in the folio. Hamner changed the word, the
meaning of which is clear enough, into *lunes*.

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst itself.^a What should I say?
He is so plaguy^b proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry—'No recovery.'

Agam.

Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud
lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord

Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles;

That were to enlard his fat-already pride;

And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;

And say in thunder—'Achilles go to him.'

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of
him.

[*Aside.*]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this ap-
plause!

[*Aside.*]

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll
pash him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An s'be proud with me, I'll pheeze his
pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself!

[*Aside.*]

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

[*Aside.*]

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should
be the patient.

[*Aside.*]

^a 'Gainst itself is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *down*
himself.

^b *Plaguy*.—Steevens, in his horror of a line of more than
ten syllables, call's plaguy a "vulgar epithet.—the wretched
interpolation of some foolish player." Malone, with good
sense, says, "the very word explains what follows,—the
death-tokens."

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind!

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An't would, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To AGAMEMNON.*]

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 't is before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud—

Dio. Or covetous of praise—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.^a

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

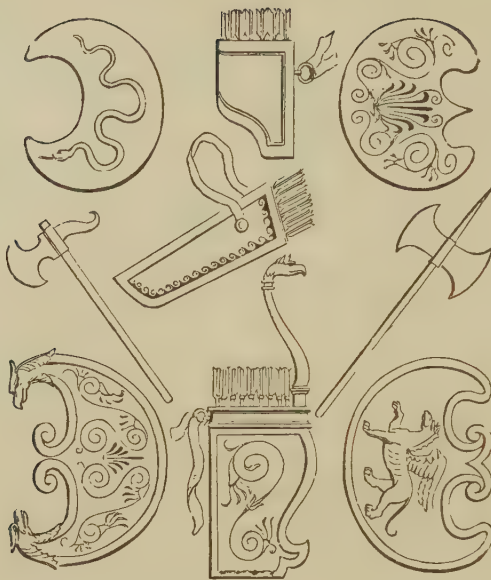
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
draw deep. [*Exeunt.*]

^a The folio gives this line to Ulysses; the quarto to Nestor. We believe that the folio, in this instance, is not to be hastily superseded, because Nestor was an old man. In Shakspeare's time it was the highest compliment to call a man whose wit or learning was revered, *father*. Ben Jonson had thus his sons. The flattery of Ulysses has won the heart of Ajax; Nestor has said nothing



[CRESSIDA.]



[Phrygian Shields, Quivers, and Battle Axes.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

SCENE I.—*"The plague of Greece upon thee," &c.*

THERSITES has been termed by Coleridge "the Caliban of demagogic life;" and he goes on to describe him as "the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse; just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist, of his betters." This is the Thersites of Shakspeare; he of Homer is merely a deformed jester. The wonderful finished portrait is made out of the slightest of sketches:—

"All sat, and audience gave;
Thersites only would speak all. A most disorder'd store
Of words he foolishly pour'd out; of which his mind held
more
Than it could manage; anything with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been
sure
To touch no kings. To oppose their states becomes not
jesters' parts.
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts

02

In Troy's brave siege: he was squint-eyed, and lame of
either foot:

So crook-back'd that he had no breast: sharp-headed, where
did shoot

(Here and there sperst) thin mossy hair. He most of all
envied

Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide;

Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein,

Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement
hates sustain,

(Being angry for Achilles' wrong,) he cried out, railing
thus:—

'Atrides, why complain'st thou now? what wouldst
thou more of us?

Thy tents are full of brass, and dames; the choice of all are
thine:

With whom we must present thee first, when any towns
resign

To our invasion. Wan'st thou then (besides all this) more
gold

From Troy's knights, to redeem their sons? whom, to be
dearly sold,

I, or some other Greek, must take? or wouldst thou yet
again

Force from some other lord his prize, to soothe the lust
that reign

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II

In thy encroaching appetite! It fits no prince to be
 A prince of ill, and govern us; or lead our progeny
 To rape to ruin. O base Greeks, deserving infamy,
 And ills eternal! Greekish girls, not Greeks, ye are: Come,
 fly
 Home with our ships; leave this man here, to perish with
 his preys,
 And try if we help'd him, or not: he wrong'd a man that
 weighs
 Far more than he himself in worth: he forc'd from Thetis'
 son,
 And keeps his prize still: nor think I that mighty man
 hath won
 The style of wrathful worthily; he's soft, he's too remiss,
 Or else, Atreides, his had been thy last of injuries.
 Thus he the people's pastor chid; but straight stood up to
 him
 Divine Ulysses, who, with looks exceeding grave and grim,
 This bitter check gave: 'Cease, vain fool, to vent thy
 railing vein
 On kings thus, though it serve thee well; nor think thou
 canst restrain
 With that thy railing faculty, their wills in least degree,
 For not a worse, of all this host, came with our king than
 thee
 To Troy's great siege: then do not take into that mouth of
 thine
 The names of kings, much less revile the dignities that
 shine
 In their supreme states; wresting thus this motion for our
 home
 To soothe thy cowardice; since ourselves yet know not
 what will come
 Of these designments,—if it be our good to stay or go:
 Nor is it that thou stand'st on; thou revil'st our general
 so:
 Only because he hath so much, not given by such as thou,
 But by our heroes. Therefore this thy rude vein makes me
 vex
 (Which shall be curiously observ'd), if ever I shall hear
 This madness from thy mouth again, let not Ulysses bear
 This head, nor be the father call'd of young Telemachus,
 If to thy nakedness I take and strip thee not, and thus
 Whip thee to fleet from council; send, with sharp stripes,
 weeping hence,
 This glory thou affect'st to rail.' This said, his insolence

He settled with his sceptre, strook his back and shoulders so
 That bloody wales rose: he shrunk round, and from his
 eyes did flow
 Moist tears; and, looking filthily, he sat, fear'd, smarted;
 dried
 His blubber'd cheeks; and all the press (though griev'd to
 be denied
 Their wish'd retreat for home) yet laugh'd delightfully,
 and spake
 Either to other."
 (Chapman's 'Homer,' Book ii.)

2 SCENE II.—“*You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest.*”

From his 'Homer' Shakspeare turned to the old
 Gothic romancer, and there he found the reproach
 of Troilus to Helenus, in the following very cha-
 racteristic passage:—

“Then arose up on his feet Troilus, the youngest
 son of King Pryamus, and began to speak in this
 manner:—O noblemen and hardy, how be ye
 abashed for the words of this cowardly priest here?
 * * * If Helenus be afraid, let him go into the
 Temple, and sing the divine service, and let the
 other take revenge of their injurious wrongs by
 strength and force of arms. * * * All they that
 heard Troilus thus speak allowed him, saying
 that he had very well spoken. And thus they
 finished their parliament, and went to dinner.”

3 SCENE III.—“*The elephant hath joints,*” &c.

Up to the time when Sir Thomas Brown wrote
 his 'Vulgar Errors' (about 1670), there was a pre-
 vailing opinion that the elephant had no joints,
 and that it could not lie down. Its joints, accord-
 ing to the passage before us, were not “*for texture.*”
 Sir T. Brown refutes the error by appealing to the
 experience of those who had “*not many years
 past*” seen an elephant in England, “*kneeling,
 and lying down.*”



[Head of Paris.]



[SCENE I. Helen unarming Hector.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentle nan; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

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Serv. You are in the state of grace

[*Music within.*]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to 't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Pan. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Par. Well sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he

desires you, that if the king call for him at supper you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. [I'll lay my life,*] with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more;
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

* The words in brackets are not in the folio.

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afeid to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. *[Exit.*

[A retreat sounded.

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.^a

[Freunt.

SCENE II.—Troy. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. *[Exit Servant.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields Where I may wallow in the lily beds Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. *[Exit PANDARUS.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet That it enchants my sense. What will it be, When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed Love's thrice repur'd^a nectar? death, I fear me; Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine, Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness, For the capacity of my ruder powers: I fear it much; and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joys; As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. *[Exit PANDARUS.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an't were dark you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there,

^a The reading of the quarto is "Sweet, above thought I love her," and the speech is there correctly given to Paris. *Thee* is the reading of the folio, and the words incorrectly include the speech of Helen.

^a *Thrice repur'd* in the quarto of 1600—that is thrice repurified. The folio has *thrice reputed*.

carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cres. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst

shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My soul of counsel from me:^a Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:

'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:

I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

^a So the folio; the quarto, *my very soul of counsel*.

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?

I would be gone:—I speak I know not what.*

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love:

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;

Or else you love not: For to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman, (As, if it can, I will presume in you,) To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnowed purity in love;

How were I then uplifted! but, alas,

I am as true as truth's simplicity,

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight, When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited,

As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,

And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot itself,

When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said, as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth.

As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,

Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,

As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand: here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,

That, through the sight I bear in things to love,^a
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes;¹ sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:

^a The meaning appears to us sufficiently clear—through my prescience in knowing what things I should love. The conjectural reading, unsupported by any authority, is—

"That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandon'd Troy."

This is the favourite reading of Mr. Dyce

* We follow the reading of the folio. The sentences are transposed in the quarto.

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?
make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 't is a
burthen

Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'T is like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd
on him:

If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put
on

A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him
more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?—

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit* AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and
favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find
out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss.

Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,^a
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself;^b]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married^c there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; who, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in
this;

And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what
things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

^a Parted—endowed with parts, talents.

^b The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

^c Married. So the quarto and folios. Mr. Collier's corrected folio has *mirror'd*.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds
forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the
path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do
in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top
yours:

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand;

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin,—

That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things
past;

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete
man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,

Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,

And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
Ail the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet;

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to airy air.^a

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;²
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in this head, an't would out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, 'Good-morrow, Ajax;' and he replies, 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars: he wears his tongue in his arms. I will

^a *Airy air* is the reading of the folio; the quarto has *air*.

put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE III.—“ *Expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes* ”

The ‘Troy Book’ gives a different version of the motives of Calchas in going over to the Greeks. Apollo appeared to the priest,—

“ And said Calchas twice by his name;
Be right well 'ware thou ne turn again
To Troy town, for that were but in vain;
For finally learn this thing of me,
In short time it shall destroyed be.”

² SCENE III.—“ *I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace.*”

In the ‘Destruction of Troy’ we have the same conception worthy to be received into the poetry of Shakspeare:—

“The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the tents of the Greeks, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasure to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before.”



[Æneas meeting Paris.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS. and Servant with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,

As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand: Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days, Laid haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir, During all question of the gentle truce:^a But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health: But, when contention and occasion meet, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life, With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward.—In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear, No man alive can love, in such a sort, The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

^a The sentence scarcely requires explanation: Æneas wishes Diomedes health, whilst there is no question, argument, between them but what arises out of the truce.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despitefull'st^a gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'Twas to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfrèd Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,^b
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more;

But he as he; which heavier for a whore?^c

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris.—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*

Here lies our way. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same. Court before the House of PANDARUS.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. Prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys^b no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously^c as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.—

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's^d
one up.

Pan. [Within.] What, are all the doors open here?

* Warburton proposed to read *not sell*, which is evidently the meaning,—antithetically opposed to *buy*. Tieck and Voss support the change of reading; but our principle is not to alter the text. In this respect it is the same in both editions, the quarto and the folio.

^b *Jays* in the quarto; the folio, *eyes*.

^c *Tediously* in the quarto; the folio, *hideously*.

^a This, the reading of the folio, is a common construction of the age of Shakspeare: the quarto reading is *deysiful*.

^b *Most* is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *best*.

^c This is the reading of the folio.

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:

I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!^a hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*Knocking.*]

Cres. Did not I tell you?—would he were knock'd o' the head!

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

[*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in; I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;

It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y^e are ware: You'll be so true

to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.¹

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,

We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*]

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods?—what's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 't will be his death! 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

^a *Capocchia*.—Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, explains *capocchio* as "a shallow skonce, a loggerhead."

I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near
me,

As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of false-
hood

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and
death,

Do to this body what extremity^a you can;
But the strong base and building of my
love

Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I will go in, and
weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my
praised cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my
heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from
Troy. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,
ANTENOR and DIOMEDES.*

Par. It is great morning; and the hour pre-
fix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. *[Exit.]*

Par. I know what 't is to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in, my lords. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong as that
Which causeth it:^b How can I moderate it?

^a *Extremity* in the folio; the quarto, *extremes*.

^b This is the reading of the folio; the quarto has,

"And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it."

If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying cross:^a
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweet
duck!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let
me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly say-
ing is,—

O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast
away nothing, for we may live to have need of
such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now,
lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a
purity,

That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from
me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from
Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is 't possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance!
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath—
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell our-
selves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurioas time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

^a *Cross* in the folio; *cross* in the quarto. The folio gives
as clear a meaning, without a mixed metaphor.

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasting^a with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the
Genius so

Cries, 'Come!' to him that instantly must
die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of
heart,—²

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem
is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:

I speak not, 'be thou true,' as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to
dangers

As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see
you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;

The Grecian youths are full of quality;

Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;^b

^a *Distasting* in the folio; the quarto, *distasted*.

^b These are three fine lines, perfectly intelligible:—their loving is well compos'd with the gift of nature, which gift (natural quality) is flowing, and swelling over, with arts and exercise. The second line is not found in the quarto, which reads,

"The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

The poet appears to have strengthened the image in his last copy. In the variorum editions we have—

"The Grecian youths are full of quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

Mr. Staunton reads—

"They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise."

How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then:

In this I do not call your faith in question,

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,

That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss, and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;

While others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;

Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit

Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach
of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,

Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;

And, by the way, possess thee what she is.

Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince ex-
pects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courte-
ously,



E. Meadows

To shame the seal^a of my petition to thee,
in praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be called her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful task.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.]

[*Trumpet heard.*]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Ane. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field
with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Ane. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Grecian Camp. *Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax;^b that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

^a *Seal* is the reading of all the old copies. Warburton changed this to *zeal*, which is commonly adopted. The strong meaning attached to *seal* in Shakspeare's age is expressed in the line of the well-known song

"Seals of love, but seal'd in vain."

^b Our text is pointed as the first folio (which is also the punctuation of the quarto). This is the modern punctuation:—

"Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet," &c.

The variation was first introduced by Theobald.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias check
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas'
daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
fair lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
now:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
[And parted thus you and your argument.^a]

Ulyss. O deadly gull, and theme of all our
scorns!

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss,—this
mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss ever more for him

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your
leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live

The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give
none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd

^a "The" brackets is not in the folio.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 't is due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [*DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her! There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every tickling^a reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state^b of Greece! what shall be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal disprizing^c
The knight oppos'd.

^a Tickling in the folio; the quarto, ticklish.

^b You state in the folio; the quarto, the state.

^c Disprizing in the folio; the quarto, misprizing.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er know this;—

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;

In love whereof half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight, stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.*]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam; a true knight;^a

Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;

For what he has he gives; what thinks he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair^b thought with breath:

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,

Is more vindicative than jealous love:

They call him Troilus; and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth

Even to his inches, and, with private soul,

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight]

^a We take the reading of the quarto. The folio has,

"The youngest son of Priam;

A true knight; they call him Troilus."

These words, they call him Troilus, are found below; and their introduction here is probably a clerical or typographical error.

^b Impair. Johnson conjectured that *impure* was the proper word. In adopting this, Mr. Dyce contends that there is no precedent for the use of this word adjectively. The Cambridge editors retain *impair*, considering that etymologically it may have the sense "unsuitable."

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hektor, thou sleepest;
Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there,
Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,³
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed.

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so

That thou couldst say—'This hand is Grecian
all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish
member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st
O yes

Cries, 'This is he,') could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the
sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As sold I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great
Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me;
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my
cousin;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
name;

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-
come.^a

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Aga-
memnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to
you. [*To TROIUS.*]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.^b

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded^c oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove.
She's well, but bade me not commend her to
you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly
theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee
oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have
seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subdue-
ments,^d

^a The quarto has only the two first lines, and the last line, of this noble address; and yet Steevens and Malone talk about the additions and substitutions of "the player-editors."

^b In the quarto, and the folio, this answer to the question of Hector is given by *Æneas*; in the variorum editions it is assigned to *Menelaus*; and then, without looking at the originals, Reed and M. Mason discuss whether it is proper for Menelaus to call himself "noble."

^c *Untraded*—unused—uncommon.

^d So the folio; the quarto,

"Despising many forfeits and subduements."

When thou hast bung thy advanced sword i' the
air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;
That I have said unto my standers-by,
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !'
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy
breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee
in,

Like an Olympian wrestling : This have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him : he was a soldier
good ;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee : Let an old man embrace thee ;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Ene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chro-
nicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
time :—

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time.

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Iion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would
ensue :

My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
You towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, wel-
come :

After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,
thou !—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee :
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on
thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me
o'er ;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of
his body

Shall I destroy him ?^a whether there, or there, or
there ?

That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods,
proud man,

To answer such a question : Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture

Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
well ;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin ;—

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't :
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field ;
We have had pelting^a wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends.

^a *P. lting*—petty.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive you:^a afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely
Troilus:

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,^b

^a You in the folio; the quarto, *we*.

^b So the folio; the quarto,

Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth.^c

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.

As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover
there,

That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their
scars,

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?

She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:

But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Menas.]



[Phrygian attired in Coat of Mail.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

SCENE II.—“*We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.*”

This part of the story is thus told in the ‘Destruction of Troy:’—

“Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo had left the Troyans, had a passing fair daughter, and wise, named Briseyda—Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troylus, named her Cressida—for which daughter he prayed to King Agamemnon, and to the other princes, that they would require the King Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to King Priamus at the instance of Calcas, but the Troyans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthy to die, that had left his own land and his natural lord for to go into the company of his mortal enemies: yet, at the petition and earnest desire of the Greeks, the King Priamus sent Briseyda to her father.”

* SCENE IV.—“*Be thou but true of heart.*”

The parting of Troilus and Cressida is very beautifully told by Chaucer; but as Shakspeare's conception of the character of Cressida is altogether different from that of Chaucer, we see little in the scene before us to make us believe that Cressida will keep her vows. In the elder poet she manifests a loftiness of character which ought

to have preserved her faith. Shakspeare has made her consistent:—

“And o'er all this, I pray you, quod she tho,*
Mine owné heartés sothfast sutfisance!
Sith I am thine all whole withouten mo,
That while that I am absent, no pleasúnce
Of other do me from your rémembrance,
For I am e'er aghast; for why? men rede †
That love is thing aye full of busy drede.

“For in this world there liveth lady none,
If that ye were untrue, as God defend!
That so betrayéd were or woe begone
As I, that allé truth in you intend:
And doubtless, if that I other ween'd,
I n're but dead, and ere ye cause yínd,
For Goddés love, so be me nought unkind.

“To this answeréd Troilus, and said,
Now God, to whom there is no cause awry,
Me glad, as wis I never to Cressid',
Sith thilké day I saw her frst with eye,
Was false, nor ever shall till that I die:
At short wordés, well ye may me believe;
I can no more; it shall be found at preve. ‡

“Grand mercy, good heart mine! I wis, (quod she,)
And, blissful Venus! let me never sterve §
Ere I may stand of plesance in degree
To quite him well that so well can deserve;
And while that God my wit will me conserve
I shall so do, so true I have you found,
That aye honour to me-ward shall rebound:

* Then. † Say. ‡ Proof. § Dife.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

"For trusteth well that your estate royal,
Nor vain delight, nor only worthiness
Of you in war or tourney martial,
Nor pomp, array, nobility,* or eke riches,
Ne made me turn on your distress,
But moral virtue, grounded upon truth;—
That was the cause I first had on you ruth:

"Eke gentle heart, and manhood that ye had,
And that ye had (as me thought) in despite
Every thing that sounded into † bad,
As rudeness, and peoplish ‡ appetite,
And that your reason bridled your delight;
This made aboven ev'ry creature
That I was yours, and shall while I may dure."—Book iv.

² SCENE V.—"*Thou art, great Lord, my father's
sister's son.*"

This incident, which is one of the occasions in which Shakspeare, following the old romance-writers, desires to exhibit the magnanimity of Hector, is found in the 'Destruction of Troy':—

"As they were fighting, they spake and talked together, and thereby Hector knew that he was his cousin-german, son of his aunt: and then Hector, for courtesy, embraced him in his arms, and made great cheer, and offered to him to do all his pleasure, if he desired anything of him, and prayed him that he would come to Troy with him for to see his lineage of his mother's side: but the said Thelamon, that intended to nothing but to his best ad-

* Nobility. † Verged towards. ‡ Vulgar.

vantage, said that he would not go at this time. But he prayed Hector, requesting that, if he loved him so much as he said, that he would for his sake, and at his instance, cease the battle for that day, and that the Troyans should leave the Greeks in peace. The unhappy Hector accorded unto him his request, and blew a horn, and made all his people to withdraw into the city."

⁴ SCENE V.—"*Tell me, you heavens, in which part
of his body
Shall I destroy him?*"

It was a fine stroke of art in Shakspeare to borrow the Homeric incident of Achilles surveying Hector before he slew him, not using it in the actual scene of the conflict, but more characteristically in the place which he has given it. The passage of Homer is thus rendered by Chapman:—

"His bright and sparkling eyes
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through all
that prize
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
Appear'd to him; and this was, where th' unequal winding
bone
That joins the shoulders and the neck had place, and where
there lay
The speeding way to death: and there his quick eye could
display
The place it sought,—even through those arms his friend
Patroclus wore
Where Hector slew him." (Book xii.)



[Hector.]



[SCENE IX. Death of Hector.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!^a

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

^a This is the reading of the quarto. The folio shortens the enumeration of loathsome diseases, with, "and the like."

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whore-son indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love; Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it: Fall, Greeks; fall, fame; honour, or go, or stay; My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent; This night in banquetting must all be spent. Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* *ACHILLES* and *PATROCLUS*.]

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazard, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter *HECTOR*, *TROILUS*, *AJAX*, *AGAMEMNON*, *ULYSSES*, *NESTOR*, *MENELAUS*, and *DIOMED*, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is; There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter *ACHILLES*.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* *AGAMEMNON* and *MENELAUS*.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside* to *TROILUS*.]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit* *DIOMED*; *ULYSSES* and *TRO*, following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* *ACHIL*, *HECTOR*, *AJAX*, and *NEST*.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it that it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[*Exit*.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

Enter *DIOMEDES*.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within*.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within*.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THESSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are a forsworn—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous; The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great distraction, come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth at grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve!

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve: Behold it well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens:—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.*

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith
you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than
you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women, yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy
horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past:—And
yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak
a word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes
not you pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!

Do come:—I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I prithee, come.—

[*Exit* DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads must err; O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not
publish more,

Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of mad-
ness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here
but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can
soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own
eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against thyself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce^a a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and
loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy
reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

^a This is the line of the quarto. The folio has

"He that takes that takes my heart withal."

^a Conduces in both copies; in the Latin sense of lead to.

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart
inflam'd with Venus: never did young man
fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my
lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous
lord, adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a com-mo-dious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you
gone:

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

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And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to
the day.*

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in in-
tent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to count violent
thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.*

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the
vow:

But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-
day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

* This is one of the very few obscure passages in this play.
The lines are not in the quarto. In the folio we find,

"Do not count it holy

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful:

For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob," &c.

The ordinary reading is,

"For we would give much, to use violent thefts."

To use thefts is clearly not Shaksperian. Perhaps *count*, or
give, might be omitted, supposing that one word had been
substituted for another in the manuscript, without the
erasure of that first written; but this omission will not give
us a meaning. We have ventured to transpose *count*, and
omit *as*:—

"For we would give much, to count violent thefts."

We have now a clear meaning:—it is as lawful, because we
desire to give much, to count violent thefts as holy,

"And rob in the behalf of charity."

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 't is wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,

And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector

Tro. Away!—Away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take
my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her ex-
claim:

Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand
about thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR.*]

Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed,
believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally
tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune
of this girl; and what one thing, what another,
that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I
have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an
ache in my bones, that, unless a man were
cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What
says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*]
The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change togo-
ther.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why! but hear you.

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.^a

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-caten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and poney grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?

^a This couplet, which we here find in the folio, is again used by Troilus towards the conclusion of the play—the last words which Troilus speaks. Following the quarto, the lines are usually omitted in the close of the third scene. Stevens says, “the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner.” The Cambridge editors think that the repetition is an indication that the play has been tampered with by another hand than Shakespeare's.

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse!³

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

I go, my lord.

[*Exit Servant*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cediüs: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers;⁴ haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,⁵
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls^a
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy^b Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes;

Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does; and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

^a *Sculls*—shoals of fish. We have the word in Milton (*Paradise Lost*, book vii.):—

“Fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in *sculls*, that oft
Bank the mid sea.”

^b *Strawy*. This beautiful epithet is found in the quarto; the folio has *straying*.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,
Come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but
Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what,
Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
Dio. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize. I will not look upon.
Tro. Come both you cogging Greeks; have
at you both. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush^a it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed Hector the great must die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The same.*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then
THERSITES.*

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker
are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris,
'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo,

^a Frush—break to pieces. ^b Capell suggested *omms*.

Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:

Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. [*HECTOR falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou; now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

[*A retreat sounded*]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stickler-like,^b the armies separate.

^a *Darkening*—so the folio; the common reading is *dark'ning*.

^b *Stickler-like*.—A stickler was an arbitrator, or side-man; one who presided over the combats of quarter-staff and wrestling.

My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheaths his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[*Within.*] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl eye be call'd

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Col'd statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away :
Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
Stay yet :—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you !—And thou,
great-siz'd coward !

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy !—with comfort go :
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you !

Tro. Hence, broker lackey ! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones !—O world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despised ! O traitors and bawds,

how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited ! Why should our endeavour be so desired, and the performance so loathed ? what verse for it ? what instance for it ?—Let me see :—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting :
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall :
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]



[Diomedes]



[Parting of Hector and Andromache.]

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¹ SCENE II.—“*Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*”

THE story of Cressida's falsehood is prettily told by Chaucer. Shakspeare has literally copied one of the incidents :—

“She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve.”

But we still trace the inconsistency of character in Chaucer's *Cressida*. Mr. Godwin laments that Shakspeare has not interested us in his principal female, as Chaucer has done. Such an interest would have been bought at the expense of truth. The passages which we give will enable the reader to compare the two characters :—

“The morrow came, and ghostly for to speak,
This Diomed is come unto Cresseid’;
And, shortly, lest that ye my tale break,
So well he for himselfen spake and said
That all her sighs sore adown he laid;
And, finally, the sothé for to sain,
He reft her of the great of all her pain.

“And after this the story telleth us
That she unto him gave the fair bay steed
The which she onés won of Troilus,
And eke a brooch (and that was little need)
That Troilus’ was, she gave this Diomed;
And eke the bet from sorrow him to relieve,
She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve.

“I find eke in the story ellés where,
When through the body hurt was Diomed
Of Troilus, then wept she many a tear
When that she saw his wíde woundés bleed,
And that she took to keepen him good heed,
And for to heal him of his woundés smart:
Men say,—I n’ot,—that she gave him her heart.

“But truly the story telleth us
There maden never women moré woe
Than she when that she falsed Troilus;
She said, Alas! for now is clean ago
My name in truth of love for evermo,
For I have falsed one of the gentillest
That ever was, and one of the worthiest.”

(Book v.)

² SCENE III.—“*My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*”

Chaucer has mentioned the presaging dreams of Andromache in the ‘*Canterbury Tales*.’ We find the same relation in ‘*The Destruction of Troy* :’—

“Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision, and her seemed if Hector went that day to the battle he should be slain. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping, said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day; whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying

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that she should not believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore. When it was in the morning, Andromeda went to the King Priamus and to the queen, and told to them the verity of her vision; and prayed them with all her heart that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go to the battle, &c. It happened that day was fair and clear, and the Trojans armed them, and Troilus issued first into the battle; after him Æneas. * * And the King Priamus sent to Hector that he should keep him well that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that this commandment came by her request; yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. * * At this instant came the Queen Hecuba, and the Queen Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and they humbled themselves and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed and desired him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and unarm him, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace thus armed as he was, and took his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the King Priamus came running anon, and took him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise he would be made to unarm him."

⁵ SCENE V.—"*Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse.*"

This circumstance is also minutely copied from 'The Destruction of Troy:—

"And of the party of the Trojans came the King Ademon that joustet against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face: and he and Troilus took him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great company of knights, and fought with Troilus at his coming, and smote him down, and took his horse, and sent it to Briseida, and did cause to say to her by his servant that it was Troilus's horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."

⁶ SCENE V.—"*—The dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers.*"

In 'The Destruction of Troy' we have an account of "a marvellous beast that was called Sagittary." The qualities of this beast are more circumstantially related by Lydgate:—

"And with him Guido saith that he had
A wonder archer of sight mervaylous,
Of form and shape in manner monstrous:
For like mine auctour as I rehearse can,
For the navel upward he was man,

And lower down like a horse yshaped:
And thilke part that after man was maked
Of skin was black and rough as any bear,
Cover'd with hair fro cold him for to wear.
Passing foul and horrible of sight,
Whose eyes twain were sparkling as bright
As is a furnace with his red leven,
Or the lightning that falleth from the heaven
Dreadful of look, and red as fire of cheer,
And, as I read, he was a good archer;
And with his bow both at even and morrow
Upon Greeks he wrought much sorrow."

⁵ SCENE V.—"*Now here he fights on Galathe his horse.*"

"Then when Hector was richly arrayed, and armed with good harness and sure, he mounted upon his horse named Galathe, that was one of the most great and strongest horses of the world."
(*'Destruction of Troy.'*)

⁶ SCENE IX.—"*Rest, sword.*"

Shakspeare borrowed the circumstance which preceded the death of Hector from the Gothic romancers:—

"When Achilles saw that Hector slew thus the nobles of Greece, and so many other that it was marvel to behold, he thought that, if Hector were not slain, the Greeks would never have victory. And forasmuch as he had slain many kings and princes, he ran upon him marvellously, * * but Hector cast to him a dart fiercely, and made him a wound in his thigh: and then Achilles issued out of the battle, and did bind up his wound, and took a great spear in purpose to slay Hector, if he might meet him. Among all these things Hector had taken a very noble baron of Greece, that was quaintly and richly armed, and, for to lead him out of the host at his ease, had cast his shield behind him at his back, and had left his breast discovered: and as he was in this point, and took none heed of Achilles, he came privily unto him, and thrust his spear within his body, and Hector fell down dead to the ground."

⁷ SCENE IX.—"*Strike, fellows, strike.*"

From the same authorities Shakspeare took the incident of Achilles employing his Myrmidons for the destruction of a Trojan chief; but they tell the story of Troilus, and not of Hector:—

"After these things the nineteenth battle began with great slaughter; and afore that Achilles entered into the battle he assembled his Myrmidons, and prayed them that they would intend to none other thing but to enclose Troilus, and to hold him without flying till he came, and that he would not be far from them. And they promised him that they so would. And he thronged into the battle. And on the other side came Troilus, that began to flee and boat

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down all them that he caught, and did so much, that about mid-day he put the Greeks to flight: then the Myrmidons (that were two thousand fighting men, and had not forgot the commandment of their lord) thrust in among the Troyans, and recovered the field. And as they held them together, and sought no man but Troylus, they found him that he fought strongly, and was enclosed on all parts, but he slew and wounded many. And as he was all alone among them, and had no man to succour him, they slew his horse, and hurt him in many places, and plucked off his head helm, and his coif of iron, and he defended him in the best manner he could. Then came on Achilles, when he saw Troylus all naked, and ran upon him in a rage, and smote off his head, and cast it under the feet of his horse, and took the body and bound

it to the tail of his horse, and so drew it after him throughout the host."

But Shakspeare again goes to his 'Homer,' when Achilles trails Hector "along the field :"—

"This said, a work not worthy him he set to: of both feet
He bor'd the nerves through from the heel to th'ankle, and
then knit

Both to his chariot with a thong of white leather, his head
Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid
The arms repurchas'd, and scourg'd on his horse that freely
flew;

A whirlwind made of startled dust drave with them as they
drew,

With which were all his black-brown curls knotted in heaps
and fill'd,

And there lay Troy's late gracious, by Jupiter exil'd,
To all disgrace in his own land, and by his parents seen."

(Chapman's Translation book and)



[Plains of Troy.]

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To Dryden's alteration of *Troilus and Cressida* was prefixed a prologue, "spoken by Mr. Betterton representing the Ghost of Shakspeare." The Ghost appears to have entirely forgotten what he was on earth; and to present a marvellous resemblance, in his mind at least, to Mr. John Dryden. He says,

*"In this my rough-drawn play you shall behold
Some master-strokes."*

Dryden, in his elaborate 'Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, containing the grounds of Criticism in Tragedy,' thus speaks of Shakspeare's performance:—

"For the play itself, the author seems to have begun it with some fire; the characters of Pandarus and Thersites are promising enough; but, as if he grew weary of his task, after an entrance or two he lets them fall; and the latter part of the tragedy is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms. The chief persons who gave name to the tragedy are left alive: Cressida is false, and is not punished. Yet, after all, because the play was Shakspeare's, and that there appeared in some places of it the admirable genius of the author, I undertook to remove that heap of rubbish under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly buried."

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The mode in which Dryden got rid of the rubbish, and built up his own edifice, is very characteristic of the age and of the man :—

"I new-modelled the plot; threw out many unnecessary persons; improved those characters which were *begun and left unfinished*,—as Hector, Troilus, Pandarus, and Thersites; and added that of Andromache. After this I made, with no small trouble, an order and connexion of all the scenes, removing them from the places where they were *inartificially set*."

The result of all this is, that the Ghost of Shakspeare, in the concluding lines of the Prologue, thus enlightens the audience as to the dominant idea of the *Troilus and Cressida* :—

"My faithful scene from true records shall tell
How Trojan valour did the Greek excel;
Your great forefathers shall their fame regain,
And Homer's angry ghost repine in vain."

Coleridge says, "there is no one of Shakspeare's plays harder to characterise." He has overlooked the circumstance that, when the "rubbish" was removed, it became a true record, a faithful chronicle, of the heroic actions of the Trojans,—our "great forefathers." With every admiration for "glorious John" in his own proper line, we must endeavour to understand what Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida* is, by comparing it with what it is *not* in the alteration before us.

The notion of Dryden was to convert the *Troilus and Cressida* into a regular tragedy. He complains, we have seen, that "the chief persons who give name to the tragedy are left alive: Cressida is false, and is not punished." The excitement of pity and terror, we are told, is the only ground of tragedy. Tragedy, too, must have "a moral that directs the whole action of the play to one centre." To this standard, then, is Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida* to be reduced. The chief persons who give name to the tragedy are *not* to be left alive. Cressida is *not* to be false; but she is to die: and so terror and pity are to be produced. And then comes the moral :—

"Then, since from home-bred factions ruin springs,
Let subjects learn obedience to their kings."

The management by which Dryden has accomplished this metamorphosis is one of the most remarkable examples of perverted ingenuity. He had a licentious age to please. He could not spare a line, or a word, of what may be considered the objectionable scenes between Pandarus, Troilus, and Cressida. They formed no part of the "rubbish" he desired to remove. He has heightened them wherever possible; and what in Shakspeare was a sly allusion becomes with him a positive grossness. Now let us consider for a moment what Shakspeare intended by these scenes. Cressida is the exception to Shakspeare's general idea of the female character. She is beautiful, witty, accomplished,—but she is impure. In her love is not a sentiment, or a passion,—it is an impulse. Temperament is stronger than will. Her love has nothing ideal, spiritual, in its composition. It is not constant, because it is not discriminate. Setting apart her inconstancy, how altogether different is Cressida from Juliet, or Viola, or Helena, or Perdita! There is nothing in her which could be called love; no depth, no concentration of feeling,—nothing that can bear the name of *devotion*. Shakspeare would not permit a mistake to be made on the subject; and he has therefore given to Ulysses to describe her, as *he* conceived her. Considering what his intentions were, and what really is the high morality of the characterisation, we can scarcely say that he has made the representation too prominent. When he drew Cressida, we think he had the feeling strong on his mind which gave birth to the 129th Sonnet. A French writer, in a notice of this play, says, "*Les deux amants se voient, s'entendent, et sont heureux*." Shakspeare has described such happiness :—

"A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell."

It was this morality that Shakspeare meant to teach when he painted this one exception to the general purity of his female characters. He did not, like the dramatists of the age of the Restora-

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tion, make purity the exception: his estimate of women was formed upon a truer standard. But when Dryden undertook to remodel Shakspeare, female morality, like every other morality, was merely conventional: virtue was an affair of expediency, and not of principle. With an entire submission, then, to the genius of his age, does Dryden retain and heighten the scenes between Troilus and Cressida until she quits the Trojan camp. But in all this, as we are to see in the sequel, Cressida is a perfectly correct and amiable personage. We are told, indeed, of her frank reception of the welcome of the Grecian chiefs; but there is no Ulysses to pronounce a judgment upon her character. She admits, indeed, the suit of Diomedes, and she gives him pledges of her affection; but this is all a make-believe, for, like a dutiful child, she is following the advice of her father:—

“ You must dissemble love to Diomed still:
False Diomed, bred in Ulysses’ school.
Can never be deceiv’d
But by strong arts and blandishments of love,
Put ’em in practice all; seem lost and won,
And draw him on, and give him line again.”

Upon this very solid foundation, then, are built up the terror and pity of Dryden’s tragedy: and so Troilus, who has witnessed Cressida’s endearments to Diomedes, refuses to believe that she is faithful; and then Cressida kills herself; and Troilus kills Diomedes; and Achilles kills Troilus; and all the Trojans are killed: and the Greeks who remain upon the field are very happy; and Ulysses tells us,—

“ Now peaceful Order has resumed the reins,
Old Time looks young, and nature seems renew’d.”

Here is a tragedy for you, which “is an imitation of one entire, great, and probable action, not told, but represented; which, by moving us to fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our minds.” So Dryden quotes Aristotle; and so, not understanding Aristotle, he takes upon himself to mend Shakspeare, “incomparable,” as he calls him, according to the notions of “my friend Mr. Rymer,” and of “Bossu, the best of modern critics.”

The feeling which the study of Shakspeare’s *Troilus and Cressida* slowly but certainly calls forth, is that of almost prostration before the marvellous intellect which has produced it. But this is the result of study, as we have said. The play cannot be understood upon a superficial reading: it is full of the most subtle art. We may set aside particular passages, and admire their surpassing eloquence,—their profound wisdom; but it is long before the play, as a whole, obtains its proper mastery over the understanding. It is very difficult to define what is the great charm and wonder of its entirety. To us it appears as if the poet, without the slightest particle of presumption, had proposed to himself to look down upon the Homeric heroes from an Olympus of his own. He opens the ‘*Iliad*,’ and there he reads of “Achilles’ baneful wrath.” A little onward he is told of the “high threatening” of “the great cloud-gatherer.” The gods of Homer are made up of human passions. But *he* appears throned upon an eminence, from which he can not only command a perfect view of the game which men play, but, seeing all, become a partisan of none,—perfectly cognisant of all motives, but himself motiveless. And yet the whole representation is true, and it is therefore genial. He does not stand above men by lowering men. Social life is not made worse than it is, that he who describes it may appear above its ordinary standard. It is not a travestie of Homer, or of Nature. The heroic is not lowered by association with the ridiculous. The heroes of the ‘*Iliad*’ show us very little of the vulgar side of human life,—not much even of the familiar; but the result is, that they cease to be heroic. How this is attained is the wonder. It is something to have got rid of the machinery of the gods,—something to have a Thersites eternally despising and despised. But this is not all. The whole tendency of the play,—its incidents, its characterisation,—is to lower what the Germans call herodoni. Ulrici maintains that “The far-sighted Shakspeare most certainly did not mistake as to the beneficial effect which a nearer intimacy with the high culture of antiquity had produced, and would produce, upon the Christian European mind. But he saw the danger of an indiscriminate admiration of this classical antiquity; for he who thus accepted it must necessarily fall to the very lowest station in religion and morality;—as, indeed, if we closely observe the

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character of the 18th century, we see has happened. Out of this prophetic spirit, which penetrated with equal clearness through the darkness of coming centuries and the clouds of a far-distant past, Shakspeare wrote this deeply-significant satire upon the Homeric herodotom. He had no desire to debase the elevated, to deteriorate or make little the great, and still less to attack the poetical worth of Homer, or of heroic poetry in general. But he wished to warn the roughly against the over-valuation and idolatry of them, to which man so willingly abandons himself. He endeavoured, at the same time, to bring strikingly to view the universal truth that every thing that is merely human, even when it is glorified with the nimbus of a poetic ideality and a mythical past, yet, seen in the bird's-eye perspective of a pure moral ideality, appears very small." All this may seem as super-refinement, in which the critic pretends to see farther than the poet ever saw. But to such an objection there is a very plain answer. A certain result is produced:—is the result correctly described? If it be so, is that result an effect of principle or an effect of chance? As a proof that it was the effect of principle, we may say that Dryden did not see the principle; and that, not seeing it, he entirely changed the character of the play as a work of art. For example, there is no scene in the drama so entirely in accordance with the principle as that in which Ulysses stirs up the slothful and dogged Achilles into a rivalry with Ajax. It is altogether so Shaksperian in its profundity,—it presents such a key to the whole Shaksperian conduct of this wonderful drama,—that we can scarcely be content merely to refer to it.

" *Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor fees not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; who, like an arch, rever-
berates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there
are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is feasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;

As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,

And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me

As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me

Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

A great-sized monster of ingratitude:

Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,

Keeps honour bright. To have done, is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail

In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;

For honour travels in a straight so narrow,

Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,

That one by one pursue: If you give way,

Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,

Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,

And leave you hindmost;—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,

Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,

O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in pre-
sent,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:

For time is like a fashionable host,

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;

And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,

Grasps-in the corner: Welcome ever smiles,

And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;

For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things past;

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object.

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Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,

If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And ease thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction."

Now, of this scene Dryden has not a word. This was a part of the "rubbish" which he discarded. But in the place of it he gives us an entirely new scene between Hector and Troilus—"almost half the act." He says, "the occasion of raising it was hinted to me by Mr. Betterton; the contrivance and working of it was my own." This scene, he admits, was an imitation of the famous scene in Julius Cæsar between Brutus and Cassius. And so Dryden transposes the principle of one play into another; destroys the grave irony of Troilus and Cressida by the introduction of the heroic seriousness which was in its place in Julius Cæsar; and gives us, altogether, a set of mongrel characters, compounded of the commonplace heroic and Shakspeare's reduction of the false heroic to truth and reason. And yet, with all his labour, Dryden could not make the thing consistent. He is compelled to take Shakspeare's representation of Ajax, for example. One parallel passage will be sufficient to show how Dryden and Shakspeare managed these things:—

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"Thank Heav'n, my lord, you're of a gentle nature,
Praise him that got you, her that brought you forth;
But he who taught you first the use of arms,
Let Mars divide eternity in two,
And give him half. I will not praise your wisdom,
Nestor shall do't; but pardon, father Nestor,
Were you as green as Ajax, and your brain
Temper'd like his, you never should excel him,
But be as Ajax is."

SHAKSPEARE.

"*Ulysses*. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax."

One of the most extraordinary subtleties of Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida* arises out of the circumstance that the real heroic tragedy is found side by side with the ironical heroic. Cassandra, short as the character is, may be classed amongst the finest creations of art. Dryden omits Cassandra altogether. Was this a want of a real perception of "the grounds" of tragedy; or an instinct which avoided the higher heroic, when it would come into contrast with his own feebler conceptions? The Cassandra of Shakspeare is introduced to heighten the effect of the petty passions, the worldliness, which are everywhere around her. The solemn and the earnest are in alliance with madness.

Ulrici has a curious theory about this drama. Without yielding our assent to it, we give it as a specimen of very ingenious conjecture:—

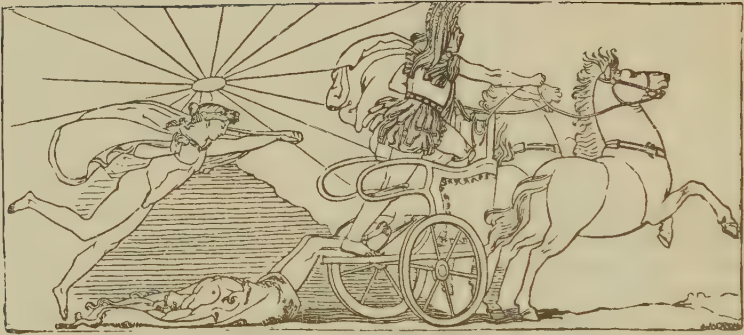
"Shakspeare, in working up these materials, has had another design in the background respecting himself and his art. We know that Ben Jonson, his friend as a man, but his decided opponent as a dramatist, had taken, as the object of his critical and poetical activity, the restoration of the dramatic art in his lifetime to the ancient form according to the (certainly misunderstood) rules of Aristotle; and afterwards, upon that principle, to form the English national drama. Shakspeare, although frequently attacked, has never openly and directly engaged in the advocacy of the contrary principle. He despised the contest; doubtless because nothing was to be decided upon by vague abstract reasoning upon the merits of a theory. But the points of his opponent's arrows were broken off as soon as it was proved, in the most striking manner, that the spirit and character, customs and forms of life, of antiquity were essentially different and distinct from those founded upon Christian opinions and represented in a Christian point of view. It would appear at once as a most contradictory beginning to wish to transfer foreign ancient principles of art into the poetry of Christianity. And how could Shakspeare, the poet, produce a proof more strong, striking,

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

and convincing, than to embody his own principles in a poem open to all eyes? But we must not expect to find such a by-end made prominent; the poet, indeed, hedges it round, and scarcely leaves anything palpable. * * * Only one single dismembered feature he suffered to remain, perhaps in order to act as a direction to the initiated. I mean the passage where Hector reproaches Troilus and Paris that they had discussed very superficially the controversy as to the delivering up of Helen:—

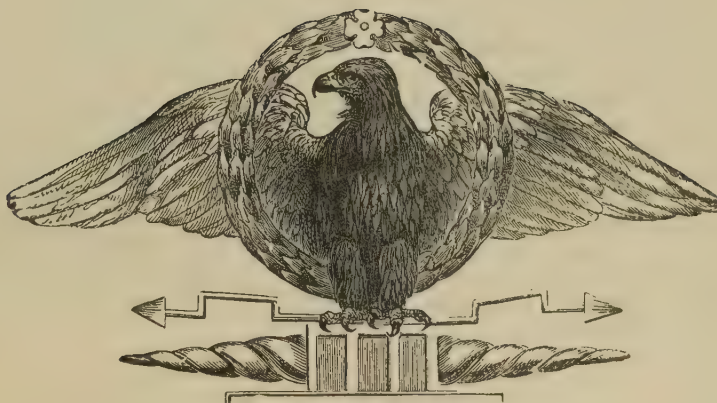
‘ Not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.’

The words have certainly their value in themselves for their comic effect. Nevertheless, may not this very useless and unfitting anachronism contain a satirical horsewhip for Shakspeare's pedantic adversaries, who everywhere invoked their Aristotle without sense or understanding !”



[Hector's Body dragged at the Car of Achilles.]





[Roman Eagle.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF CORIOLANUS.

'THE tragedy of Coriolanus' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. It is entered in the Stationers' registers of that year by the publishers of the folio, as one of the copies "not formerly entered to other men." In this folio edition it stands the first of the tragedies in the order of paging; but this arrangement, as in every other case, was in all likelihood an arbitrary one. The text is divided into acts and scenes, according to the modern editions: and the stage directions are very full and precise. With the exception of some obvious typographical errors, such as invariably occur even under the eye of an author when a book is printed from manuscript, the text may be received as accurate.

It would be a natural and almost unavoidable consequence of printing blank verse from a post-humous manuscript, that the beginnings and endings of the lines should be occasionally confused, and that therefore the metrical arrangement of the author would not be perfectly represented in the printed copy. In the text of Coriolanus the variorum editors have, in several instances, corrected obvious defects of the original metrical arrangement; but they have as frequently destroyed its harmony and force from their invariable dislike to short lines and alexandrines, and so they piece on and lop off with their usual vigour.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

Malone assigns the tragedy of *Coriolanus* to the year 1610. He has given *Julius Cæsar* to 1607, and *Antony and Cleopatra* to 1608. On the 20th of May of that year Edward Blount enters at Stationers' Hall "a book called *Anthony and Cleopatra*;" but in 1623 Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio, enter "Mr. William Shakspeare's *Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*, so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men." Amongst these is *Antony and Cleopatra*. All the plays thus entered in 1623 were unpublished; and not one of them, with the exception of *Antony and Cleopatra*, had been "formerly entered" by name. It is therefore more than probable that the '*Anthony and Cleopatra*' entered in 1608 was not Shakspeare's tragedy; and we therefore reject this entry as any evidence that Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* was written as early as 1608. Upon the date of this play depends, according to Malone, the date of *Julius Cæsar*. We state, unhesitatingly, that there is no *internal* evidence whatever for the dates of any of the three Roman plays. We believe that they belong to the same cycle; but we would place that later in Shakspeare's life than is ordinarily done. Malone places them together, properly enough; but in assuming that they were written in 1607, 1608, and 1610, his theory makes Shakspeare almost absolutely unemployed for the last seven years of his life. We hold that his last years were devoted to these plays. The proof which Chalmers offers that *Coriolanus* was written in 1609 is one of the many ingenious absurdities with which he has surrounded the question of the chronological order of Shakspeare's plays. The citizens, he says, are resolved rather to die than to famish;—they require corn cheap; there is a dearth. He adds, very gravely, "Now the fact is, that the years 1608 and 1609 were times of great dearth. . . . And therefore the play was probably written in 1609 while the pressure was yet felt." We say, now the fact is, the *original story* turns upon the dearth. In North's '*Plutarch*' we have the causes assigned "which made the extreme dearth;" and Plutarch also tells us there was great scarcity of corn within the city. If Shakspeare found the dearth in the original story, what could the dearth of 1608 possibly have to do with the mode in which he dramatized it?

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

'*The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by Plutarch, done into English by Thomas North*,' is a book on many accounts to be venerated. It is still the best translation of Plutarch we have,—full of fine robust English,—a book worthy of Shakspeare to read and sometimes to imitate. Here he found the story of *Coriolanus* told in the most graphic manner; and he followed it pretty literally. Niebuhr places this story amongst the fabulous legends of Rome. Plutarch, and especially Shakspeare, have made it almost impossible to believe that such Romans did not really live, and think, and talk, and act, as we see them in these wonderful pictures of humanity. In the Illustrations to each act we have given the parallel passages from Plutarch. We here subjoin a summary of the story of *Coriolanus*, which we extract from a work whose articles on classical literature are deservedly valued as authorities.

"*Coriolanus* was in the Roman camp when the consul Cominius was laying siege to Corioli. The besieged, making a vigorous sally, succeeded in driving back the Romans to their camp; but *Coriolanus* immediately rallied them, rushed through the gates, and took the place. Meanwhile the Antiates had come to relieve the town, and were on the point of engaging with the consul's army, when *Coriolanus* commenced the battle, and soon completely defeated them. From this time he was greatly admired for his warlike abilities, but his haughty demeanour gave considerable offence to the commonalty. Not long afterwards his implacable anger was excited by being refused the consulship; and when, on occasion of a severe famine in the city, corn was at last brought from Sicily (some purchased and some given by a Greek prince), and a debate arose whether it should be given gratis or sold to the plebs, *Coriolanus* strenuously advised that it should be sold. The people in their fury would have torn him in pieces had not the tribunes summoned

CORIOLANUS.

him to take his trial. He was banished by a majority of the tribes, and retired to Antium, the chief town of the Volsci, where the king, Attius Tullus, received him with great hospitality. Coriolanus promised the Volsci his aid in their war against Rome, and they forthwith granted him the highest civil honours, and appointed him their general. He attacked and took many towns; among others, Circeii, Satricum, Longula, and Lavinium. At last he directed his march to Rome itself, and pitched his camp only a few miles from the city, where he dictated the terms at which the Romans might purchase a cessation of hostilities. Among other things he demanded that the land taken from the Volsci should be restored, that the colonies settled there should be recalled, and that the whole people should be received as allies and citizens with equal rights; and that all those who had enlisted themselves under his banners should be recalled, as well as himself. Coriolanus allowed them two terms, one of thirty and the other of three days, for making up their minds. After thirty days had expired, a deputation of four leading senators came before his tribunal, but were repulsed with threats if they should again offer anything but unreserved submission.

"On the second day the whole body of priests and augurs came in their official garb, and implored him, but in vain. On the third and last day which he had allowed them he intended to lead his army against the city, but another expedient was tried, and succeeded. The noblest matrons of the city, led by Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and his wife Volumnia, who held her little children by the hand, came to his tent. Their lamentations at last prevailed on his almost unbending resolution, and addressing his mother he said, with a flood of tears, 'Take then thy country instead of me, since this is thy choice.' The embassy departed; and, dismissing his forces, he returned and lived among the Volsci to a great age. According to another account, he was murdered by some of the Volsci, who were indignant at his withdrawing from the attack.

"After his death, however, the Roman women were mourning for him, as they had done for some former heroes. The public gratitude for the patriotic services of Volumnia was acknowledged by a temple, which was erected to Female Fortune."*

SCENERY AND COSTUME.

It would be extremely difficult to represent the Rome of Coriolanus,—its streets, its market-place, its senate-house,—without a violation of historical propriety. The stage may properly take a greater licence in this matter than we can venture to do. We have therefore judged it best to illustrate this tragedy by engravings which show the unchanging natural localities of Rome, and some of the remains of the ancient city. We do not assume that these remains belong to the Rome of Coriolanus: we know the contrary. But they are the nearest associations which we can offer; and they tell a tale of grandeur and of ruin which harmonizes with the leading idea of the drama.

The general subject of Roman *costume* will be more appropriately examined in the succeeding tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

* English Cyclopædia—Art. Coriolanus

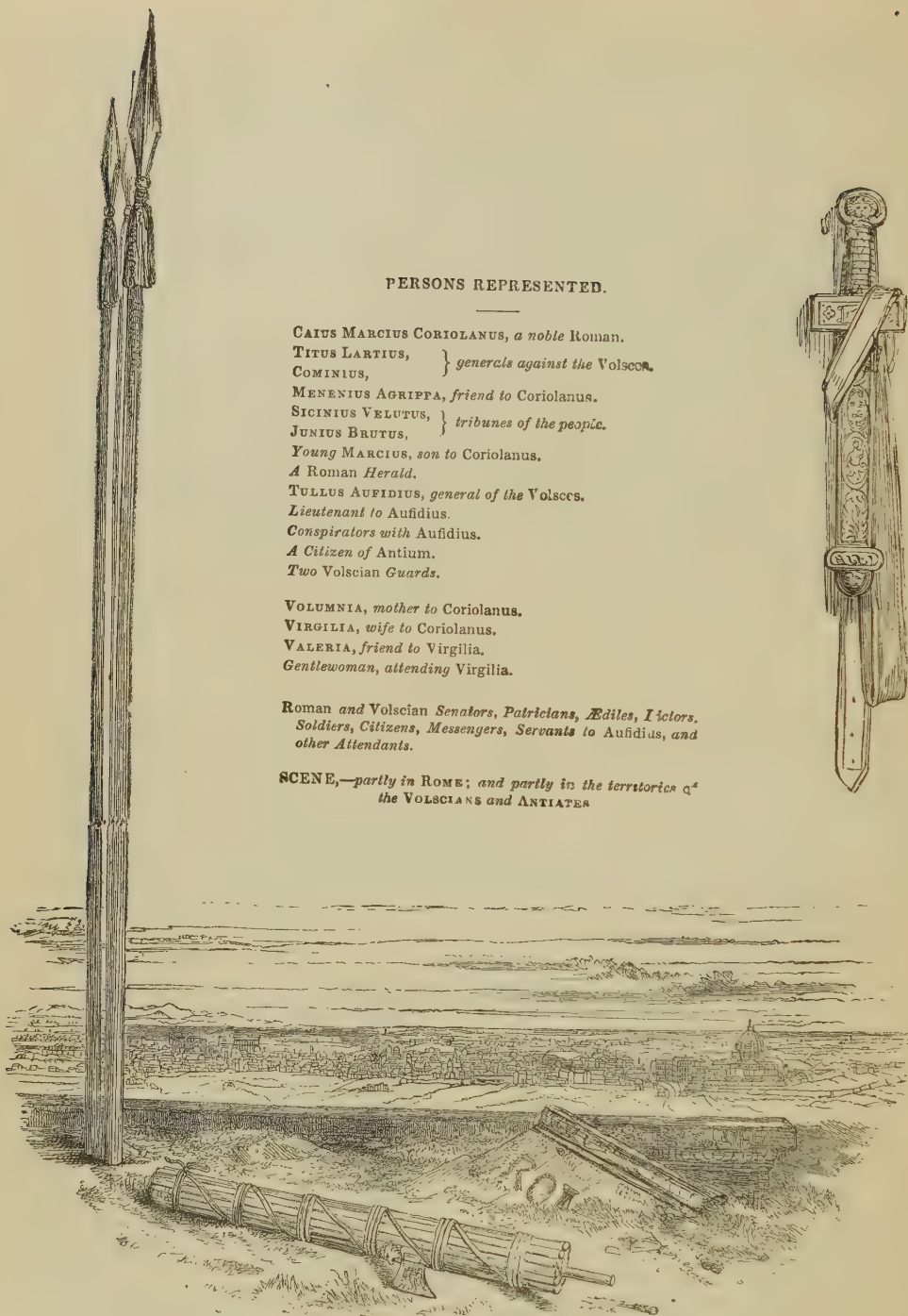
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

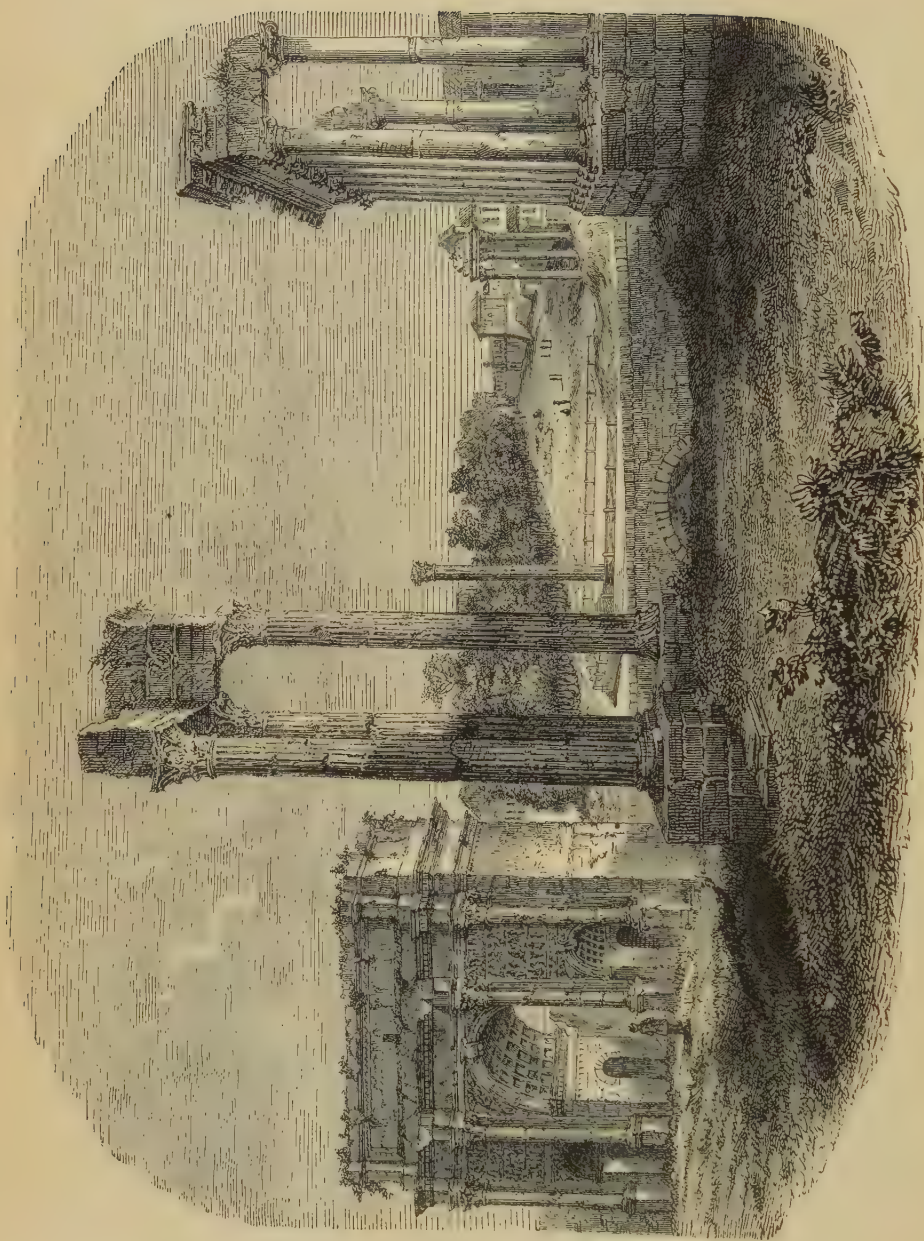
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
 TITUS LARTIUS, } *generals against the Volscos.*
 COMINIUS, }
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*
 SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
 YOUNG MARCIUS, *son to Coriolanus.*
 A ROMAN HERALD.
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscos.*
 Lieutenant to Aufidius.
 Conspirators with Aufidius.
 A Citizen of Antium.
 Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*
 VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*
 VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*
 Gentlewoman, *attending Virgilia.*

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Victors,
 Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and
 other Attendants.

SCENE,—*partly in ROME; and partly in the territories of*
the VOLSCIANS and ANTIATES





ROME: THE FORUM.

Virgilianus. Act I, sc. I



[Site of Rome. Tiburtine Chain in the distance.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to furnish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't: let it be done: way, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the

patricians, good:^a What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:^b for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

^a *Good*—used in the sense in which Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice, says, "Antonio is a good man."

^b *Rakes*. Spenser, in the 'Fairy Queen,' has—

"His body lean and meagre as a rake."

The allusion, there can be little doubt, is to the tool so called. The simile is very old; we find in Chaucer—

"As lean was his horse as is a rake."

This is the sense, we apprehend, in which the citizens are to "become rakes."

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end; though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: 'Would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.*^a Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

^a All the subsequent dialogue with Menenius is given by the variorum editors to the *first* citizen. Malone thus explains the change:—"This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given by the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus." We adhere to the original copy, for the precise reason which Malone gives for departing from it. The *first* citizen is a hater of public men,—the second of public measures; the first would kill Coriolanus,—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus. We are satisfied that it was not Shakespeare's intention to make the low brawler against an individual argue so well with Menenius in the matter of the "kingly-crowned head," &c. The speaker is of a higher cast than he who says, "Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price."

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants. Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain;¹ make edicts for usury, to support usurers;² repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale 't a little more.

^a To stale 't. The original has to scale 't. We adopted it in previous editions, in the sense of *weight*. Menenius will venture to *weigh*, to try the value, of the "pretty tale," a little more; though they may have heard it, he will again *scale* it. But Steevens says, "to scale is to *disperse*; though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it still wider, and diffuse it among the rest." Horne Tooke's explanation appears to us somewhat fanciful. To scale, he says, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *scylan*, to divide. The tale of Menenius is scaled by being divided into particulars. But Mr. Dyce has referred to a note by Gifford, on a passage in Massinger,

"I'll not stale the jest

By my relation."

Gifford gives this explanation of *stale*: "render it flat, deprive it of zest by previous intimation;" and then notices the passage of the text. "This is one of a thousand instances which might be brought to prove that the true reading in Coriolanus, Act I., Sc. I., is

"To stale 't a little more."

The old copies have *scale*, for which Theobald judiciously proposed *stale*. To this Warburton objects, petulantly enough, it must be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to *weigh*; so, indeed, it does, and many other things; none of which, however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens, too, prefers *scale*, which he proves, from a variety of authorities, to mean, "scatter, disperse, spread." Mr. Dyce adds, "There is, indeed, no end of passages in our early dramatists where *stale* occurs in the sense of 'make stale familiar,' &c." Upon these authorities we adopt *stale* 't.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
P' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate; did minister^a
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,

(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,

'Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)

Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,

^a This is usually pointed thus:—

"And, mutually participate, did minister," &c.

Malone tells us that *participate* is participant (the participle). We follow the punctuation of the folio.

Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.

'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,

'That I receive the general food at first,

Which you do live upon: and fit it is;

Because I am the storehouse, and the shop

Of the whole body: But if you do remember,

I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,

And through the cranks and offices of man:

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,

From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live:^a And though that all at once,

You, my good friends,' (this says the belly,) mark me,—

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. 'Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each;

Yet I can make my audit up, that all

From me do back receive the flour^b of all,

And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,

And you the mutinous members. For examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,

No public benefit, which you receive,

But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,

And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?

You, the great toe of this assembly?—

^a A common punctuation of this passage is,—

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves," &c.

This arrangement of the passage involves a difficulty. The "heart" is metaphorically "the court," the centre to which all tends; but the punctuation also makes it "the seat of the brain." This, Malone and Douce tell us, is right: the "brain" is here put for the understanding, and according to the old philosophy the "heart" was the seat of the understanding. Now, we do not believe that Shakspeare's judgment would have permitted him to use "heart" in a physical sense, and "brain" in a metaphysical; nor do we see why the belly should not claim the merit of supplying the head as well as the heart. The obvious meaning of the passage without any of this forced punctuation (the original uses no point but the comma) appears to us to be,—I send the general food through the rivers of your blood, to the court, the heart; I send it to the seat of the brain, and through the cranks and offices (obscure parts) of the whole body. By this means

"The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."

^b *Flour.* This is certainly the flour of corn opposed to "the bran." The word in the text was usually spelt *flower*, which, though correct in the original sense of flour, may give an erroneous impression to the reader.

2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have *bale*.^a—Hail, noble
Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee
will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,

Where he should find you lions finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favour swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

^a *Bale*—ruin. This is the only instance in which Shakspeare uses the substantive *bale*; though we have frequently *baleful*. Malone tells us the word was obsolete in Shakspeare's time: but it is one of Shakspeare's merits to cling to our fine old language, not ostentatiously, but with a full knowledge of its powers.

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,

The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions,
and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's
grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,^a

And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick^b my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!

They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,

That meat was made for mouths, that the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich man only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,

(To break the heart of generosity,

And make bold power look pale,) they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time

Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

^a *Ruth*—pity—another old word.

^b *Pick*—pitch.

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscæ are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us;

The Volscæ are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader, Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility:

And were I anything but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him: he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,

Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other, Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where,

I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;

Right worthy you priority.^a

Com. Noble Marcius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens.

Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,

To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers, Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM., MAR., TIT., and MENEN. Citizens steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

^a We must here understand, worthy of priority.

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird^a the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown

Too proud to be so valiant.^b

Sic. Such a nature, Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder His insolence can brook to be commanded Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims, In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by A place below the first: for what miscarries Shall be the general's fault, though he perform To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure Will then cry out of Marcius, 'O, if he Had borne the business!'

Sic. Besides, if things go well, Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall Of his demerits^c rob Cominius.

Bru. Come: Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius, Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear How the despatch is made; and in what fashion, More than in singularity, he goes Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius, That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels, And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours? Whatever have^d been thought on in this state, That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome

^a *Gird.* This is the verb of Falstaff's noun, "Every man has a gird at me."

^b There is much dispute about the meaning of this sentence. "The present wars devour him" is clear enough, we think; the wars absorb, eat up the whole man: and then comes the explanation; he is grown too proud of his valour—of being so valiant.

^c *Demerits.* The word is used in a similar sense in Othello,—that of *merits*. The meaning of ill-deserving was acquired later; for *demerit* is constantly used for *desert* by the old writers.

^d *Whatever have*—elliptically, whatever things have.

Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I
think

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
'They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent: most 'Tely, 't is for you:
Consider of it.'

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in
the hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in* many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever^b strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: They sit down
on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing;³ or express

* Take in—subdue.

^b *Ever*. In Reed's edition this was strangely changed to *never*. By "ever strike" we understand, we shall continue to strike; if we adopt the reading of *never*, we must accept *strike* in the sense of striking a colour—yielding.

yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.⁴ I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Bsceeh you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning
him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and can thus,—
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in
fear,

Though you were born in Rome.⁵ His bloody
brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he
goes;

Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,

And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; or O' I warrant, how he mammoocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors?

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would oe another Peneope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your

finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volscs have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithce, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam, indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.⁵

Enter, with drums and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work:

That we with smoking swords may march from
hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy
blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some
Senators, and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than
he:

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Alarums afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our
walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far
off; [Other alarums.

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Lad-
ders, ho!

The Volsces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their
city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and
fight

With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on,
my fellows;

He that retires I'll take him for a Volsee,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarums, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fight-
ing. The Romans are beaten back to their
trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on
you,

You shames of Rome!—you herd of—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and
hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,

And make my wars on you! look to't: Come
on;

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their
wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-
enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces
retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them
to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good
seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows stands up! Thou art left,

Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish,^a not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the
world

Were feverous, and did tremble

^a The original has "*Calves wish.*" This is evidently a
typographical error; but, following Rowe and Pope, Mr.
Monck Mason would have us read *Calvus' wish.* We
quite agree with Malone that the manuscript was *Catoes*;
easily mistaken and rendered by the printer *Calves.* But
we do not agree with him that Shakspeare committed the
anachronism in ignorance. Plutarch, describing the valiant
deeds of Coriolanus, says (North's translation), "He was
even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a cap-
tain to be." Shakspeare puts nearly the same words in the
mouth of Lartius; feeling that Lartius, in thus conveying
the sentiment of Plutarch, was to the audience as a sort of
chorus. He had no vision of a critic before him, book in
hand, calling out that Cato was not born till two hundred
and fifty-three years after the death of Coriolanus. Now
Mr. Malone, with his exact chronology of the death of Corio-
lanus, commits in the eyes of modern learning as great a
blunder as Shakspeare commits in his eyes. We hold to the
reading of "Cato's wish," which Theobald very sensibly
gave us.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O! 't is Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with
them!—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To
him!—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
haste

To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you
well.

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great
charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
man,

Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest!—So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—

[Exit MARCIUS.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away!

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought:
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long
is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volscies
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from
a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of
others,
But martled in your own.

Mar. O' let me clip you

In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for
them!)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think:

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on
which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their hands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,

Wave thus, [*waving his hand*] to express his dis-
position,

And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take
him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?

If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the
rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli,
going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS
and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant,
a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your
duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct
us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do
hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Eceunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
tribunes,

That, with the fustiest plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—‘We thank the
gods,

Our Rome hath such a soldier!’—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have
done,

As you have done: that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,

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Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech
you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses,

(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,)
of all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius!
Marcius! cast up their caps and lances:
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets
shall

I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities
be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel
grows soft

As the parasite's silk!

Let them be made an overture for the wars!^a

^a We here venture to make an important change in the generally received reading of this passage.

“May these same instruments, which you profane, Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made An overture for the wars!”

The stage direction of the original which precedes this speech is, “*A long flourish.*” The drums and trumpets have sounded in honour of Coriolanus; but, displeased as he may be, it is somewhat unreasonable of him to desire that these instruments may “never sound more.” We render his desire, by the slightest change of punctuation, somewhat more rational:—

“May these same instruments, which you profane, Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall I' the field prove flatterers!”

The difficulty increases with the received reading; for, according to this, when drums and trumpets prove flatterers, courts and cities are to be made of false-faced soothing. Courts and cities are precisely what a soldier would describe as invariably so made. But Coriolanus contrasts courts and cities with the field; he separates them:—

“Let courts and cities be Made all of false-fac'd soothing:”

and he adds, as we believe.

No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here's many else have
done,

You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,

Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this
time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—

Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank
you:—

I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

"Where steel grows soft
As the parasite's silk!"

The difficulties with the received reading are immeasurable. When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk the commentators say that *him* (the steel), used for *it*, is to be made an *overture* for the wars; but what overture means here they do not attempt to explain. The slight change we have made gives a perfectly clear meaning. The whole speech has now a leading idea:—

"Let them be made an overture for the wars."

Let them, the instruments which you profane, be the *prelude* to our wars. Opposed as we are to editorial licence, we hold ourselves keeping within due bounds in substituting *where* for *when*, and *them* for *him*; for there are several instances of these words having been misprinted in the original copies. We believe that the sense of these lines has been mistaken, in some measure, through the deviations from the metrical arrangement in the original. Our reading follows this arrangement much more closely than that of the modern editors.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that
now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 't is yours.—What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request
you

To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot!—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 't is time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volsces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on good con-
dition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsee, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
If the part that is at mercy? Five times, Mar-
cius,

I have fought with thee; so often nast thou beat
me;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we en-
counter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had: for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some
way;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,

'The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements^a all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to
the city;

^a *Embarquements*—embargues.

Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that
must

Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol.

Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:

I pray you, ('t is south the city mills,) bring me
word thither

How the world goes; that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol.

I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]



[Th Tiber. Mount Aventine in the distance.]



[150-a Tiberiana.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.—*“Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain.”*

PLUTARCH describes two insurrections of the Roman plebeians against the patricians. The second was on account of the scarcity of corn, and is thus related:—

“Now, when this war was ended, the flatterers of the people began to stir up sedition again, without any new occasion or just matter offered of complaint. For they did ground this second insurrection against the nobility and patricians upon the people’s misery and misfortune, that could not but fall out, by reason of the former discord and sedition between them and the nobility. Because the most part of the arable land within the territory of Rome was become heathy and barren for lack of ploughing, for that they had no time nor mean to cause corn to be brought them out of other countries to sow, by reason of their wars, which made the extreme dearth they had among them. Now those busy prattlers, that sought the people’s good will by such flattering words, perceiving great scarcity of corn to be within the city—and, though there had been plenty enough, yet the common people had no money to buy it—they spread abroad false tales and rumours against the nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had practised and procured the extreme dearth among them.”

² SCENE I.—*“Make edicts for usury, to support usurers.”*

This was the principal cause of the first insurrection; and it was upon this occasion that Menenius told the “pretty tale” which Shakspeare has so dramatically treated:—

“Now, he being grown to great credit and authority in Rome for his valiantness, it fortuned there grew sedition in the city, because the senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complain of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed money. * * * * Whereupon their chief magistrates and many of the senate began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason they should somewhat yield to the poor people’s request, and that they should a little qualify the severity of the law; other held hard against that opinion, and that was Martius for one; for he alleged that the creditors losing their money they had lent was not the worst thing that was herein; but that the lenity that was favoured was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the commonalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion; therefore he said, if the senate were wise they should betimes prevent and quench this ill-favoured and worse-meant beginning. The senate met many days in consultation about it; but in the end they con-

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cluded nothing. * * * * Of those, Menenius Agrippa was he who was sent for chief man of the message from the senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requests made to the people on the behalf of the senate, knit up his oration in the end with a notable tale, in this manner:—That, on a time, all the members of man's body did rebel against the belly, complaining of it that it only remained in the midst of the body, without doing anything, neither did bear any labour to the maintenance of the rest; whereas all other parts and members did labour painfully, and were very careful to satisfy the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said, It is true I first receive all meats that nourish man's body; but afterwards I send it again to the nourishment of other parts of the same. Even so (quoth he), O you, my masters and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike between the senate and you; for, matters being well digested, and their counsels thoroughly examined, touching the benefit of the commonwealth, the senators are cause of the common commodity that cometh unto every one of you. These persuasions pacified the people, conditionally that the senate would grant there should be yearly chosen five magistrates, which they now call *Tribuni plebis*, whose office should be to defend the poor people from violence and oppression. So Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only been the causers and procurers of this sedition."

Shakspeare found the apologue also in Camden's 'Remains,' and he has availed himself of one or two peculiarities of the story, as there related:—

"All the members of the body conspired against the stomach, as against the swallowing gulf of all their labours: for whereas the eyes beheld, the ears heard, the hands laboured, the feet travelled, the tongue spake, and all parts performed their functions; only the stomach lay idle and consumed all. Hereupon they jointly agreed all to forbear their labours, and to pine away their lazy and public enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them all that they called a common council. The eyes waxed dim, the feet could not support the body, the arms waxed lazy, the tongue faltered and could not lay open the matter; therefore they all with one accord desired the advice of the heart. There reason laid open before them," &c.

³ SCENE III.—"*I pray you, daughter, sing.*"

According to Plutarch, Coriolanus, when he married, "never left his mother's house;" and Shakspeare has beautifully exhibited Volumnia and Valeria following their domestic occupations together:—

"The only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him;

for he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable as that his mother might hear everybody praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy. Which desire, they say, Epaminondas did avow and confess to have been in him, as to think himself a most happy and blessed man that his father and mother in their lifetime had seen the victory he won in the plain Leuctres. Now, as for Epaminondas, he had this good hap, to have his father and mother living to be partakers of his joy and prosperity; but Martius, thinking all due to his mother, that had been also due to his father if he had lived, did not only content himself to rejoice and honour her, but at her desire took a wife also, by whom he had two children, and yet never left his mother's house therefore."

⁴ SCENE III.—"*To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.*"

Plutarch thus describes the prowess of Coriolanus, When yet he was but tender-bodied:—

"The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquin, surnamed the Proud (that had been King of Rome, and was driven out for his pride, after many attempts made by sundry battles to come in again, wherein he was ever overcome), did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latins, and many other people of Italy, even, as it were, to set up his whole rest upon a battle by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdom again, not so much to pleasure him as to overthrow the power of the Romans, whose greatness they both feared and envied. In this battle, wherein were many hot and sharp encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the dictator; and a Roman soldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy with his own hands that had before overthrown the Roman. Hereupon, after the battle was won, the dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore, first of all, he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughs: for whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."

⁵ SCENE IV.—"*Before Corioli.*"

Shakspeare has followed Plutarch very closely in his narrative of the war against the Volces:—

"In the country of the Volces, against whom the Romans made war at that time, there was a principal city, and of most fame, that was called Corioles, before the which the consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore, all the other Volces fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the country to save

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

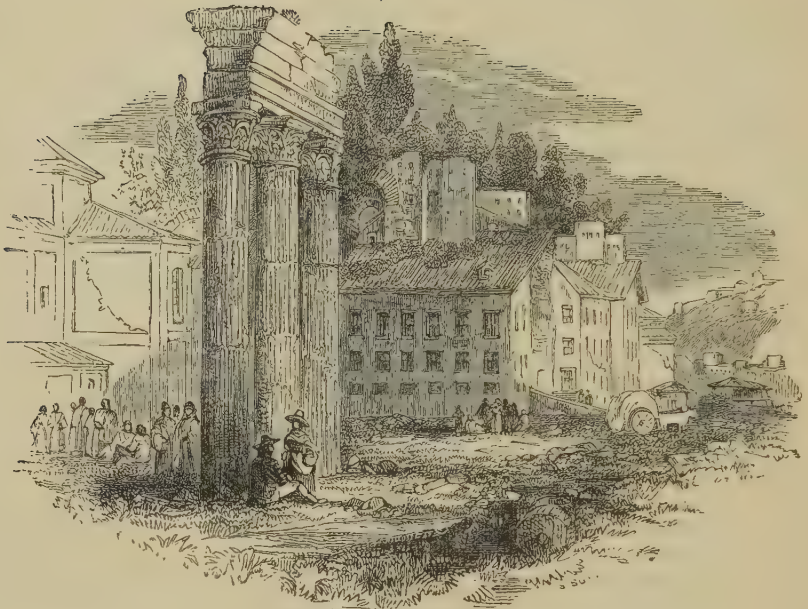
it, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The consul Cominius, understanding this, divided his army also into two parts, and, taking the one part with himself, he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country; and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of the valiantest men the Romans had at that time), to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. So the Coriolans, making small account of them that lay in camp before the city, made a sally out upon them, in the which at the first the Coriolans had the better, and drove the Romans back again into the trenches of their camp. But Martius being there at that time, running out of the camp with a few men with him, he slew the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon the sudden, crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight with a loud voice. For he was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afear'd with the sound of his voice and grimness of his countenance. Then there flock'd about him immediately a great number of Romans: whereat the enemies were so afear'd, that they gave back presently. But Martius, not staying so, did chase and follow them to their own gates, that fled for life. And there perceiving that the Romans retired back, for the great number of darts and arrows which flew about their ears from the walls of the city, and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venture himself to follow the flying enemies into their city, for that it was full of men of war, very well armed and appointed, he did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them that Fortune had opened the gates of the city more for the followers than the flyers: but all this notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him. Howbeit, Martius, being in the throng amongst the enemies, thrust himself into the gates of the city, and entered the same among them that fled, without that any one of them durst at the first turn their face upon him, or offer to stay him. But, he looking about him, and seeing he was entered the city with very few men to help him, and perceiving he was environed by his enemies that gathered round about to set upon him, did things, as it is written, wonderful and incredible, as well for the force of his hand as also for the agility of his body, and with a wonderful courage and valiantness he made a lane through the midst of them, and overthrew also those he laid at: that some he made run to the furthest part of the city, and other for fear he made yield themselves, and to let fall their weapons before him. By this means, Martius, that was

gotten out, had some leisure to bring the Romans with more safety into the city. The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the soldiers began incontinently to spoil, to carry away, and to look up the booty they had won. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no time now to look after spoil, and to run straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other consul and their fellow-citizens, peradventure, were fighting with their enemies: and how that, leaving the spoil, they should seek to wind themselves out of danger and peril. Howbeit, cry and say to them what he could, very few of them would hearken to him. Wherefore, taking those that willingly offered themselves to follow him, he went out of the city, and took his way toward that part where he understood the rest of the army was, exhorting and entreating them by the way that followed him not to be faint-hearted; and oft holding up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to be gracious and favourable unto him, that he might come in time to the battle, and in a good hour to hazard his life in defence of his countrymen. Now the Romans, when they were put in battle array, and ready to take their targets on their arms, and to gird them upon their arming coats, had a custom to make their wills at that very instant, without any manner of writing, naming him only whom they would make their heir in the presence of three or four witnesses. Martius came just to that reckoning, whilst the soldiers were doing after that sort, and that the enemies were approached so near as one stood in view of the other. When they saw him at his first coming all bloody and in a sweat, and but with a few men following him, some thereupon began to be afear'd. But soon after, when they saw him run with a lively cheer to the consul, and to take him by the hand, declaring how he had taken the city of Corioles, and that they saw the consul Cominius also kiss and embrace him, then there was not a man but took heart again to him, and began to be of good courage, some hearing him report from point to point the happy success of this exploit, and other also conjecturing it by seeing their gestures afar off. Then they all began to call upon the consul to march forward, and to delay no longer, but to give charge upon the enemy. Martius asked him, how the order of the enemy's battle was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men? the consul made him answer, that he thought the bands which were in the vaward of their battle were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant courage would give no place to any of the host of their enemies: then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul granted him, greatly praising his courage. Then Martius, when both armies came almost to join,

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advanced himself a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vaward that came right against him, that they could stand no longer in his hands; he made such a lane through them, and opened a passage into the battle of the enemies. But the two wings of either side turned one to the other, to compass him in between them: which the consul Cominius perceiving, he sent thither straight of the best soldiers he had about him. So the battle was marvellous bloody about Martius, and in a very short space many were slain in the place. But in the end the Romans were so strong that they distressed the enemies and brake their array; and, scattering them, made them fly. Then they prayed Martius that he would retire to the camp, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the great pain he had taken, and so faint with the great wounds he had upon him: but Martius answered them that it was not for conquerors to yield, nor to be faint-hearted; and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fled, until such time as the army of the enemies was utterly overthrown, and numbers of them slain and taken prisoners. The next morning, betimes, Martius went to the consul, and the other Romans with him. There the consul Cominius, going up to his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army, gave thanks to the gods for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victory. Then he spake to Martius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon, both for that he himself saw him do with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported unto him. So in the end he willed Martius that he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goods they had won (whereof there was great store), ten of

every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gave him, in testimony that he had won that day the price of prowess above all other, a goodly horse with a caparison, and all furniture to him: which the whole army beholding, did marvellously praise and commend. But Martius, stepping forth, told the consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides that his service had deserved his general's commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than an honourable recompense, he would have none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with the other soldiers. Only, this grace (said he) I crave and beseech you to grant me: among the Volces there is an old friend and host of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner, who, living before in great wealth in his own country, liveth now a poor prisoner in the hands of his enemies: and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure if I could save him from this one danger, to keep him from being sold as a slave. The soldiers, hearing Martius's words, made a marvellous great shout among them. * * * * After this shout and noise of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius began to speak in this sort:—We cannot compel Martius to take these gifts we offer him if he will not receive them, but we will give him such a reward for the noble service he hath done as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree that henceforth he be called Coriolanus, unless his valiant acts have won him that name before our nomination. And so ever since he still bore ~~the~~ third name of Coriolanus."



[Site of the Roman Forum.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

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Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor now,^a that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well!

Men. Why, 't is no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and

^a The repetition of the preposition, as in this sentence, is found in other passages of Shakspeare. In *Romeo and Juliet*,

"That fair, for which love groan'd for:"
in *As You Like It*, "the scene wherein we play in."

be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,^a and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion:^b one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worship have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson^c conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like

mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they should encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, nor to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hargmen. Good e'en to your workshops; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the scene.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricick,^d and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

^a Johnson explains, "with allusion to the fable which says that every man has a bag hanging before him in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own."

^b See recent New Reading at the end of Act II.

^c Bisson—blin.

^d *Empiricick*. This is a word coined from empiric, and is spelt in the original "*emperickquique*."

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much :—
Prings a' victory in his pocket?—The wounds
become him.

Vol. On's brows :^a Menenius, he comes the
third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought toge-
ther, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 't was time for him too, I'll war-
rant him that : an he had staid by him, I would
not have been so fidiused for all the chests in
Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the
senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go :—Yes, yes, yes :
the senate has letters from the general, wherein
he gives my son the whole name of the war : he
hath in this action outdone his former deeds
doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke
of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not
without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow!

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true :—
Where is he wounded?—God save your good
worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*]
Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to
be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm :
There will be large cicatrices to show the people
when he shall stand for his place. He received
in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,
—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition,
twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven : every gash
was an enemy's grave : [*a shout and flourish.*]
Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius : before
him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves
tears :

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nery arm doth lie ;
Which, being advanc'd, declines ; and then men
die.

△ *Sennet.* Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS
and TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLA-
NUS, crowned with an oaken garland ; with
Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

^a Volumnia here answers the question of Menenius.
"Prings a' (he) victory in his pocket?" without noticing the
old man's observation about the "wounds."

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcus did
fight

Within Corioli' gates : where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ;
These in honour follows, Coriolanus :—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

[*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart ;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O! you have, I know, petition'd all the
gods

For my prosperity.

[*Kneels*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up!

My gentle Marcus, worthy Caius,
And by deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?
But, O thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Would'st thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady,
pardon. [*To VALERIA.*]

Vol. I know not where to turn ;—O welcome
home;

And welcome, general :—And you are welcome
all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could
weep,

And I could laugh ; I am light and heavy :
Welcome :

A curse begin at every root of his heart
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of
men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, war-
riors :

We call a nettle but a nettle ;
And the faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.
[*To his wife and mother.*]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited ;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol.
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy :
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt
not,

But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol !
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the
bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture^a lets her baby cry,
While she chats him ; the kitchen malkin^b pins
Her richest lockram^c 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him : Stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions : all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawdied cheeks,^d to the wanton
spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his ho-
nours

^a Rapture—fit.

^b Malkin. A scarecrow—a figure of rags—is called a malkin. Is the kitchen-wench called a malkin from her supposed resemblance to such a figure? On the other hand, Malkin is the diminutive of Mall, Moll; and thus the lady of the May had degenerated into Malkin in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher. Is the scarecrow then called after the kitchen-wench? Our readers must decide the question for themselves.

^c Lockram was no doubt a coarse linen. In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Spanish Curate' we have—

"To poor maidens' marriages
I give per annum two hundred ells of lockram."

^d Shakspeare has the same image in the passage before us the word "damask" conveys an allusion to the more fearful War of the Roses, which is more specially introduced by a later writer, Cleaveland :—

"The silent wars of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

But we are inclined to think that in the passage before us the word "damask" conveys an allusion to the more fearful War of the Roses, which is more specially introduced by a later writer, Cleaveland :—

"Her cheeks
Where roses mix: no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster."

From where he should begin, and end; but
will

Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not the commoners, for whom we
stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new
honours;

Which that he'll give them, make I as little
question

As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless^a vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it,
rather

Then carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to
him,

And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better

Than have him hold that purpose, and to
put it

In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good
wills;^b

A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out

To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
And dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more-soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their
provand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say,—suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people,—(which time shall not
want,

If he be put upon't, and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire

^a Napless—threadbare.

^b The passage may be either taken to mean that the purpose of Coriolanus will be to him a sure destruction, in the same way as the good wills (ironically) of the tribunes; or as our good, our advantage, wills (a verb).

To kindle their dry stubble;^a and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol.

'Tis thought that Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speak: Matrons
flung gloves,^b

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and
shouts:

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here:
How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but, 'tis thought of
every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* Faith, there have been many great
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er
loved them; and there be many that they have
loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they
love they know not why, they hate upon no
better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus
neither to care whether they love or hate him,
manifests the true knowledge he has in their
disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness,
lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their

^a *This*—this plan—is the antecedent to "will be his fire." The double parenthesis makes the sentence involved; and we always doubted whether *teach* was the right word. We incline to think that *touch* was the word; as in *Othello*,—

"Touch me not so near."

We now adopt *touch*.

^b We give the metrical arrangement as well as the words of the original. The versification indicates the freedom which marks all Shakspeare's later plays. Steevens says, "the words *the* and *their*, which are wanting in the old copy, were properly supplied by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the verse." These words were adopted by Hamner from Pope. The following arrangement was long received:—

"You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves.

love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted,^a without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscses, And to send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that hath Thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We meet here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

^a *Bonneted.* The variorum editors said that to *bonnet* is to take off the bonnet; as to *cap* in the academic phrase is to take off the cap. In illustration we may remark that in the quarto edition of *Othello* we find "off capp'd;" in the folio "off-capp'd;" and we believe from the collateral circumstances that the latter is the true reading. (See note on *Othello*, Act I. Scene 1.) In a subsequent scene *Othello* says—

"My demerits
May speak, unbasketed."

This is clearly *without* the bonnet, in whatever sense we receive it. (See note on *Othello*, Act I. Scene 11.) But here in the text before us we are told that *bonneted* also means *without* the bonnet. Malone says, "They humbly took off their bonnets without any farther deed." The context appears to us to give exactly the contrary meaning: "His ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people," put on their bonnets "without any farther deed."

I Sen. Speak, good Cominius :
 Leave nothing out for length, and make us
 think,
 Rather our state's defective for requital,
 Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the
 people,
 We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
 Your loving motion toward the common body,
 To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
 Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
 Inclined to honour and advance
 The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
 We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
 A kinder value of the people than
 He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off; ^a
 I would you rather had been silent: Please you
 To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
 But yet my caution was more pertinent
 Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
 But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
 Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your
 place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

I Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
 What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
 I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
 Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
 My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
 When blows have made me stay, I fled from
 words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your
 people,
 I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head
 i' the sun,
 When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
 To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit CORIOLANUS.]

Men. Masters o' the people,
 Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
 (That's thousand to one good one,) when you
 now see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
 Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Comi-
 nius.

^a That is nothing to the matter.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Corio-
 lanus

Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held
 That valour is the chiefest virtue,
 And most dignifies the haver: if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
 fought

Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him
 fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'erpress'd Roman,^a and i' the consul's
 view

Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee:^b in that day's
 feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his
 deed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd^c all swords o' the garland. For this
 last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say

I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the
 fliers;

And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as weeds^d before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
 stamp),

^a A touch of Malone's minute criticism will amuse our readers:—"This was an act of similar friendship in our old English armies: but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject."

^b On his knee—down on his knee.

^c Lurch'd. We have a similar expression in Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman': "You have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland." The term is, or was, used in some game of cards, in which a complete and easy victory is called a lurch; and the word, as we find in Florio's Italian Dictionary, was in use in Shakspeare's time,—"gioco marzo—a lurch at any game;" and "gioco marcio—a lurch-game."

^d Weeds. The second folio changed this word to *waves*, and Steevens adopting it, this reading became the common one. Malone supports the original, of the correctness of which we think there can be no doubt. *Waves* falling before the stem of a vessel under sail is an image which conveys no adequate notion of a triumph over petty obstacles: a ship cuts the waves as a bird the air; there is opposition to the progress, but each moves in its element. But take the image of weeds encumbering the progress of a vessel under sail, but with a favouring wind dashing them aside; and we have a distinct and beautiful illustration of the prowess of Coriolanus. Steevens says, "*Weeds*, instead of falling below a vessel under sail, cling fast about the stem of it." But Shakspeare was not thinking of the weed floating on the bilow: the Avon or the Thames supplied him with the image of weeds rooted at the bottom.

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quick'n'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men.

Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the
honours

Which we devise him.

Com.

Our spoils he kick'd at;

And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world; he covets
less

Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men.

He's right noble;

Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.*

Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor.

I do owe them still

My life and services.

Men.

It then remains

That you do speak to the people.¹

Cor.

I do beseech you,

Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat
them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
please you

That I may pass this doing.

Sic.

Sir, the people

Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men.

Put them not to 't:—

Pray you, go fit you to the custom;
And take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor.

It is a part

That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru.

Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and
thus;—

Show them the unaching scars which I should
hide,

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire

Of their breath only:—

Men.

Do not stand upon 't.—

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble
consul

Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the
people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will
require them,

As if he did condemn what he requested

Should be in them to give.

Bru.

Come, we'll inform them

Of our proceedings here; on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Market-place.*

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it,
but it is a power that we have no power to do:
for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his
deeds, we are to put our tongues into those
wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us
his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous
and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to
make a monster of the multitude; of the which,
we being members, should bring ourselves to be
monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of,
a little help will serve: for once, when we stood
up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call
us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not
that our heads are some brown, some black,
some auburn,^a some bald, but that our wits are
so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all
our wits were to issue out of one skull, they
would fly east, west, north, south; and their

^a *Auburn.* The word of the original is *abram*, and it so
continued until the publication of the fourth folio, when it
became *auburn*.

consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. *[Exeunt.]*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that: you must desire them

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,

In wholesome manner. *[Exit.]*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,

And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.^a

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'T was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, sir? I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—There is in all two worthy voices begged:—I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An't were to give again,—But 't is no matter. *[Exeunt two Citizens.]*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

^a All this dialogue is printed in the original as we print it,—as prose. The variorum editors turned it into limping blank-verse, following Capell.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!
[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown* should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices
Have done many things, some less, some more:
your voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice:
Remains, that, in the official marks invested,
You anon do meet the senate.

* *Woolvish gown.* The reading of the first folio is *woolvish tongue*; of the second, *woolvish gown*. We believe the correction of *tongue* to *gown* is right. Some of the commentators think that the original word was *toge*. It is difficult to say whether *woolvish* means a gown made of wool, or a gown resembling a wolf or *wolvish*. The notion of Steevens that the allusion was to the wolf in sheep's clothing seems merely fanciful. Mr. Collier's Corrector gives us *woolless toge*. As the gown was made of wool, it surely cannot be *woolless*.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd;
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing
myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you
along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'T is warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose
this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your
loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech, he did not
mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but
says

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his
country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No, no; no man saw 'em.
[*Several speak.*]

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could
show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: 'When we granted that,

Here was,—'I thank you for your voices,—
thank you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left
your voices,

I have no further with you:—Was not this
mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no
power,

But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still maliciously remain
Fast foe to the people, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices,
And translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his
spirit,

And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his
choler,

And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you
think

That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to
cry

Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him
yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends
to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
friends,

They have chose a consul that will from them
take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice

Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble
weed:

How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your
loves,

Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your tribunes, that we
labour'd

(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your
minds,

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the
grain

To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures
to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs
of,²

The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
[And Censorinus, darling of the people,]^a
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

^a The line in brackets is not in the original, but was supplied by Pope. Something is clearly wanting to connect with "twice being censor;" and Plutarch tells us who was "nobly named:"—"Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." The Cambridge editors have a reading of their own, which leaves the words of the folio still in their order:—

"And [Censorinus] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor."

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on :
And presently, when you have drawn your
number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so : almost all repent in their
election.

[*Several speak.*
Exeunt Citizens.]

Bru. Let them go on ;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,

Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol !
Come ; we'll be there before the stream o' the
people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*]

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 169.

"I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine *with not* a drop of allaying Tiber in 't ; said to be somewhat imperfect in favouring the *first* complaint ; hasty," &c.

"I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, *without* a drop of allaying Tiber in 't : said to be somewhat imperfect in favouring the *thirst* complaint ; hasty," &c.—COLLIER. *MS. Corrector.*

The alteration of *with not* to *without* is needless ; and in Lovelace's beautiful 'Verses to Althea,' we have—

"When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames."

Would either passage be improved by substituting *without* ?

In the second part of the sentence, common sense will not set *thirst* aside because Mr. Singer has discovered that *thirst* was sometimes provincially pronounced and spelt *first* and *furst*. We believe the expression has nothing to do with the hot wine that Menenius loved. He acknowledges to be jovial ; he confesses to the imperfection of listening with favour to him who first complains of a grievance ; he is hasty, &c. *Complaint* is invariably used by Shakspeare in this sense. The secondary meaning of complaint—a malady—is modern.



[Roman Victory.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE II.——“*It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.*”

THE circumstance of Coriolanus standing for the consulship, which Shakspeare has painted with such wonderful dramatic power, is told very briefly in Plutarch :—

“Shortly after this, Martius stood for the consulship, and the common people favoured his suit, thinking it would be a shame to them to deny and refuse the chiefest noble man of blood, and most worthy person of Rome, and especially him that had done so great service and good to the commonwealth; for the custom of Rome was at that time that such as did sue for any office should, for certain days before, be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election; which was thus devised, either to move the people the more by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else because they might show them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness. * * * * Now, Martius, following this custom, showed many wounds and

cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy.”

² SCENE III.——“*What stock he springs of.*”

The ‘Life of Coriolanus,’ in Plutarch, opens with the following sentence :—

“The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of the which have sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numa's daughter's son, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house was Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice, through whose persuasion they made a law that no man from thenceforth might require or enjoy the censorship twice.”



Angur's Staff.]



[Old Walls of Rome.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Voices stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse

Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart.

He did, my lord.

Cor.

How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:

That of all things upon the earth he hated

Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor.

At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To LARTIUS.*]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;

For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble sufferance.

Sic.

Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on· no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Men. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?^a

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—¹

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?^b

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.^c

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

^a *The noble and the common.* Rowe changed this reading of the original to the *nobles* and the *commons*, partially adopting a reading of the subsequent folios.

^b *Sithence*—since.

^c This interposition of Cominius is according to the old copy. Theobald gave the words to Coriolanus, as a continuation of his dialogue with Brutus. The words are not characteristic of Coriolanus; whilst the interruption of Cominius gives spirit and variety to the scene.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd,—set on.^a—This
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler
friends,

I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many,^b

Let them regard me as I do not flatter,

And therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle^c of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd
and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay, against those measles,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people as if you were
a god

To punish; not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'T were well we let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 't would be my mind!

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute shall?

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. Shall!

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,

You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,

^a *Set on*—stirred up. These words were printed by Rowe as a complete sentence, having the meaning of go forward.

^b *Many.* This is *meiny* in the original. Shakspeare, in Lear, uses *meiny* as a body of attendants, whence *menials*; but this is not the sense of the passage before us.

^c *Cockle.* A weed amongst the corn.

That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not
spirit

T. say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are pie-
bcians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
trate;

And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that

Cor. Though there the people had more abso-
lute power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know
the corn

Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to
the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied^a digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words.—'We did re-
quest it;

^a *Bosom multiplied*. This is the reading of all the folios, which may be supported by considering that *bosom* is used, as Shakspeare often uses it, in the sense of temper, disposition. Mr. Dyce, however, has given us the clearer reading of *bosom multitude*.

We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time
Break open the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men.

Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor.

No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the
other

Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,
wisdom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it
follows

Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; that
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump^a a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck
out

The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru.

He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tri-
bunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was iaw,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic.

This is a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be appre-
hended.

Enter an Ædile.

^a *Jump*—in the sense of risk.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile*] in
whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We 'll surely him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
bones

Out of thy garments!

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all
your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

Senators and others. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Peace, peace, peace: stay, hold, peace!^a

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of
breath;

Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes

To the people.—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace!

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak,
speak, speak!

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation;

And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.^b

^a We follow the Cambridge editors in considering these four lines as the tumultuous cries of the partizans on both sides.

^b We give this speech, as in the original, to the calm and reverend Cominius. Coriolanus is standing apart, in proud

Sic. This deserves death

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him!

Cit. Yield, Marcus, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
friend, [*To BRUTUS*]

And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon
him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen
me.

Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, with-
draw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcus; help.
You that be noble: help him, young and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the people are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone,
away!

All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid.

and sullen rage; and yet the variorum editors, following Pope, put these four lines in his mouth, as if it was any part of his character to argue with the people about the prudence of their conduct. These editors continue this change in the persons to whom the speeches are assigned, without the slightest regard, as it appears to us, to the exquisite characterisation of the poet. Amidst all this tumult the first words which Coriolanus utters, according to the original copy, are, "No, I'll die here." He again continues silent; but the once-received edition must have him talking; and so they put in his mouth the calculating sentence, "We have as many friends as enemies," and the equally characteristic talking of Menenius—"I would they were barbarians." We have left all these passages precisely as they are in the original.

^a The Cambridge editors consider this to be addressed to Brutus, the original having *friend* and not *friends* as Rowe printed.

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house ;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 't is a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself : Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they
are not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—Be
gone ;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of
them.

Men. I could myself take up a brace of the
best of them ; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic ;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone :
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little ; this must be
patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Ereunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart 's
his mouth :

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
Here 's goodly work !

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed !

Men. I would they were in Tyber !—What,
the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair ?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city,
And be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock

With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,

And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on 't.

[*Several speak together*]

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace !

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but
hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you have help
To make this rescue ?

Men. Hear me speak :—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults :—

Sic. Consul.—wnat consul ?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul !

Cit. No, no, no, no, no !

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence
Were but one danger ; and to keep him here
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country :
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.*

Bru. Merely awry : When he did love his
country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was—

* *Kam* is probably from the French *camus*, bent, turned-up, crooked, and means that the reasons are awry from the purpose. Skelton, in his 'Poems against Garnesche,' has "crooked as a camoke;" and in a translation of 'Guzman d'Alfarache,' we have "all goes topsy-turvy, all kem-kam." Mr. Grant White says it is Welsh, meaning awry. Norrie, in his Cornish Vocabulary, says *cam* in Welsh is crook'd, and is applied to squinting. *David Gam*, esquire (Henry 1.) was so called from this peculiarity.

Bru. We'll hear no more :—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by
process ;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?

Our Ædiles smote! ourselves resisted!—Come :—
Men. Consider this ;—he has been bred i' the
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in
peace,^a

Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer :—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place :—We'll at-
tend you there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you :—
Let me desire your company. He must come,
[To the Senators.

Or what is worse will follow.
1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; pre-
sent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

^a In peace. So the original. Pope and subsequent editors have omitted these words, assuming them to have been brought by mistake from the line below.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats ; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you ;

[To VOLUMNIA.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you
have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man
you are,

With striving less to be so : Lesser had been
The thwartings^a of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough ;
You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy ;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd :
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman !
Before he should thus stoop to the herd,^b but
that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physis
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,

What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods ;
Must I then do't to them?

^a Thwartings. This is an ingenious correction by Theobald. The original has *things*.

^b Herd. The original has *heart*. The words might be easily mistaken in the old spelling of *heard*; and we adopt the correction, which is also Theobald's.

Vol. You are too absolute;
 Though therein you can never be too noble,
 But when extremities speak. I have heard you
 say,
 Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
 I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and
 tell me,
 In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
 That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
 The same you are not, (which, for your best
 ends,
 You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
 That it shall hold companionship in peace
 With honour, as in war; since that to both
 It stems in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
 To the people; not by your own instruction,
 Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
 But with such words that are but roted in
 Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
 Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
 Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
 Than to take in a town with gentle words,
 Which else would put you to your fortune, and
 The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
 My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd
 I should do so in honour: I am in this,
 Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
 And you will rather show our general lowts
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon
 them,
 For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
 Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
 Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
 Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
 Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
 Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
 And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
 them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such bu-
 siness

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
 Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,^a

Now humble, as the ripest mulberry
 That will not hold the handling: Or, say to
 them,

Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
 Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were
 yours:

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now
 Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst
 rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
 Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and,
 sir, 't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
 By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 't will serve, if he
 Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
 Prithee now say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd
 scone? Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
 A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
 Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
 This mould of Marcus, they to dust should
 grind it,

And throw it against the wind.—To the market
 place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which
 never

I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast
 said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
 To have my praise for this, perform a part
 Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
 Away my disposition, and possess me

^a This passage has been a stumbling-block to the variorum editors; and they want to know how the waving the head corrects the stout heart. They have forgotten the maxim which Volumnia has just uttered, "Action is eloquence." She is explaining her meaning by her action:—

waving thy head, which often wave—thus—(and she then waves her head several times). She adds, "correcting thy stout heart," be "humble as the ripest mulberry." We owe this interpretation to a pamphlet printed at Edinburgh in 1814.—Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakespeare.

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
me;

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-
lov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'll the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us
go:

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. We'll, mildly be it then; mildly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Market-place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 't is ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I'll the right and strength o' the commons,' be it
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry 'fine;' if death, cry 'death';
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun
to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this
hint,

When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance: then he speaks
What's in his heart: and that is there which
looks

With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Sena-
tors, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest
piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The ho-
nour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 Sen.

Amen, Amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace,
I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak.^a

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents^a for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 't is true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd
to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the
people!

Call me their traitor!—thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!

^a *Accents.* This is a correction by Theobald; the old copy has *actions*.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him
speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws wi'h strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even
this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What! do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your
mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pre-
sence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates; I' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so: It shall be so; let him
away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.^a

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show, for Rome,

^a If we turn to the beginning of the scene, we shall find the direction of the tribunes very precise as to the echo which the people were to raise of their words. When, therefore, Sicinius here pronounces the sentence of banishment he terminates, as he said he should, with, "It shall be so; and the people, true to the instruction, vociferate, "It shall be so." They afterwards repeat the cry in the same words. Perhaps upon the whole the common text formerly presented one of Steevens's most atrocious alterations. It can scarcely be conceived that he has had the folly to say, "old copy unmetrically, and it shall be so,"—and to print the passage thus:—

"It shall be so,
It shall be so: let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be."

Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath
I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Far you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not^a reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]

Ad. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd!² he is gone!
Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let's see him out at gates;
come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Not.* The original has *but*, which Capell corrected,

RECENT NEW READING.

ACT III., SC. II., p. 185—

"I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage."

In this passage is introduced one of the eight new lines,
which Mr. Collier considers to have been recovered as the
genuine writing of Shakspeare. After the line "I have a
heart," &c., the Corrector inserts—

"To brook control without the use of anger;"

and he holds the sense to be incomplete without it. The
incompleteness of the sense depends, in some degree, upon
our interpretation of the word "apt." In Ben Jonson
(*'Cynthia's Revels'*) we have, "I confess you to be of an
apt and double humour." Assuming "apt" to mean
"ready," the new line is scarcely required; for Volumnia
may refer to the aptitude to be "counselled," for which her
heart is as "little apt" as that of her son. Mr. Staunton
says the MS. Corrector's line has undergone a change since
its first appearance. It is now—to brook reproof.



[Tarpeian Rock.]



[Rome—a Fragment after Piranesi.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Are these your herd?*”

WE continue our quotations from North's ‘Plutarch’ :—

“But when the day of election was come, and that Martius came to the market-place with great pomp, accompanied with all the senate and the whole nobility of the city about him, who sought to make him consul with the greatest instance and entreaty they could or ever attempted for any man or matter, then the love and good will of the common people turned straight to an hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office of sovereign authority into his hands, being a man somewhat partial towards the nobility, and of great credit and authority amongst the patricians, and as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Whereupon, for these considerations, they refused Martius in the end, and made two other that were suitors consuls. The senate, being marvellously offended with the people, did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Martius; but Martius took it in far worse part than the senate, and was out of all patience; for he was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will and opinion, as one of a high mind and great courage, that lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason, which only is to be looked for in a governor of state; and that remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of the world which a governor of a commonwealth for pleasing should shun, being that which Plato called solitariness.”

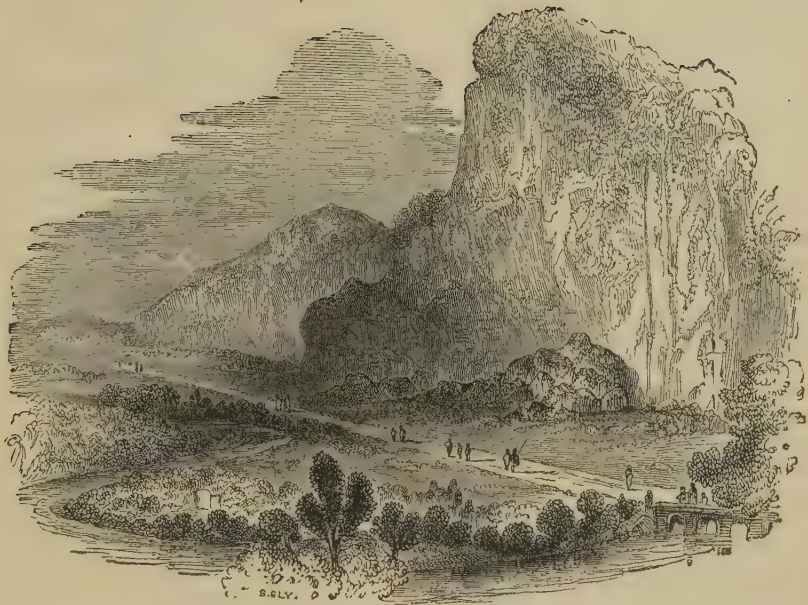
² SCENE III.—“*First, hear me speak.*”

“So Martius came and presented himself to answer their accusations against him; and the people held their peace, and gave attentive ear to hear

what he would say. But where they thought to have heard very humble and lowly words come from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking (which of itself was very rough and unpleasant, and did more aggravate his accusation than purge his innocency), but also gave himself in his words to thunder, and look there-withal so grimly, as though he made no reckoning of the matter. This stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him that they could hold no longer, bear, nor endure his bravery and careless boldness. Whereupon Sici-nius, the cruellest and stoutest of the tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce, in the face of all the people, Martius as condemned by the tribunes to die. Then, presently, he commanded the ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When the ædiles came to lay hands upon Martius to do that they were commanded, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed.”

³ SCENE III.—“*Our enemy is banish'd!*”

“When they came to tell the voices of the tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished for ever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy, as they never rejoiced more for any battle they had won upon their enemies, they were so brave and lively, and went home so jocundly from the assembly, for triumph of this sentence. The senate again, in contrary manner, were as sad and heavy, repenting themselves beyond measure that they had not rather determined to have done and suffered anything whatsoever, before the common people should so arrogantly and outrageously have abused their authority.”



[Roman Highway on the Banks of the Tiber.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears;¹ a brief farewell :
—the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother, Where is your ancient courage? you were used To say, extremity^a was the trier of spirits; That common chances common men could bear; That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves

A noble cunning: you were used to load me With precepts, that would make invincible The heart that conn'd them.

^a *Extremity.* So the second folio; the first *extremities*. This correction of what we call the false grammar, in an edition published so soon after the original, ought perhaps to be adopted in a modern text.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades
in Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what.

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother, Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,

If you had been the wife of Hercules, Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius, Droop not; adieu!—Farewell, my wife! my mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's, And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,

As 't is to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well

My hazards still have been your solace: and Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone, Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen^a Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,) your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first^b son, Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius With thee a while: Determine on some course, More than a wild exposure^c to each chance That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,

And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send O'er the vast world, to seek a single man; And lose advantage, which doth ever cool I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:— Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.— Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and My friends of noble touch, when I am forth, Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. While I remain above the ground, you shall Hear from me still; and never of me aught But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.— If I could shake off but one seven years From these old arms and legs, by the good gods, I'd with thee every foot!

Cor. Give me thy hand. Come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power, Let us seem humbler after it is done, Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home: Say, their great enemy is gone, and they Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. *[Exit Ædile.]*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o' the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone? *[To BRUTUS.]*

Vir. You shall stay too: *[To SICIN.]* I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?^a

Vol. Ay, fool: Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship To banish him that struck more blows for Rome, Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;— Yet go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace!

Sic. I would he had continued to his country, As he began; and not unknit himself The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

^a The *fen* is the pestilential abode of the "lonely dragon," which he makes "feared and talked of more than seen."

^b First—in the sense of noblest.

^c *Exposure*. The original has *exposure*; but we think with Steevens that this is a typographical error, and correct it accordingly, after Rowe.

^a *Mankind*. Sicinius asks insultingly whether Volumnia is mankind—a woman with the roughness of a man? Shakespeare, in *A Winter's Tale*, uses the term *mankind* with.

Vol. I would he had! 'T was you incens'd
the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this;

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,) Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt* Tribunes.]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclod my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's
go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Volc. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are,
as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Volc. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Volc. You had more beard when I last saw
you, but your favour is well appeared^a by your
tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a
note from the Volcian state, to find you out
there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange in-
surrections: the people against the senators,
patricians, and nobles.

Volc. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state
thinks not so; they are in a most warlike pre-

^a Well appeared—rendered apparent.

paration, and hope to come upon them in the
heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again. For the no-
bles receive so to heart the banishment of that
worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a right apt-
ness to take all power from the people, and to
pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This
lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost ma-
ture for the violent breaking out.

Volc. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Volc. You will be welcome with this intelli-
gence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I
have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a
man's wife is when she's fallen out with her
husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will ap-
pear well in these wars, his great opposer, Co-
riolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Volc. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate
thus accidentally to encounter you: You have
ended my business, and I will merrily accom-
pany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell
you most strange things from Rome; all tend-
ing to the good of their adversaries. Have you
an army ready, say you?

Volc. A most royal one: the centurions, and
their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the
entertainment,^a and to be on foot at an hour's
warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness,
and am the man, I think, that shall set them in
present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and
most glad of your company.

Volc. You take my part from me, sir; I have
the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised
and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium:² City,
'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me
not;

Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with
stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

^a In the entertainment—under engagement for pay.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.
[*Exit* Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise,

Are still together, who, twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birthplace hate^a I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A hall in Aufidius's
House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is
here!

I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus! my master calls for
him.

Cotus! [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well:
but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to
the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

^a *Hale.* The original has *have*; and we owe the judi-
cious correction to Capell.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to
such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you
talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I
cannot get him out o' the house: Prithee, call
my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow?
Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your
hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up
some other station; here's no place for you;
pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go! and batten on
cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Prithee, tell my
master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*]

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What
an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws
too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my
master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to
meddle with thy mistress: Thou prat'st, and
prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[*Beats him away.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like
a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst

thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*unmuffling*] not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,

And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name? Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn, Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies, Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest; And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth: Not out of hope,

Mistake me not, to save my life; for if I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world I would have voided thee: but in mere spite, To be full quit of those my banishers, Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast A heart of wreak^a in thee, that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it, That my revengeful services may prove As benefits to thee; for I will fight Against my canker'd country with the spleen Of all the under fiends.^b But if so be Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am

Longer to live most weary, and present My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice: Which not to cut would show thee but a fool; Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate, Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius! Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from yon cloud speak divine things, And say, 'Tis true, I'd not believe them more Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine Mine arms about that body, where against My grained ash an hundred times hath broke, And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip

The anvil of my sword; and do contest As hotly and as nobly with thy love, As ever in ambitious strength I did Contend against thy valour. Know thou first, I lov'd the maid I married; never man Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here, Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart Than when I first my wedded mistress saw Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn, Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out^a

Twelve several times, and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me: We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat, And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome, Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in, And take our friendly senators by the hands; Who now are here, taking their leaves of me, Who am prepar'd against your territories, Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take The one half of my commission; and set down,—

^a Wreak—revenge.

^b Under fiends—fiends below.

^a Out—complete.

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine
own ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say, Yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes
And more a friend that e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand
Most welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand I had thought to have
strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned
me about with his finger and his thumb, as one
would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there
was something in him: he had, sir, a kind
face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—
'Would I were hanged but I thought there was
more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply
the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier
than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him
to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how
to say that: for the defence of a town our general
is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news,
you rascals!

1 & 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations;
I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to
thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general:
but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends:
he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him
say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to
say the truth on't: before Corioli he scotched
him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he
might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within,
as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper
end o' the table: no question asked him by any
of the senators, but they stand bald before him.
Our general himself makes a mistress of him;
sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the
white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom
of the news is, our general is cut i' the
middle. and but one half of what he was yester
day; for the other has half, by the entreaty and
grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says,
and sowle^a the porter of Rome gates by the ears:
He will mow all down before him, and leave
his passage polled.^b

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't as any man
I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you,
sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which
friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you,
sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends
whilst he's in directitude.^c

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest
up again, and the man in blood, they will out of
their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel
all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You
shall have the drum struck up this afternoon.
't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be
executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring
world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust
iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds
peace as far as day does night; it's sprightly,
waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a
very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy,
insensible; a getter of more bastard children
than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'T is so: and as war, in some sort,

^a Sowle—a provincial word for pull out.

^b Polled—cleared.

^c Directitude. Malone would read *discredititude*. He thinks the servant was not meant to talk absolute nonsense. Why then does the other servant ask the meaning of the fine word?

may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,

Though they themselves did suffer by 't, beheld^a
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand; and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if he could have temporised.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him.^b

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

^a *Beheld.* The original has *behold*, which is retained in most modern editions; but we should certainly read *would behold*, or *had beheld*.

^b We print this dialogue in prose, as in the original. It is ordinarily printed as ten lines of blank verse, after Capell.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time

Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,

Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be

The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can;

And three examples of the like have been

Within my age. But reason with the fellow,

Before you punish him, where he heard this:

Lest you shall chance to whip your information,

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come^a
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome;

And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Br. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may
wish

Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,^b
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and
took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own
daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement;
and

^a *Com.* The original has *coming*. The alteration to *comes* was by Rowe, which we adopt, in common with other recent editors. Yet we unwillingly give up *coming*. The reader will remember Mr. Campbell's fine image—

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

^b *Atone*—be reconciled—at one.

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray,
your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow
him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so
much

Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your
ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow
fruit:

You have made fair work?

Br. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if
they

Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd
him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease.'—You have made
fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
like beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting
At Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip; as many cox-
combs

As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said 't was pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth,
so did very many of us: That we did we did for
the best; and though we willingly consented to
his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt Com. and Men.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dis-
may'd.

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong
when we banished him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would half my
wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance
from Rome.*

Enter Aufidius and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him;
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either had
borne

The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou
sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows
not

What I can urge against him. Although it
seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian
state;

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll
carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.* First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not

* The force and propriety of this image will be seen from
the following extract from Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' describ-
ing the osprey, according to the popular notion:—

"The osprey, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner doth espy,
But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie to stuff his gluttonous maw."

Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
'To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but command-
ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler,^a strength by strengths do
fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou
mine. [Exeunt.

^a *Fouler*. So the original. Malone substitutes *fouder*; and the emendation has provoked three pages of controversy amongst the commentators. We may understand the meaning of the original expression if we substitute the opposite epithet, *fairer*. As it is, the lesser rights drive out the greater—the fairer rights fail through the *fouler*. In the same manner, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *fouler* is not used in the sense of more polluted; we have,

“The *fouler* fortune mine, and there an end.”



[Ancient Arch on Road leading into Rome.]



[Old Roman Willow Wood.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Come, leave your tears.*”

THE departure of Coriolanus from Rome is thus described by Plutarch:—

“When he was come home to his house again, and had taken his leave of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and striking out for sorrow, and had also comforted and persuaded them to be content with his chance, he went immediately to the gate of the city, accompanied with a great number of patricians that brought him thither, from whence he went on his way with three or four of his friends only, taking nothing with him, nor requesting anything of any man. So he remained a few days in the country at his houses, turmoiled with sundry sorts and kinds of thoughts, such as the fire of his choler did stir up.”

² SCENE IV.—“*A goodly city is this Antium.*”

The entry of Coriolanus into the “enemy city,” and the interview between the two rival captains, is most graphically told by Plutarch. Shakspeare has put forth all his strength in working up the scene, and yet has kept to the original with wonderful exactness:—

“It was even twilight when he entered the city

of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius’ house; and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney-hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house, spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto him—If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity betray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Voices generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear: for I never had other benefit nor recompense of the true and

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this only surname, a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby,—for if I had feared death I would not have come hither to have put myself in hazard,—but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my

service may be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee that I will fight with better good will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then I am also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee. Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said unto him—Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volces' hands. So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could."



[Public Place in Rome]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,
and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath
said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd
him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee^a
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.¹

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my
name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

^a *Knee.* So the original. The second folio, which has
been followed in all other editions, has the less expressive
verb *kneel*. Shakspeare uses *knee* as a verb in *Lear*:—
"To *knee* his throne."

That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 't was to
pardon

When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well;
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: He said, 't was folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?

I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius return me,
As Cominius is return'd, unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well: he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kind-
ness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have know-
ledge

Of my success. [*Exit.*]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'T was very faintly he said, 'Rise;' dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would
do,

He sent in writing after me,—what he would
not;

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:^a
So that all hope is vain,
Unless^b his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's
hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volcian
Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But,
by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return
our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with
fire, before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends.

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots^c to blanks
My name ha'h touch'd your ears: it is Me-
nenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your
name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have
read

His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;

For I have ever verified my friends
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that
verity

Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

^a The commentators suspect some omission here; but it appears to us that they have mistaken the passage. They conceive that "what he would not" is the matter especially "bound with an oath." Coriolanus sends "in writing" both "what he would do" and "what he would not;" and, in justification of the harshness of his demands, he adds that he is "bound with an oath to yield to his conditions,"—that is, to make his sole law the "conditions" in which he had become placed—his duty to the Volscians;—to yield himself up entirely to the guidance of these "conditions."

^b Unless is here used in the sense of *except*: We have no hope except his noble mother, &c.

^c Lots are the whole number of tickets in a lottery; *blanks* a proportion of the whole number.

I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having;—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and

crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.

Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a letter.]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 G. 'T is a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent* for keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! *[Exit.]*

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

* Shent—rebuked.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcian lords how plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,

Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father;

Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love I have (Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd The first conditions which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only That thought he could do more; a very little I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter, Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost;² then the honour'd mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature break!

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—

What is that curtsy worth! or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn!—I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod: and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great nature cries, 'Deny not.'—Let the Volsoes Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand, As if a man were author of himself, And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh, Forgive my tyranny; but do not say, For that, 'Forgive our Romans.'—O, a kiss Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,³

And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*]

Of thy deep duty more impression show Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint, I kneel before thee; and unproperly Show duty, as mistaken all this while Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*]

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son? Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun; Murd'ring impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior; I help^b to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola, The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle, That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow, And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours, Which by the interpretation of full time May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers, With the consent of supreme Jove, inform Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars Like a great sea mark, standing every flaw, And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself, Are suitors to you.

² *Peste.* The original has *pray*. We owe the correction to Theobald.

^b *Help.* In the original *hope*. Pope made the correction.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,—
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my ragés and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us anything;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear
us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsoes, mark; for
we'll

Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thy-
self

How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,

Whereto we are bound; together with thy
victory,

Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must
lose

The country, our dear nurse; or else thy per-
son,

Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either
thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till

These wars determine:^a if I cannot persuade
thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's
womb,

That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name

Living to time.

Boy. A' sh not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll
fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,

As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, 'This mercy we have show'd;' the
Romans,

'This we receiv'd;' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be bless'd
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st
great son,

The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—'The man was
noble,

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou,
boy:

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the
world

^a Determine—come to an end.

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me
prate,

Like one of the stocks. Thou hast never in thy
life

Show'd thy dear mother any courtsey;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies! let us shame him with our
knees.

To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end:
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold
us:

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!

[Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do
ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come;—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Au-
fidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my
part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray
you,

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and
thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [Aside.

[The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol;
yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it
with your little finger, there is some hope the
ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may pre-
vail with him. But I say there is no hope in't:
our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execu-
tion.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and
a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub.
This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he
has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remem-
bers his mother now than an eight year old
horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes.
When he walks, he moves like an engine, and
the ground shrinks before his treading. He is
able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a
knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his
state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he
bids be done is finished with his bidding. He
wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven
to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark
what mercy his mother shall bring from him.
There is no more mercy in him than there is
milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city
find: and all this is 'loug of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be
good unto us. When we banished him we
respected not them: and he returning to break
our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sir. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news:—The ladies
have prevail'd,

The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt
of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why,
hark you!

*[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[Shouting again.]

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes such as you
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-
day;

This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy

[Shouting and music.]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings:
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,

And help the joy. *[Going.]*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators,
Patricians, and People. They pass over the
Stage.*

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers be-
fore them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius.
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!

[A flourish with drums and trumpets.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Dispatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain
whilst

'T wixt you there's difference; but the fall of
either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so height-
en'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose

Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his design-
ments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the people.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a
post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it;
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a
crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;³

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made
peace,

With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him, that
must bear

My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound.
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't.

[*Several speak at once.*

Cil. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to
pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my
daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He
killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace; ho!—no outrage;—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious^a hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and
kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS
stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat
valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all,
be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in
this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be
one.—

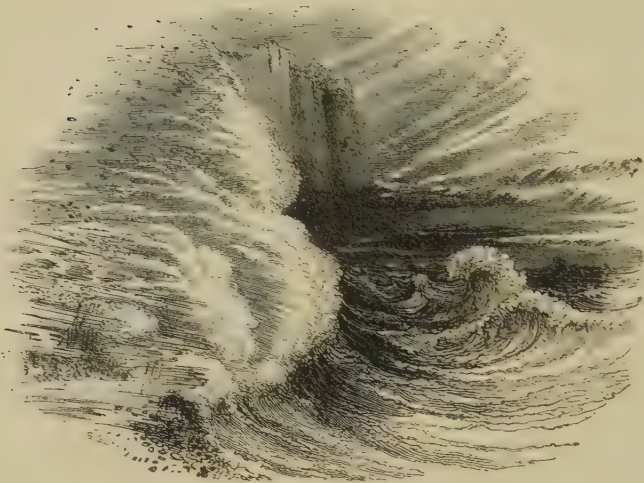
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.
A dead march sounded.*

^a Judicious—judicial.



[Roman Tomb and Fragments.]



[¹ Pebbles on the hungry beach.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

¹ SCENE I.—“*He would not seem to know me.*”

WE continue our extracts from North's 'Plutarch':
 “So they all agreed together to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war. The ambassadors that were sent were Martius's familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less; for, at their coming, they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and an unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volces about him: so he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming, which they delivered in the most humble and lowly words they possibly could devise, and with all modest countenance and behaviour agreeable to the same. When they had done their message, for the injury they had done him he answered them very hotly and in great choler; but as general of the Volces, he willed them to restore unto the Volces all their lands and cities they had taken from them in former wars; and, moreover, that they should give them the like honour and freedom of Rome as they had before given to the Latins. For otherwise they had no other mean to end this wars if they did not grant these honest and just conditions of peace.”

² SCENE III.—“*My wife comes foremost.*”

“She took her daughter-in-law, and Martius's children, with her, and, being accompanied with all the other Roman ladies, they went in troop together unto the Volces' camp; whom, when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her. Now was Martius set then in his chair of state, with all the honours of a general, and when he had spied the women coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant; but afterwards, knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancour. But, overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother, and embraced her a pretty while, then his wife and little children; and nature so wrought with him that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift running stream. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother Volunnia would begin to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the council of the Volces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort:—‘If we held our peace (my son), and determined not to

CORIOLANUS.

speak, the state of our poor bodies, and present sight of our raiment, would easily betray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spiteful Fortune hath made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country; so as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversity and misery, to pray unto the gods, and to call to them for aid, is the only thing which plungeth us into most deep perplexity. For we cannot (alas!) together pray both for victory to our country, and for safety of thy life also; but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forego one of the two—either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my lifetime do make an end of this war. For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties, than to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them and of his natural country. For if it were so that my request tended to save thy country in destroying the Volces, I must confess thou wouldst hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroy thy natural country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawful; so were it not just, and less honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth to make a gaol-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volces. For it shall appear that, having victory in their hands, they have of special favour granted us singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselves have no less part of both than we; of which good, if so it come to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it fail, and fall out contrary, thyself alone deservedly shall carry the shameful reproach and burden of either party; so, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this notwithstanding is most certain,—that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee.' Martius gave good ear unto his mother's words, without interrupting her speech at all, and, after she had said what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she began again to speak unto him, and said—'My son, why dost thou not answer me? dost thou think it

good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother's request in so weighty a cause? dost thou take it honourable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not, in like case, think it an honest noble man's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself, who so universally shovest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy, and therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that, without compulsion, I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?' And with these words, herself, his wife and children, fell down upon their knees before him. Martius, seeing that, could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, 'Oh, mother, what have you done to me?' And, holding her hard by the right hand, 'Oh, mother,' said he, 'you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son; for I see myself vanquished by you alone.' These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome, for so they did request him; and so, remaining in camp that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched homeward into the Volces' country again."

3 SCENE V.—"*Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier.*"

"Now, when Martius was returned again into the city of Antium from his voyage, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him for the fear he had of his authority, sought divers means to make him away, thinking that, if he let slip that present time, he should never recover the like and fit occasion again. Wherefore Tullus, having procured many other of his confederacy, required Martius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volces of his charge and government. Martius, fearing to become a private man again, under Tullus, being general (whose authority was greater, otherwise, than any other among all the Volces), answered—he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords of the Volces if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it; and, moreover, that he would not refuse even at that present to give up an account unto the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. The people hereupon called a common council, in which assembly there were certain orators appointed, that stirred up the common people against him: and when they had told their tales, Martius rose up to make them answer. Now, notwithstanding the mutinous people made a marvellous great noise, yet, when they saw him, for the reverence they bare unto his valiantness they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allege with leisure what he could for his purgation.

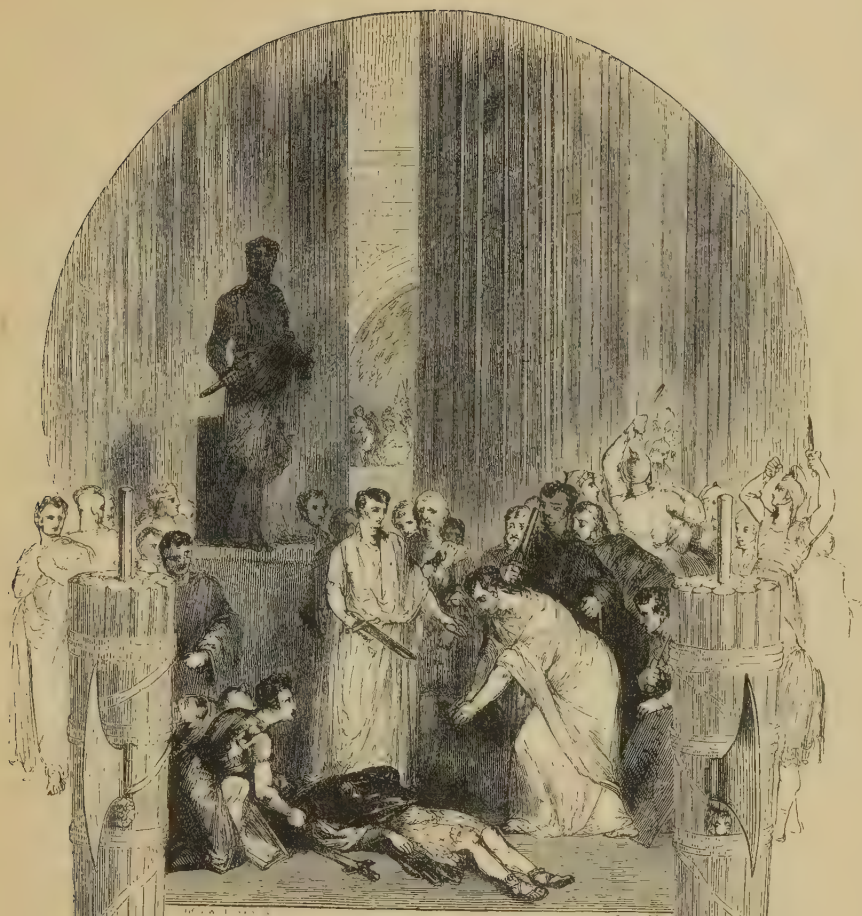
ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

Moreover, the honestest men of the Antiates, and who most rejoiced in peace, showed by their countenance that they would hear him willingly, and judge also according to their conscience. Whereupon Tullus, fearing that if he did let him speak he would prove his innocency to the people, because, amongst other things, he had an eloquent tongue; besides that, the first good service he had done to the people of the Volces, did win him more favour than these last accusations could purchase him displeasure; and furthermore, the offence they laid to his charge was a testimony of the good will they ought him; for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that he

took not the city of Rome, if they had not been very near taking of it by means of his approach and conduction;—for these causes, Tullus thought he might no longer delay his pretence and enterprise, neither to tarry for the mutining and rising of the common people against him: wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the tribe of the Volces, who would not yield up his state and authority. And in saying these words they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him.”



[Kemble as Coriolanus.]



JULIUS CÆSAR.





[Roman Standard Bearers.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

“THE Tragedy of Julius Cæsar” was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. This play, as well as *Coriolanus*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, was entered in the Stationers’ registers amongst those copies “not formerly entered to other men.” The text is divided into acts; and the stage directions are full and precise. Taken altogether, we know no play of Shakspeare’s that presents so few difficulties arising out of inaccuracies in the original edition. There are some half-dozen passages in which there are manifest typographical errors, such as occur in every modern book, even when it is printed under the eye of the author. There are one or two others in which we can scarcely venture to make alteration, although it is pretty manifest that error does exist. For example in the second act, Brutus, addressing Conspiracy, says—

“Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou *path*, thy native semblance on,” &c.

Johnson explains this, “If thou walk in thy true form.” Coleridge says, “Surely, there need be no scruple in treating this *path* as a mere misprint or misscript: for *put*.” We are inclined to agree with him, for *putte* might be easily mistaken for *pathe*; but we do not alter the passage, for

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

there is a meaning in it as it stands. On the contrary, when Cæsar says that the couchings
Cimber might

‘Turn pre-ordination and first decree
Into the *law* of children,

we reject the *lane* of the original as clearly wrong.

In the Introductory Notice to Coriolanus we expressed our opinion that the entry in the Stationers’ registers in 1608 of ‘a book called Anthony and Cleopatra’ did not determine the date of Shakspeare’s tragedy; for the proprietors of the folio enter that tragedy in 1623 as “not formerly entered.” There was a careful avoidance of publishing any of Shakspeare’s dramas after 1603. What were published were piratically obtained. We believe the ‘Anthony and Cleopatra’ entered in 1608 was some other work. Malone has very sensibly remarked that there are passages in Shakspeare’s Antony and Cleopatra which appear to discover “such a knowledge of the appropriated characters of the persons exhibited in Julius Cæsar, and of the events there dilated and enlarged upon, as Shakspeare would necessarily have acquired from having previously written a play on that subject.” The passages do not so much point to the general historical notion of the characters as to the poet’s own mode of treating them. This would imply that the play of Julius Cæsar had preceded that of Antony and Cleopatra. But there is nothing to fix the exact time when either of them was written. We believe that they were amongst the latest works of Shakspeare.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

WE have given, as Illustrations to each act, very full extracts from North’s translation of Plutarch. Shakspeare is to be traced in each of the three lives of Julius Cæsar, Antonius, and Brutus; and we have selected those passages from the several narratives of the same events which appear to have furnished the poet with the fullest materials.

SCENES.

WE are indebted to Mr. A. Poynter for six designs for this tragedy. The principle by which Mr. Poynter has been guided in making these drawings is thus explained by himself in a note to the editor:—“Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble. I am inclined to think it would be an ungrateful task to illustrate the Rome of brick:—the attempt would produce nothing either true or interesting. I propose, therefore, to give the Forum, the Capitol, &c., not as *scenes* but as *illustrations*, and to represent them as they actually were some two centuries later.”



[Roman Soldiers.]

COSTUME.

FROM the reign of Augustus downwards innumerable authorities exist for the civil and military costume of the Romans; but before that period much obscurity remains to be dispersed, notwithstanding the labours of many learned men.

Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth King of Rome, an Etruscan by birth, introduced among the Romans many of the manners and habits of his native country. He first distinguished the senators and magistrates by particular robes and ornaments, surrounded the axes carried before great public functionaries with bundles of rods (*fascies*), and established the practice of triumphing in a golden car drawn by four horses. The *toga pura*, *prætexta*, and *picta*, the *trabea*, the *paludamentum*, the *tunica palmata*, and the *curule chairs*, were all derived from the Etruscans, and from the Greeks and Etruscans the early Romans borrowed also their arms, both offensive and defensive. Polybius extols the readiness of the Romans in adopting such foreign customs as were preferable to their own. It is, therefore, amongst Grecian and Etrurian remains that we must look for the illustration of such points as are still undecided respecting the habits of the Romans during the commonwealth, and not on the columns and arches of the emperors, which may almost be termed the monuments of another nation. The date assigned to the death of Caius Marcius Coriolanus is B.C. 488. Julius Cæsar was assassinated B.C. 44. During four hundred years little alteration took place in the habiliments of the Romans, and the civil and military dress of the earlier play may, with very few exceptions, be worn by similar personages in the other, and exhibit together the most particular dresses in use during the whole period of the republic.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The civil dress of the higher classes amongst the ancient Romans consisted of a woollen tunic, over which, in public, was worn the *toga*. The toga was also of wool, and its colour, during the earlier ages, of its own natural yellowish hue. It was a robe of honour, which the common people were not permitted to wear, and it was laid aside in times of mourning and public calamities. The form of the toga has been a hotly-contested point; Dionysius of Halicarnassus says it was semicircular; and an ingenious foreigner,* who devoted many years to the inquiry, has practically demonstrated that, though not perfectly semicircular, its shape was such as to be better described by that term than any other.

The Roman tunic was of different lengths, according to the caprice of the wearer; but long tunics were deemed effeminate during the time of the republic. Cicero, speaking of the luxury of Catiline's companions, says they wore tunics reaching to their heels, and that their togas were as large as the sails of a ship. Some wore two or more tunics; the interior one, which held the place of the modern shirt, was called *interula* or *subucula*. The subucula of Augustus was of wool, according to Suetonius; and there does not appear any proof that linen was used for this garment by men before the time of Alexander Severus, who, according to Lampridius, was particularly fond of fine linen. Women, however, appear to have generally used it, for Varro mentions, as an extraordinary circumstance, that it had long been the custom of the females of a particular Roman family not to wear linen garments.

The common people wore over their tunics a kind of mantle or surtout, called *lacerna*, which was fastened before with a buckle, and had a hood attached to it (*cucullus*). It was generally made of wool, and dyed black or brown. In the time of Cicero it was a disgrace for a senator to adopt such a habit; but it was afterwards worn by the higher orders. The *birrus* was a similar vestment, also with a hood, but usually of a red colour. When travelling, the heads of the higher classes were generally covered by the *petasus*, a broad-brimmed hat, which they had borrowed from the Greeks. The common people wore the *pileus*, a conical cap, which was also the emblem of liberty, because it was given to slaves when they were made free.†

Various kinds of covering are mentioned for the feet, and many were called by the Romans *calceus* which are found under their own names, as *pero*, *mulleus*, *phæciasium*, *caliga*, *solea*, *crepida*, *sandalium*, *baxeæ*, &c. The *caliga* was the sandal of the Roman soldiery,‡ such has had nails or spikes at the bottom. The *pero* is supposed by some to be the boot worn by the senators; the *phæciasium* was also a kind of boot, covering the foot entirely. According to Appianus, it was of white leather, and worn originally by the Athenian and Alexandrian priesthood at sacrifices: it was worn in Rome by women and effeminate persons. Petronius, who wore it and called himself a soldier, was asked by a legionary if in his army soldiers marched with the *phæciasium*:—

* Age vero, in exercitu vestro phæciasii milites ambulant? "

The *mulleus* is described by Dion Cassius as coming up to the middle of the leg, though it did not cover the whole foot, but only the sole, like a sandal: it was of a red colour, and originally worn by the Alban kings.

The *cothurnus*, which Dion says it resembled both in colour and fashion, is described by Sidonius Apollinaris as having a ligature attached to the sole, which passed between the great and second toes, and then divided into two bands. And Virgil tells us that it was worn by the Tyrian virgins.§ The armour of the Romans at the commencement of the republic consisted, according to Livy, of

* The late Mons. Combre, costumier to the Théâtre Français, Paris. This intelligent person, at the recommendation of Talma and Mr. Charles Young, was engaged by Mr. Charles Kemble, during his management of Covent Garden Theatre, for the revival of Julius Cæsar, and made the beautiful togas which have since been worn in all the Roman plays at that theatre.

† Vide Persius, Sat. 5, thus translated by Dryden:—

"What further can we from our caps receive,
But as we please without control to live?"

Suetonius (in Nero, cap. lviii.) says, "*Mors Neronis tantum gaudium publicæ præbuit ut plebs pileata tota urbe discurreret.*"

‡ Hence Juvenal (Sat. 16) and Suetonius (in Augustus, 25) use the term *caligati* for the common soldiers, without the addition of a substantive.

§ "Virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram,
Purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno."—Æn. 2.

See many varieties of the *mulleus* and *cothurnus* in the paintings discovered at Herculaneum. Diana is generally represented wearing the *cothurnus*.

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the *galea*, the *cassis*, the *clypeus*, the *ocrea* or greaves, and the *lorica*, all of brass. This was the Etruscan attire, and introduced by Servius Tullius. The *lorica*, like the French *cuirass*, was so called from having been originally made of leather. It followed the line of the abdomen at bottom, and seems to have been impressed whilst wet with forms corresponding to those of the human body, and this peculiarity was preserved in its appearance when it was afterwards made of metal. At top, the square aperture for the throat was guarded by the *pectorale*, a band or plate of brass; and the shoulders were likewise protected by pieces made to slip over each other. The *galea* and *cassis* were two distinct head-pieces originally, the former, like the *lorica*, being of leather, and the latter of metal: but in the course of time the words were applied indifferently.*

Polybius has furnished us with a very minute account of the military equipment of the Romans of his time; and it is from his description, and not from the statues, which have been generally considered as authorities, but which are in truth of a considerably later date, that we must collect materials for the military costume of the latter days of the republic.

He tells us then that the Roman infantry was divided into four bodies: the youngest men and of the lowest condition were set apart for the light-armed troops (*velites*); the next in age were called the *hastati*; the third, who were in their full strength and vigour, the *principes*; and the oldest of all were called *triarii*.† The *velites* were armed with swords, light javelins (a cubit and a span in length), and bucklers of a circular form, three feet in diameter; and they wore on their heads some simple covering, like the skin of a wolf or other animal. The *hastati* wore complete armour, which consisted of a shield of a convex surface, two feet and a half broad and four feet or four feet and a palm in length, made of two planks glued together, and covered, first with linen and then with calves' skin, having in its centre a shell or boss of iron; on their right thigh a sword, called the Spanish sword, made not only to thrust but to cut with either edge, the blade remarkably firm and strong; two pikes or javelins, one stouter than the other, but both about six cubits long; a brazen helmet; and greaves for the legs. Upon the helmet was worn an ornament of three upright feathers, either black or red, about a cubit in height, which, being placed on the very top of their heads, made them seem much taller, and gave them a beautiful and terrible appearance. Their breasts were protected by the *pectorale* of brass: but such as were rated at more than ten thousand *drachmæ* wore a ringed *lorica*. The *principes* and *triarii* were armed in the same manner as the *hastati*, except only that the *triarii* carried pikes instead of javelins. The Roman cavalry, the same author tells us, were in his time armed like the Greeks, but that, anciently, it was very different, for they then wore no armour on their bodies, but were covered in the time of action with only an under garment; they were thereby enabled certainly to mount and dismount with great facility, but they were too much exposed to danger in close engagements. The spears, also, that were in use amongst them in former times, were in a double respect unfit for service: first, as they were of slender make, and always trembled in the hand, it was extremely difficult to direct them with any certainty, and they were sometimes shaken to pieces by the mere motion of the horse; and, secondly, the lower end not being armed with iron, they were formed only to strike with the point, and, when broken with this stroke, became useless. Their bucklers were made of the hide of an ox, and in form not unlike to the globular dishes which were used in sacrifices; but these were also of too infirm a texture for defence, and, when relaxed by weather, were utterly spoiled. Observing these defects, therefore, they changed their weapons for those of the Greeks.

The *signiferi*, or standard-bearers, seem to have been habited like their fellow-soldiers, with the exception of the scalp and mane of a lion which covered their heads and hung down on their shoulders. The eagles of Brutus and Cassius were of silver. The *lictors*, according to Petronius, wore white habits, and from the following passage of Cicero it would appear they sometimes wore the *saga*, or *paludamentum*, and sometimes a small kind of toga:—"Togulæ ad portam lictoribus præsto fuerunt quibus illi acceptis sagula rejecerunt." The *fascæ* were bound with purple ribbons. The axes were taken from them by *Publicola*; but *T. Lartius*, the first dictator, restored them. The *augurs* wore the *trabea* of purple and scarlet; that is to say, dyed first with one colour and then with the other. Cicero uses the word "*dibaphus*," twice dyed, for the

* Vide Sir S. Meyrick's 'Crit. Inquiry,' Introduction.

† Our business here is only with the dress of the soldiery; but those who wish for further particulars respecting the Roman legions will do well to consult Mons. le Beau's luminous account in the 'Académie des Inscriptions,' tome xxxv. p. 262.

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augural robe (Epist. Fam., lib. ii. 16); and in another passage calls it "our purple," being himself a member of the college of augurs. The shape of the aforesaid *trabea* is another puzzle for the antiquaries. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says plainly enough that it only differed from the toga in the quality of its stuff; but Rubenius would make it appear from the lines of Virgil—

" Parvae sedebat
Succinctus trabea."—Æn. 7—

that it was short, and resembled the paludamentum, for which reason he says the *salii* (priests of Mars), who are sometimes termed "*trabeati*," are called "*paludati*" by Festus.

The Roman women originally wore the toga as well as the men, but they soon abandoned it for the Greek pallium, an elegant mantle, under which they wore a tunic descending in graceful folds to the feet, called the *stola*.*

Another exterior habit was called the *peplum*, also of Grecian origin. It is very difficult, says Montfaucon, to distinguish these habits one from the other. There was also a habit called *crocosa*, most probably because it was of a saffron colour, as we are told it was worn not only by the women, but effeminate men, revellers, and buffoons.†

The fashions of ladies' head dresses changed as often in those times as they do now. *Vittæ* and *fasciæ*, ribbons or fillets, were the most simple and respectable ornaments for the hair. Ovid particularly mentions the former as the distinguishing badges of honest matrons and chaste virgins.‡

The *calantica* was, according to some, a coverchief. Servius says the *mitra* was the same thing as the *calantica*, though it anciently signified amongst the Greeks a ribbon, a fillet, a zone.§ Another coverchief called *flammeum*, or *flammeolum*, was worn by a new-married female on the wedding-day. According to Nonius, matrons also wore the *flammeum*, and Tertullian seems to indicate that in his time it was a common ornament which Christian women wore also. The *caliendrum*, mentioned by Horace (i. Sat. viii. 48), and afterwards by Arnobius, was a round of false hair which women added to their natural locks, in order to lengthen them and improve their appearance. The Roman ladies wore bracelets (*armillæ*) of silver, or gilt metal, and sometimes of pure gold, necklaces, and earrings. Pliny says, "they seek the pearl in the Red Sea, and the emeralds in the depths of the earth. It is for this they pierce their ears." These earrings were extremely long, and sometimes of so great a price, says Seneca, that "a pair of them would consume the revenue of a rich house;" and again, that "the folly of them (the women) was such, that one of them would carry two or three patrimonies hanging at her ears." Green and vermilion were favourite colours, both with Greek and Roman females. Such garments were called "*vestes herbidæ*," from the hue and juice of the herbs with which they were stained. The rage for green and vermilion was of long duration, for Cyprian and Tertullian, inveighing against luxury, name particularly those colours as most agreeable to the women; and Martian Capella, who wrote in the fifth century, even says, "*Floridam discolorumque vestem herbida palla contexuerat*." At banquets, and on joyful occasions, white dresses were made use of.|| Among the many colours in request with gentlewomen, Ovid reckons "*albentes rosas*" (de Art. iii. v. 189); and at v. 191 he says—

" Alba decent fuscas : albis, es Cephei placebas."

In Tibullus we meet with the following passage :—

" Urit seu Tyria voluit procedere palla;
Urit seu nivea candida veste venit."—Eleg. iv. 2.

Having thus given a sketch of the general costume of the Romans, we will proceed to notice

* " Ad talos stola et demissa circumdata palla."—Horace, lib. i., Sat. 2, 99.

† Yellow was always considered effeminate amongst the Romans, and the votaries of pleasure are generally described in it. See also a painting of vocal and instrumental performers found at Portici, A.D. 1761.

‡ " Este procul vittæ tenuous insigne pudoris."—Metam., lib. i., fab. 9. And describing the chaste Daphne, he says,

" Vittæ coercebat positos sine lege capillos."—Met. lib. i.

§ " Unde mitram solvere quod metaphorice significabat cum virgine concumbere."—Montfaucon, Ant. Expliq. tome iii. p. 44.

|| Stuekius, Ant. Con. ii. 26,

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such peculiarities as are requisite to distinguish the dramatic persons of the Roman plays of Shakspeare.

The dress of the ancient Roman consuls consisted of the tunic, called from its ornament *laticlavian*, the *toga prætexta* (i. e. bordered with purple), and the red sandals called *mullei*. Of all the disputed points before alluded to, that which has occasioned the most controversy is the distinguishing mark of the senatorial and equestrian classes.

The *latus clavus* is said to have been the characteristic of the magistrates and senators, and the *angustus clavus* that of the equites or knights.

That it was a purple ornament we learn from Pliny* and Ovid; but concerning its shape there are almost as many opinions as there have been pages written on the subject, not one of the ancients having taken the trouble to describe what to them was a matter of no curiosity, or by accident dropped a hint which might serve as a clue to the enigma. Some antiquarians contend that it was a round knob or nail with which the tunic was studded all over; others that it was a flower; some that it was a fibula; some that it was a ribbon worn like a modern order; and others, again, that it was a stripe of purple wove in or sewn on the tunic; but these last are divided among themselves as to the direction in which this stripe ran.†

The learned Père Montfaucon, in his 'Antiquité Expliquée par les Figures,' observes that Lampridius, in his 'Life of Alexander Severus,' says that at feasts napkins were used adorned with scarlet clavi, "*clavata cocco mantilia*." These clavi were also seen in the sheets that covered the beds on which the ancients lay to take their meals. Ammianus Marcellinus also tells us that a table was covered with cloths so ornamented, and disposed in such a manner, that the whole appeared like the *habit of a prince*.

Upon this Montfaucon ingeniously remarks, that, presuming the clavus to be a stripe or band of purple running round the edges of these cloths, it would not be difficult by laying them one over the other to show nothing but their borders, and thereby present a mass of purple to the eye, which might of course be very properly compared to the habit of a prince, but that this could not be effected were the cloths merely studded with purple knobs, or embroidered with purple flowers, as in that case the white ground must inevitably appear. In addition to this, he observes that St. Basil, in explanation of a passage in Isaiah, says, he blames the luxury of women "who border their garments with purple, or who insert it into the stuff itself;" and that St. Jerome, on the same passage, uses the expression of "*clavatum purpura*."

Now, though these observations go some way towards proving the clavus to have been a band or stripe (broad for the senators and narrow for the knights), we are as much in the dark as ever respecting the direction it took. It could not have bordered the tunic, or surely, like that of the Spaniards,‡ it would have been called *prætexta* (as the toga was when so ornamented). On the line in Horace—

" *Latum demisti pectore clavum*."—Sat. 1, 6, 28—

a commentator (Torrentius) says, "*recto ordine descendebat insuti clavi vel intexti*"—the clavi sewn on, or wove into, the garment, descended in a right line; but if he founded this conjecture simply on the word "*demisit*," he did not recollect that the ornament gave its name to the garment, and that the tunic itself is repeatedly called the *latus clavus* by the ancient writers. Horace might, therefore, merely allude to the tunic of the wearer hanging loosely and negligently down upon the breast, an affectation of wearing it which is imputed to Julius Cæsar. Nothing, in short, appears likely to solve this difficulty but the discovery of some *painting* of Roman times, in which colour may afford the necessary information.

Noble Roman youths wore the *prætexta*, and the *bullæ*, a golden ornament, which, from the rare specimen in the collection of the late Samuel Rogers, we should compare to the case of what is called a hunting-watch.§ It has generally been described as a small golden ball; but, unless the one we

* Lib. 9, cap. xxxix.

† Those of our readers who would like to plunge into the depths of this unfathomable controversy are recommended to a perusal of the essays of Kubenius and Ferrarius.

‡ Livy, speaking of the tunics of the Spaniards, says they were of a dazzling whiteness, and bordered with purple—" *is est prætexta*."

§ An exactly similar one is engraved in Montfaucon.

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have seen has been by accident much compressed or flattened, we should say they were not more globular than an old-fashioned watch. Macrobius says they were sometimes in the shape of a heart, and that they frequently contained preservatives against envy, &c. On arriving at the age of puberty, which was fourteen, youths abandoned the *bullæ*, and exchanged the *toga prætexta* for the *toga pura*, which was also called the "*toga virilis*," and "*libera*:"—"virilis," in allusion to the period of life at which they had arrived; and *libera*, because at the same time, if they were pupilli, they attained full power over their property, and were released from *tutela*. There is no ascertaining the age of young Marcius, in the tragedy of *Coriolanus*; but as he only appears in the scene before the Volscian camp when he is brought to supplicate his father, he should wear nothing but a black tunic, the *toga* and all ornaments being laid aside in mourning and times of public calamity.

Of Julius Cæsar we learn the following facts relative to his dress and personal appearance. Suetonius tells us that he was tall, fair-complexioned, round-limbed, rather full-faced, and with black eyes; that he obtained from the senate permission to wear constantly a laurel crown (Dion Cassius says on account of his baldness); that he was remarkable in his dress, wearing the *laticlavian* tunic with sleeves to it, having gatherings about the wrist, and always had it girded rather loosely, which latter circumstance gave origin to the expression of Sulla, "Beware of the loose-coated boy," or "of the man who is so ill girt." Dion Cassius adds that he had also the right to wear a royal robe in assemblies;* that he wore a red sash and the *calcei mullei* even on ordinary days, to show his descent from the Alban kings.† A statue of Julius Cæsar, armed, is engraved in Rossi's '*Racolta di Statue Antiche e Moderne*,' folio, Rome, 1704, pl. 15; also one of Octavianus, or Augustus Cæsar:—the latter statue having been once in the possession of the celebrated Marquis Maffei. Octavius affected simplicity in his appearance, and humility in his conduct; and, consistently with this description, we find his armour of the plainest kind. His *lorica*, or cuirass, is entirely without ornament, except the two rows of plates at the bottom. The *thorax* is partly hidden by the *paludamentum*, which was worn by this emperor and by Julius Cæsar of a much larger size than those of his successors. Although he is without the *cinctura*, or belt, he holds in his right hand the *paragonium*, a short sword, which, as the name imports, was fastened to it.

Suetonius tells us that Octavius was in height five feet nine inches, of a complexion between brown and fair, his hair a little curled and inclining to yellow. He had clear bright eyes, small ears, and an aquiline nose,—his eyebrows meeting. He wore his *toga* neither too scanty nor too full, and the *clavus* of his tunic neither remarkably broad nor narrow. His shoes were a little thicker in the sole than common, to make him appear taller than he was. In the winter he wore a thick *toga*, four tunics, a shirt, a flannel stomacher, and wrappers on his legs and thighs. He could not bear the winter's sun, and never walked in the open air without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

From the time of Caius Marius the senators wore black boots or buskins reaching to the middle of the leg,‡ with the letter C in silver or ivory upon them, or rather the figure of a half-moon§ or crescent.¶ There is one engraved in Montfaucon, from the cabinet of P. Kircher. It was worn above the heel, at the height of the ankle; but this last honour, it is conjectured, was only granted to such as were descended from the hundred senators elected by Romulus.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting the purple of the ancients. Gibbon says "it was of a dark cast, as deep as bulls' blood."—See also President Goguet's '*Origine des Loix et des Arts*,' part ii. l. 2, c. 2, pp. 184, 215. But there were several sorts of purple, and each hue was fashionable in its turn. "In my youth," says Cornelius Nepos (who

* Cicero also says that Cæsar sat in the *rostra*, in a purple *toga*, on a golden seat, crowned: "*Sedebat in rostris collega tuus, amictus toga purpurea, in sella aurea, coronatus*,"—Phil., 2, 34.

† Rubenius thinks he wore the sleeved tunic for the same reason, to show his descent, through those monarchs, from the Trojans, to whom Numanus objects, in Virgil, as a proof of their effeminacy—

"Et tunicæ manicas et habent redimicula mitræ."—Æn. 9, 616.

‡ "Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impedit crura

Pellibus, et latum demisit pectore clavum."—Horace, i., Sat. 6, v. 27.

Hence also "*calceos mutari*," to become a senator, as they then exchanged one sort of chaussure for another.—Cicero. Phil. xiii. 13.

§ Therefore called "*Calcei lunati*,"—Rubenius apud Philostratus.

¶ The crescent is seen upon the standards of the Roman centuries, probably to denote the number 100.

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worn during the reign of Augustus; Pliny, ix. 39), "the violet purple was fashionable, and sold for a hundred denarii the pound. Some time afterwards the red purple of Tarentum came into vogue, and to this succeeded the red Tyrian twice dyed, which was not to be bought under one thousand denarii." Here, then, we have three sorts of purple worn during the life of one man. The red purple is mentioned by Macrobius: he says the redness of the purple border of the *toga prætexta* was admonitory to those who assumed it to preserve the modesty of demeanour becoming young noblemen; and Virgil says that the sacrificing priest should cover his head with purple, without noticing whether its hue be red or violet. Indeed, purple was a term applied indiscriminately by the ancients to every tint produced by the *mixture of red and blue*, and sometimes to the pure colours themselves.

J. R. P.



[Plebeian]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMIL LEPIDUS; *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LÆNA; *senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIVS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer. CINNA, *a poet. Another Poet.*

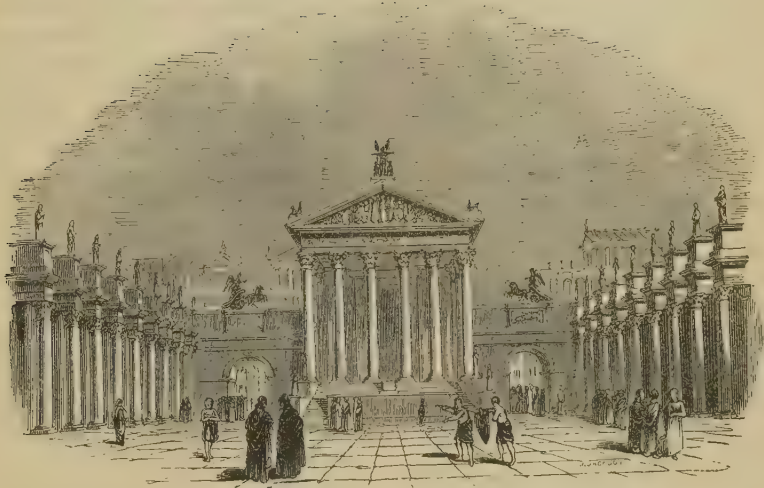
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young Cato, and*

VOLUMNIUS; *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS; *servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA *wife to Cæsar.* PORTIA, *wife to Brutus*



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use
with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a
mender of bad soles.

Flav. ^aWhat trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, sir I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all.^b I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men

^a We follow the folios in giving this speech to Flavius. Capell assigns it to Marullus, and he is generally followed. We doubt whether it is correct to assume that only one should take the lead; whereas it is clear that the dialogue is more natural, certainly more dramatic, according to the original arrangement, where Flavius and Marullus alternately rate the people, like two smiths smiting on the same anvil.

^b *With all.*—The original has *withal*. Some editors write *with awl*, offering an equivocal to the eye which is somewhat too palpable.

as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cil. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's

wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICEBO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touch'd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.¹

Ant.

I shall remember.

When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Cæs. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.²

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Senet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CÆS.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?³

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you do.

Bru. I am not gamester: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook
your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath
buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'T is just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
hear:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me,^a gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

^a On *me*. So the original. We do not change this idiomatic language of Shakspeare's time into the *of me* of modern speech.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear
the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him
well:—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:

For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, 'Dars't thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?'—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,^a
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
world

^a The use of *arrive* without the preposition has an example in the later writings of Milton:—

"Who shall spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle"

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried, 'Givè me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
 world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that
 Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than
 yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[*Shout.*]

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
 sham'd!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls^a encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
 jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear: and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this,
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from
 Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
 turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
 sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train:
 Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are
 fat;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
 Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
 He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.*

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dan-
 gerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him
 not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no
 plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
 Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. C. L. L. CA*
stays behind.]

^a *Walks in the origin.* changed by Rowe to *walls*.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,⁵

That Cæsar looks so sad?

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost chok'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that;

but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!'—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cícero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell both. [Exit CASCA.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 't is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard: But he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein ob-
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?

Way are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway
of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well
by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd^a upon me, and went surly by

Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they
saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking.^b When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons,—They are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:

But men may construe things, after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed
sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace
so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full
of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to
open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

glar'd, which Malone adopts, the compositor must have inserted an *l*, to change a common word into an unfamiliar one; and this is not the usual process of typographical blundering. Malone quotes a passage from Stow, describing a lion-fight in the Tower:—"Then was the great lion put forth, who gazed awhile;" and he thinks the term to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aspect of a lion. Surely this is nonsense. A well-known quotation from Macbeth, given by Steevens, is decisive as to the propriety of using *glar'd* in the passage before us.—

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare with."

^a To bring one on his way was to accompany him.
^b *Glar'd*. The original has *glaz'd*. This is a meaningless word; and we have therefore to choose between one of two corrections. Knowing the mode in which typographical errors arise, we should say that *glar'd* in the manuscript might very readily become *glaz'd* in the printed copy, by the substitution of *z* for an *r*. *Glar'd* is the reading of Rowe. On the contrary, if the manuscript had been

When the most mighty gods, by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks
of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not:—You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordi-
nance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our father's minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-mor-
row

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger
then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. *[Thunder still.]*

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious^a for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's^b like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one
in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night
is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange
sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O, Cassius, if you could but win the noble
Brutus
To our party——

^a *Faction.* Johnson considers that the expression here means *active*. To be factious, in its original sense, is to be doing; but Malone suggests that it means "embody a party or faction."

^b The original has *is favors*. Some would read *is favour'd*; but the use of the noun, in the sense of *appearance*, is probably clearer.

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you, lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find
us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius there?

Cin. All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's
hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need
of him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day

We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Julius Cæsar.]



[Roman Augur]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE II. *"Our elders say,
The barren," &c.*

"AT that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycæians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern there), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula, persuading themselves that being with child they shall have good delivery; and so being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child."

² SCENE II.—*"Beware the ides of March."*

"Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time before to

take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the 15th of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger."

³ SCENE II.—*"Will you go see the order of the course?"*

"Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the first day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered him he would not be there. But if we be sent for (said Cassius), how then? For myself then (said Brutus), I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty. Cassius being bold, and taking hold of this word,—Why (quoth he), what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What? knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, or such-like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well assured that of other prætors they look

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

for gifts, common distributions amongst the people, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp, to show the people pastime: but at thy hands they specially require (as a due debt unto them) the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so that thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for, and that they hope thou art."

⁴ SCENE II.—"*Let me have men about me that are fat, &c.*"

"Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."

⁵ SCENE II.—"*Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day.*"

"Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for Orations, in a chain of gold, appareled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there was a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol."

"When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the consuls and prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by

the pulpit for Orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar, rising, departed home to his house, and, tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling evil, when, standing on their feet, they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dimness and giddiness."

⁶ SCENE III.—"*A common slave,*" &c.

"Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noon-days sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire; and, furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt."

⁷ SCENE III.—"*Good Cinna, take this paper,*" &c.

"But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drove the kings out of Rome) they wrote—O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus! And again, That thou wert here among us now! His tribunal, or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was prætor, was full of such bills. Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed."



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius ! ho !—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when !^a Awake, I say ! What,
Lucius !

Enter LUCIUS

Luc. Call'd you, my lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death : and, for my
part,

^a So in Richard II.

"When, Harry, when !

▲ common expression of impatience

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd :—
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—

That ;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse^a from power : And, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common
proof

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
But when he once attains the upmost round,

^a Remorse—pity—tenderness. A sense in which it is
commonly used by Shakspeare.

He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mis-
chievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?^a

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me
word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"

'Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!'—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!'^b—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knock within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody
knocks.

[Exit LUCIUS.

^a *Idea of March.*—In the original the first of March. Presently Lucius says also, in the folio, "March is wasted fifteen days." Theobald made the correction in both instances.

^b Mr. Craik, in his valuable Philological Commentary on Julius Cæsar ("The English of Shakespeare"), has pointed out that the letter unquestionably concluded with the emphatic adjuration—"Speak, strike, redress!" and that the second enunciation of "Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!" is a repetition by Brutus to himself.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,^a
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius^b at the
door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.^c

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit LUCIUS.

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
Conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path^d thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METEL-
LUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your
rest:

Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

^a *A man.*—So the first folio; but the other folios and modern editors omit the article, which, we think, explains what has preceded it. *A man* individualizes the description; and shows that "the genius," on the one hand, means the spirit, or the impelling higher power moving the spirit, whilst "the mortal instruments" has reference to the bodily powers which the will sets in action. The condition of Macbeth before the murder of Duncan illustrates this:—

"I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

Mr. Dyce holds that the article *a* is a barbarous addition Mr. Craik retains the article.

^b Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

^c *Favour*—countenance.

^d *Path*—walk on a trodden way—move forward amidst observation. See Introductory Notice, p. 217.

Bru. I have been up this hour ; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you ?

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man
here

But honours you : and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this,
Metellus Cimper.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east : Doth not the day
break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey
lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both
deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress ? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,^a
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero ?¹ Shall we sound him ?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him ; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not ; let us not break with
him ;

For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd :—I think it is not
meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.²

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;

^a Cautelous—wary—circumspect.

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :^a
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius ! do not think of him :
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

* *Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
For he is superstitious grown of late ;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies ;
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does ; being then most flattered.
Let me work :

For I can give him his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the utter-
most ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him ;
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll
leave you, Brutus :—
And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all re-
member
What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

^a The pause which naturally occurs before Cassius offers
an answer to the impassioned argument of Brutus would
be most decidedly marked by a proper reader or actor ; yet
Pope and other editors read *do fear*, to make out the metre.

^b By him—by his house.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one.³

[*Eæunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ! It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men :
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise
you now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have un-
gently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,



By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation ;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know
this secret.

I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with pa-
tience,

And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows :—

Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that knocks ?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak
with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

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Bru. O, what a time have you chose out,
brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief ! 'Would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.⁴

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Liga-
rius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness ! Soul of Rome !
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible ;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick
men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must
make sick ?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my
Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot ;

And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's
Palace.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
nightgown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at
peace to-night :

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar !' Who's
within ?⁵

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord ?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to
walk forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : The things that
threaten'd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall
see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their
dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled^a in the air,
Horses do neigh,^b and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?
Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well

^a *Hurtled*.—This magnificent word expresses the clashing of weapons: it is probably the same word as *hurled*; and Shakspeare, with the boldness of genius, makes the action give the sound.

^b *Do neigh*.—Steevens departs from the original in reading *did neigh*; but the tenses might have been purposely confounded, to represent the vague terror of the speaker. Horses "do neigh" continues the image of

"Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds."

But to make *did neigh* consistent with the action of the "fiery warriors," Mr. Grant White writes *fought*, and Mr. Keightley, *did fight*. It is perhaps better to retain the original text than go into alterations without knowing where to stop

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

We are a two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and por-
tents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

^a *Arc*.—The original has *heare*: a correction by Theobald is *were*. Capell has *are*.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :

And know it now; the senate have concluded To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar. If you shall send them word you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid?'

Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up: Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Tre-
bonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been
further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some
wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go to-
gether.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon'

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street near the
Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Tre-
bonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves
thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but
one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If
thou beest not immortal, look about you: Security gives
way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy
lover,
ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the
same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here
again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do
there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
look well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow :
Which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please
Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that
I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a
thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*





[Roman Matron.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE I.—“*But what of Cicero?*”

“THEY durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that, he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution, seeking by persuasion to bring all things to such safety as there should be no peril.”

² SCENE I.—“*Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.*”

‘After that they consulted whether they should kill Antonius with Cæsar; but Brutus would in no wise consent to it, saying, that venturing on such an enterprise as that, for the maintenance of law and justice, it ought to be clear from all villainy.”

³ SCENE I.—“*Let not our looks,*” &c.

“Furthermore, the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken nor given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by

manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed. Now Brutus, who knew very well that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of Rome did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger, when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed; for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen, that his wife, lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. His wife, Portia, was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married, being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow, after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and jests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise, because

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself, she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore of blood, and incontinently after a vehement fever took her by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him:—I being, O Brutus (said she), the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet (Brutus) good education, and the company of virtuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me. With these words she showed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Portia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

* SCENE I.—"*Here is a sick man,*" &c.

"Now amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power; and therefore in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him, being sick in his bed, and said unto him, Ligarius, in what a time art thou sick! Ligarius, rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him, Brutus (said he), if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole."

* SCENE II.—"*Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,*" &c.

"Then going to bed the same night, as his man-

ner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many grumbling lamentable speeches, for she deemed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as, amongst other, Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort:—The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it; in-somuch that, Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate until another day, and if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition; and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had, but much more afterwards when the soothsayer, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them. Then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate; but in the mean time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus. He, fearing that, if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places, both by sea and land; and furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friend's words? and who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time. Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house."



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a
suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great
Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last
serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the
street?

Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All
the Senators rise.¹*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might
thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brn. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

Brn. Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brn. He is address'd:^a press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amiss, That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart:— [Kneeling.]

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings, and these lowly courtesies, Might fire the blood of ordinary men; And turn pre-ordnance, and first decree, Into the law^c of children. Be not fond, To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood, That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,

Low crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning. Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him, I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.^d

^a Address'd—ready.

^b Mr. Collier gives the words to Casca; as Ritson also did. The distribution seems plausible. But Brutus has just said of Cæsar, "he is address'd," which means "he is ready." Cæsar, being ready himself, looks to the senate, and says "Are we all ready?"

^c Law.—The original has *lane*,—an easy misprint for *lawe*.

^d In Ben Jonson's 'Discoveries' there is the following passage referring to Shakspeare: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" Jonson wrote this, we have no doubt, before the publication of the folio of 1623; for he was incapable of falsely quoting his friend's lines. Tyrwhitt supposes that the players altered the line: and maintains that Shakspeare did not use *wrong* in the sense of impropriety, but with reference to his exercise of power which sometimes

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear, For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Brn. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cas. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cas. I could be well mov'd if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, They are all fire, and every one doth shine; But there's but one in all doth hold his place: So, in the world: 'T is furnish'd well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet, in the number, I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he, Let me a little show it,—even in this,

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd, And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cas. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

Cas. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies.* The senators and people retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Brn. People, and senators! be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Brn. Where's Publius?

required him to punish. "On the whole," say the Cambridge editors, "it seems more probable that Jonson, quoting from memory, quoted wrong, than that the passage was altered in consequence of his censure, which was first made, publicly, in 1625."

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die we know; 't is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.*

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans,
stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest:
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome,
Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

* The original copies give this speech to Casca. The variorum editors assigned it to Cassius. Mr. Craik thinks it is more in the manner of Cassius.

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice,* and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Me-
tellus;

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours:—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd,
brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters
stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then in a friend it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was,
indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: Do not consent

[*Aside*

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—

I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY,*

* See Recent New Reading at the end of the Act.
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Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,^a

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry 'Havock,'^b and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!—

[*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse

^a We give the line as in the first and second editions. The text was invariably corrupted in all modern editions before the Pictorial into—

"O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth."

^b *Havock*, according to Sir William Blackstone, was in the military operations of ancient times, the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given.

To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*²

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

¹ *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

² *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*]

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum

³ *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!
Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free-men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to

Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

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Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not
take the crown;

Therefore, 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide
it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 't is his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ; you shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.
4 *Cit.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

Cit. The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : The will ! read the will !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii :—
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all :
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,*
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint^b of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woeful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

Ant. We will be revenged : revenge ; about,
—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable ;
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,

* *Statue.*—In this passage, and in a previous instance, the word *statua* has been substituted for the English word. What we may gain in the harmony of the verse we lose in the simplicity of the expression, by this alteration.
b *Dint*—impression.

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full
well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,* nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny!

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away then; come, seek the conspirators!

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true; the will:—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, 'etch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeant.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*³

Cit. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my phantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly,
and briefly, wisely, and truly; wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

* *Wit*.—The folio of 1623 has *writ*—that of 1632 *wit*. *Writ* may be explained as a prepared writing; but we retain the reading of the second folio, receiving *wit* in the sense of understanding.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.*

* Through a most extraordinary licence, or indolence in

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go! [Exeunt.

the collation of copies, this entire line is omitted in some modern editions.

RECENT NEW READING.

ACT III., SC. I., p. 250.

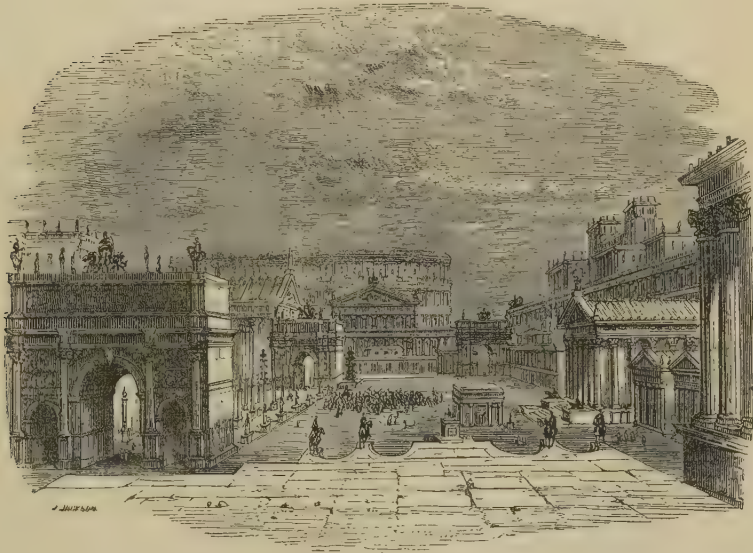
"Our arms, in strength of malice," &c.

"Our arms, in strength of welcome," &c.—COLLIER.

We transcribe the following note from Mr. Craik's Philological Commentary on Julius Cæsar:—

The word *malice* "has stood in every edition down to that in one volume produced by Mr. Collier in 1853; and there, for the first time, instead of 'strength of malice,' we have 'strength of welcome.' This turns the nonsense into

excellent sense; and the two words are by no means so unlike as that, in a cramp hand, or an injured or somewhat faded page, the one might not easily have been mistaken by the first printer or editor for the other. . . . Yet, strange to say, it is not so much as mentioned by Mr. Collier in the large volume, of above 500 pages (Notes and Emendations, etc.), which professes to contain an account of everything of interest or importance in his copy of the Second Folio. Nor, as far as I remember, has it attracted any attention from any one of the numerous critics of the new readings. As how, indeed, should it, smuggled into the text as it has been?"





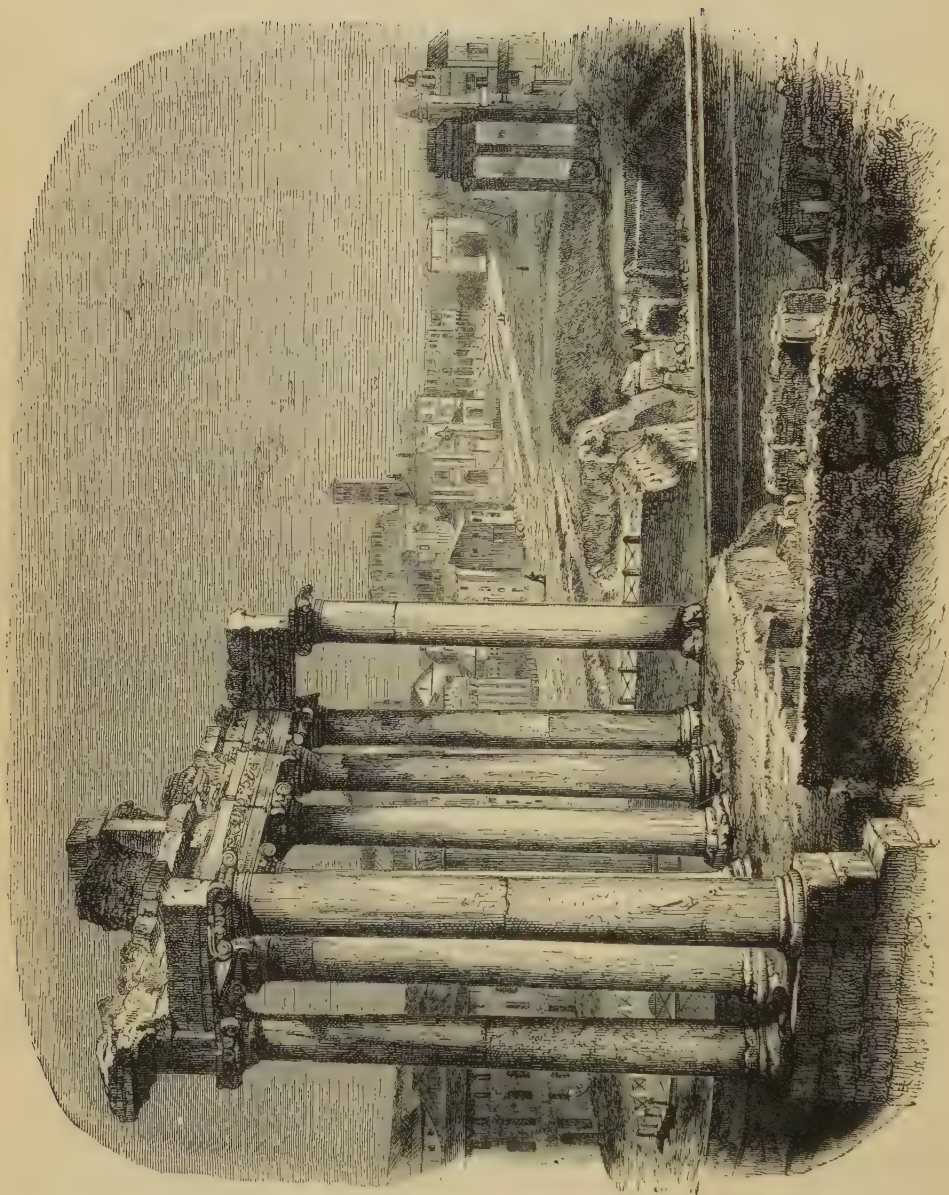
[Roman Consul.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE I.—“*All the Senators rise.*”

“A SENATOR called Popilius Læna, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded softly in their ears, and told them, I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but, withal, despatch, I rede you, for your enterprise is bewrayed. When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out * * * * * When Cæsar came out of his litter, Popilius Læna (that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods they might bring this enterprise to pass) went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talk. Cæsar gave good ear unto him; wherefore the conspirators (if so they should be called), not hearing what he said to Cæsar, but conjecturing by that he had told them a little before that his talk was none other but the very discovery of their conspiracy, they were afraid every man of them; and one looking in another's face, it was easy to see that they all were of a mind that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own hands. And when Cassius and certain other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor than like an accuser, he said nothing to his companions (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius, and immediately after Læna went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand, which showed

plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk. Now all the senators being entered first into this place or chapter-house where the council should be kept, all the other conspirators straight stood about Cæsar's chair, as if they had had something to say unto him; and some say that Cassius, casting his eyes upon Pompey's image, made his prayer unto it as if it had been alive. Trebonius, on the other side, drew Antonius aside as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held him with a long talk without. When Cæsar was come into the house, all the senate rose to honour him at his coming in; so, when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius (Metellus) Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar, at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber, with both his hands, plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca that stood behind him drew his dagger first, and strake Cæsar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Cæsar, feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out in Latin, O traitor Casca, what dost thou? Casca on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Cæsar, he, looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Casca's



ROME: THE FORUM.

Julius Cæsar. Act. II., sc. 2.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

hand go, and, casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murdering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied. Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact; but they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them; for it was set down and agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and should entreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty. All the conspirators, but Brutus, determining upon this matter, thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature favoured tyranny. Besides, also, for that he was in great estimation with soldiers, having been conversant of long time amongst them, and especially having a mind bent to great enterprises; he was also of great authority at that time, being consul with Cæsar. But Brutus would not agree to it: first, for that he said it was not honest; secondly, because he told them there was hope of change in him, for he did not mistrust but that Antonius, being a noble-minded and courageous man (when he should know that Cæsar was dead), would willingly help his country to recover her liberty, having them an example unto him to follow their courage and virtue. So Brutus by this means saved Antonius' life, who at that present time disguised himself and stole away; but Brutus and his consorts, having their swords bloody in their hands, went straight to the Capitol, persuading the Romans as they went to take their liberty again.²

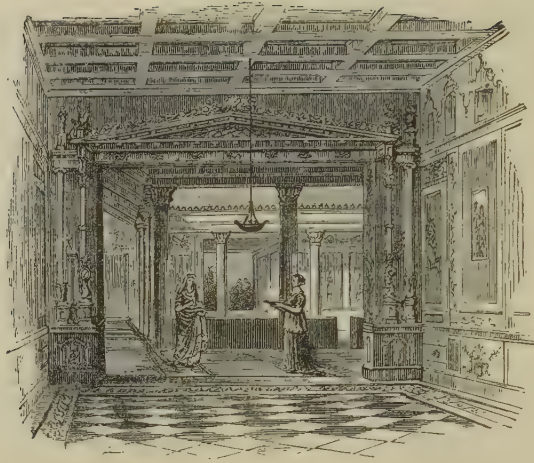
² SCENE II.—“*Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.*”

“A great number of men being assembled together one after another, Brutus made an oration unto them to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol; whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troop, but Brutus went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir, yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak they gave him quiet audience: howbeit immediately after they showed that they were not all contented with the murder. * * * * * Then Antonius, thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also

that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise, Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it, wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault; for the first fault he did was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators that Antonius should be slain, and therefore he was justly accused that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was when he agreed that Cæsar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them, the which indeed marred all. For, first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built, the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it; therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people, for some of them cried out, Kill the murderers; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funeral of Clodius, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy place. And, furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses that killed him to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves, and fled.”

³ SCENE III.—“*Enter Cinna, the Poet.*”

“There was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of Cæsar's chiefest friends. He dreamed the night before that Cæsar had bid him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where, being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever, and yet, notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried Cæsar's body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the press of the common people that were in a great uproar; and because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people thinking he had been that Cinna who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of Cæsar, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place.”



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Antony's House.*^a

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names
are prick'd.¹

Oct. Your brother too must die: Consent you,
Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I
damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determi
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

^a The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription.—(See Illustration.)—But it is evident that Shakspeare places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit LEPIDUS*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. Sc you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than
you:

And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we
will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go
forth :

A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,^a
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers : we must straight make
head :

Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;^b
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd.

Oct. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent. in the Camp
near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and
Soldiers : TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting
them.

Bru. Stand, ho !^c

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

^a In the original there is a full point at the end of this line ; and in variorum editions there is a semicolon, which equally answers the purpose of separating the sense from what follows. This separation has created a difficulty. Theobald wants to know why a man is to be called a barren-spirited fellow that feeds on objects and arts ; and he proposes to read *abject arts*. This is something too violent ; and therefore Steevens maintains that objects and arts were unworthy things for a man to feed upon, because the one means speculative and the other mechanical knowledge. If these are excluded, what knowledge are we to feed upon ? Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others, he feeds

" On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion."

^b We print this line as in the first folio. It certainly gives one the notion of being imperfect ; but it is not necessarily so, and may be taken as a hemistich. The second folio has pieced it out rather botchingly :—

" Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out."
This is a common reading. Malone reads,

" Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost."
^c Stand, ho !—This is the pass-word, which Steevens absurdly changes to stand here.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pin
darus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd ;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd :—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.²

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine
enemies ?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs :

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content ;
Speak your griefs^a softly, — I do know you
well :—

^a Griefs—grievances.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.^a

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus.*^b

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such
a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his com-
ment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait^a not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no
further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all
this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong
me, Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

^a We print these three lines as in the original. Mr. Craik very ingeniously transposes the Lucilius of the first line and the Lucius of the third. To cure, he says, the imperfect prosody of the first line, and to get rid of the incongruity of an officer of rank and a servant boy being appointed to the same office.

^b This is not given as a separate scene in the original; but, with reference to the construction of the modern stage, the present arrangement is necessary. In the Shaksperian theatre Brutus and Cassius might have retired to the secondary stage.—(See *Othello*. Illustration of Act v.)

^a *Bait*.—So the original. Steevens reads *bay*, conceiving that the repetition of the word used by Brutus is necessary to the spirit of the reply. However this may be, *bay* is not so expressive as *bait*. Shakspeare uses the word here as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

"Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
To bait me with this foul derision?"

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderboits,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
riv'd my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is weary of the world:
Uttered by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'd
him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth
him?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd
too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O, Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave
me

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
so. [Noise within.]

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the
generals;

There is some grudge between them, 't is not
meet

They be alone.

Lucil. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay
me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals: What do you
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should
be;

For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic
rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows
his time

What should the wars do with these jiggling
fools?

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, begone!
[Exit Poet.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you,
Immediately to us.

[Exit LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so
angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is
dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark
Antony

Have made themselves so strong;—for with her
death

That tidings came:—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl
of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[Drinks.]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good
Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same
tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of out-
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. *Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her
in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:—

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

* Stevens here thrusts in *ay*, "to complete the verse,"
by destroying the pause which makes it so emphatic.

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on :
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night ;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Fare-
well, good Messala ;—
Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men :
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and
sleep ;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good
sirs ;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so :
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it
me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might ;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep
again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !

Lav'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good
night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee : and, good boy, good
night.

Let me see, let me see :—Is not the leaf turn'd
down

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes
here ?³

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me :—Art thou anything ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at
Philippi.

Bru. Well : Then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord.

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see
anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord,

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE I.—“*These many then shall die.*”

“ALL three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an island environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now, as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their enemies and save their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their enemies, they spurned all reverence of blood and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius’ will; Antonius also forsook Lucius Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus. Yet some writers affirm that Cæsar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it.”

² SCENE II.—“*Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.*”

“About that time Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus, understanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There, both armies being armed, they called them both emperors. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends, and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber hearing them loud within, and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also lest it should grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding one Marcus Phaonius, that had been a friend and follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion: * * * This Phaonius at that time, in despite of the doorkeepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:—

‘My lords, I pray you, hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than such ye three,’

Cassius fell a laughing at him but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeit cynic. Howbeit, his coming in broke their strife at that time, and so they left each other. The self-same night Cassius prepared his supper in his chamber, and Brutus brought his friends with him. * * * The next day after, Brutus, upon complain^t of the Sardiens, did condemn and noted Lucius Pella for a defamed person, * * * for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much mis-liked Cassius: * * * and therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would show himself so straight and severe in such a time, as was meet to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered that he should remember the ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilld nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil by his countenance and authority.”

³ SCENE III.—“*How ill this taper burns!*”

“But as they both prepared to pass over again out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderful sign unto him. Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little. * * * After he had slumbered a little after supper he spent all the rest of the night in despatching of his weightiest causes, and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come unto him. So, being ready to go into Europe, one night (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and, casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful, strange, and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes. Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, Well, then, I shall see thee again. The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all. Thereupon Brutus returned again to think on his matters as he did before: and when the day brake he went unto Cassius, to tell him what vision had appeared unto him in the night.”



ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn^a us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;

^a To warn--to summon.

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the
left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their
Army ; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and
others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and
talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of
battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their
charge.

Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, 'Long live! hail Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;*
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,

And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look; I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty^b wounds

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

* Where a plural noun being a genitive case immediately precedes the verb, it is not at all uncommon, in the writers of Shakspeare's time, to disregard the real singular nominative. Such a construction is not to be imputed to grammatical ignorance, but to a licence warranted by the best examples. Our language in becoming more correct has lost something of its spirit.

^b Three-and-thirty.—The variorum reading is three-and-twenty, which Theobald gave us upon the authority of Suetonius and others. Beaumont and Fletcher speak of Cæsar's "two-and-thirty wounds." The poets in such cases were not very scrupulous in following historical authorities. They desire to give us an idea of many wounds, and they accomplish their purpose.

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exit* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that, against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign^a

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

Who to Philippi here consorted us;

This morning are they fled away, and gone;

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd

To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus

The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determin'd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death

^a *Forne* ensign.—The ensign in the van.

Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man
might know

The end of this day's business ere it come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills

Unto the legions on the other side:

[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
early:

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

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Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;^a

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!

Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,

Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in
him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again; that I may rest assur'd

Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;

My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,

And where I did begin there shall I end;

My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about

With horsemen that make to him on the spur;

Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;

Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he

'lights too:—

He's ta'en;—and hark! they shout for joy.^a

[*Shout*]

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do

Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,

^a We follow the metrical arrangement of the original, than which nothing can be more perfect. Boswell, the last editor of a *variorum* edition, has, for the first time that has come under our notice, reprehended this species of mischievous dabbling with the text. He says, "The modern editors, I know not why, have altered it thus:—

"Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that

Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—

Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—

Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en; and

hark!

They shout for joy."

'That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art re-
veng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pin-
darus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory.

And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

'Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS,
young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMINIUS, and LU-
CILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body
lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, wher' he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as
these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. *Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies;*
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go
with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius; And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.
1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die: There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.³

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough; I dare assure thee that no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus: The gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, or alive, or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe, Give him all kindness: I had rather have Such men my friends; than enemies. Go on, And see wher Brutus be alive, or dead: And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent, How everything is chanc'd.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.⁴

Cl. Statilius show'd the torchlight; but, my lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[Whispering.]

Cl. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.—*[Whispers him.]*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cl. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me Two several times by night: at Sardis, once; And, this last night, here in Philippi fields. I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; Our enemies have beat us to the pit: It is more worthy to leap in ourselves, Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee, Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[Alarum still.]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen, My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life, I found no man but he was true to me. I shall have glory by this losing day, More than Octavius and Mark Antony By this vile conquest shall attain unto. So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue Hath almost ended his life's history: Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest, That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly!]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[Exeunt.]



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

SCENE I.—“*Be thou my witness that, against my will,*” &c.

WHEN they raised their camp, there came two eagles, that, flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat and fed them until they came near to the city of Philippes; and there one day only before the battle they both flew away. * * * And yet, further, there were seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey that fed upon dead carcasses. * * * The which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions, and had put the soldiers also in a marvellous fear; thereupon Cassius was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to delay time, and to draw it out in length. * * * But Brutus, in contrary manner, did alway before, and at that time also, desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of battle, as soon as might be possible. * * * Thereupon it was presently determined they should fight battle the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked with a cheerful countenance, like a man that had good hope, and talked very wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himself in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and, holding him fast (in token of kindness, as his manner was), told him in Greek—Messala, I protest unto thee, and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ‘jeopard’ the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. And yet we must be lively and of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evil counsel. Messala writeth that Cassius having spoken these last words unto him, he bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birthday. The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in Brutus' and Cassius' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat, and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. Then Cassius began to speak first, and said,—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But

sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune; for I gave up my life for my country in the Ides of March, for the which I shall live in another more glorious world. Cassius fell a laughing to hear what he said, and, embracing him, Come on then, said he, let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors. After this talk they fell to consultation among their friends for the ordering of the battle.”

2 SCENE III.—“*Fly further off, my lord.*”

“So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troop of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him; but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all:

for Cassius thinking indeed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words :—Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch since the cursed battle of the Parthians, where Crassus was slain, though he, notwithstanding, escaped from that overthrow. But then casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen more; whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves the misfortune that had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and so slew himself presently in the field. Brutus, in the mean time, came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown; but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder."

SCENE IV.—"*Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.*"

"So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life. Amongst them there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going altogether right against Brutus, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life; and, being left behind, told them that he was Brutus, and, because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was afraid of Cæsar, and that he did trust Antonius better. The barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto Antonius to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. Others also understanding of it, that they had brought Brutus prisoner, they came out of all parts of the camp to see him; some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying that it was not done like himself, so cowardly to be taken alive of the barbarous people for fear of death. When they came near together, Antonius stayed awhile bethinking himself how he should use Brutus. In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said—Antonius, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune; for where-soever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself. And now for myself :—I am come unto thee, having deceived these men of arms here,

bearing them down that I was Brutus, and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius' words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them, My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong; but I do assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed; for instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend: and, for my part, if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him; for I had rather have such men my friends, as this man here, than enemies. Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody, and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death."

SCENE V.—"*Come, poor remains of friends,*" &c.

"Now, Brutus having passed a little river, walled in on every side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, being then dark night, he went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain of his captains and friends that followed him: and looking up to the firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses of the which Volumnus wrote the one, to this effect :—

'Let not the wight from whom this mischief went
(O Jove) escape without due punishment;—'

and saith that he had forgotten the other. Within a little while after, naming his friends that he had seen slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before, specially when he came to name Sabia and Flavius, of the which the one was his lieutenant, and the other captain of the pioneers of his camp. In the mean time one of the company being athirst, and seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his sallet. At the self-same time they heard a noise on the other side of the river. Whereupon Volumnus took Dardanus, Brutus' servant, with him, to see what it was; and returning straight again, asked if there were any water left. Brutus, smiling, gently told them all was drunk, but they shall bring you some more. Thereupon he sent him again that went for water before, who was in great danger of being taken by the enemies, and hardly escaped, being sore hurt. Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius that promised to go through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp), and from thence, if all were well, that he should lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torchlight was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now, Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, If Statilius be alive he will come again; but his evil fortune was such, that as he came back he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him. At length he came to Volumnus himself, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword to thrust it in him to

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, We must fly indeed, said he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: it rejoiceth my heart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves.

and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato (at his request), held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, became afterwards Octavius Cæsar's friend. So, shortly after, Cæsar being at good leisure, he brought Strato, Brutus' friend, unto him, and weeping said—Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus. Cæsar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium.



[Pompey's Statue.]



ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

'THE Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is not divided into acts and scenes in the original; but the stage-directions, like those of the other Roman plays, are very full. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably accurate; although the metrical arrangement is, in a few instances, obviously defective. The positive errors are very few. Some obscure passages present themselves; but, with one or two exceptions, they are not such as to render conjectural emendation desirable.

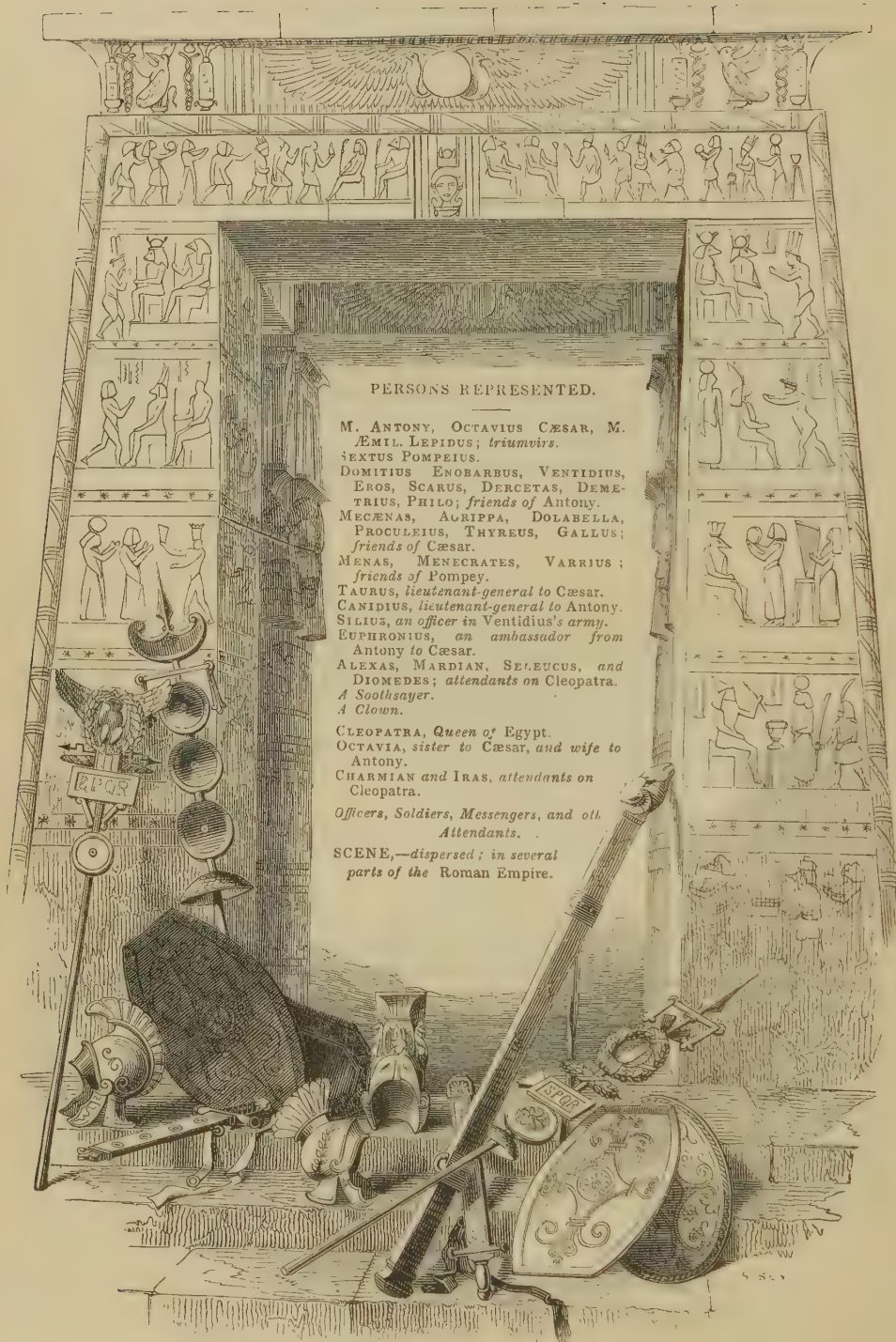
We have already stated our views of the chronology of this tragedy, in the Introductory Notices to *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

THE Life of Antonius, in North's Plutarch, has been followed by Shakspeare with very remarkable fidelity; and there is scarcely an incident which belongs to this period of Antony's career which the poet has not engrafted upon his wonderful performance. The poetical power, subjecting the historical minuteness to an all-pervading harmony, is one of the most remarkable efforts of Shakspeare's genius. That this may be properly felt we have given very copious extracts from the Life of Antonius, as Illustrations of each Act.

COSTUME.

FOR the costume of the Roman personages of this play, we, of course, refer our readers to the Notice prefixed to that of *Julius Cæsar*: but for the costume of Egypt during the latter period of Greek domination we have no satisfactory authority. Winkelman describes some figures which he asserts were "made by Egyptian sculptors under the dominion of the Greeks, who introduced into Egypt their gods as well as their arts; while, on the other hand, the Greeks adopted Egyptian usages." But from these mutilated remains of Greco-Egyptian workmanship we are unable to ascertain how far the Egyptians generally adopted the costume of their conquerors, or the conquerors themselves assumed that of the vanquished. In the work on *Egyptian Antiquities* published in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, the few facts bearing upon this subject have been assembled, and the minutest details of the more ancient Egyptian costume will be found in the admirable works of Sir G. Wilkinson: but it would be worse than useless for us to enter here into a long description of the costume of the Pharaohs, unless we could assert how much, if any part of it, was retained by the Ptolemies.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M.
ÆMIL LEPIDUS; *triumvirs*.
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBAREUS, VENTIDIUS,
EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEME-
TRIUS, PHILO; *friends of Antony*.
MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS;
friends of Cæsar.
MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS;
friends of Pompey.
TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar*.
CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony*.
SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army*.
EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from*
Antony to Cæsar.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and
DIOMEDES; *attendants on Cleopatra*.
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.
CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt*.
OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to*
Antony.
CHARMIAN and IRAS, *attendants on*
Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and oth.
Attendants.

SCENE,—*dispersed; in several*
parts of the Roman Empire.



[Room in Cleopatra's Palace.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now
turn,

The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, renegues^a all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

^a *Renegues*—renounces. This is sometimes spelt *reneges*; but Coleridge suggested the orthography we have adopted, which gives us the proper pronunciation, as in *league*. Steevens proposes to read *reneyes*, a word used by Chaucer in the same sense.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple a pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome—

Ant. Grates me: ^b—The sum.

^a A *Triple* is here used in the sense of third, or one of three. So in *All's Well that Ends Well* we have a *triple eye* for a third eye. We are not aware that any other author uses *triple* otherwise than in the ordinary sense of three-fold.

^b *Grates me*—offends me;—is grating to me.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows
If the scarce bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this ;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, An-
tony.—

Where's Fulvia's process ?^a Cæsar's, I would
say.—Both.—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays
shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The mes-
sengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt ! and the wide
arch

Of the rang'd empire^b fall ! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet^c
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself—

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.^d—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference
harsh :

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-
night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen !
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives

^a Process—summons.

^b Rang'd empire. Capell, the most neglected of the com-
mentators, properly explains this—"Orderly ranged—whose
parts are now entire and distinct, like a number of well-
built edifices." He refers to a passage in Coriolanus,—

"Bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin."

^c To weet—to know.

^d Johnson explains this as if but had the meaning of except
—Antony will be himself, unless Cleopatra keeps him in
commotion. Monck Mason objects to this ; and interprets
the passage,—if but stirred by Cleopatra. Surely the mean-
ing is more obvious. Antony accepts Cleopatra's belief of
what he will be. He will be himself ; but still under the
influence of Cleopatra ; and to show what that influence is,
he continues, "Now, for the love of Love," &c.

To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !

No messenger ; but thine and all alone,

To-night we'll wander through the streets, and
note

The qualities of people.¹ Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP., with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry

That he approves the common liar, who

Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and
Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any-
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to
the queen ? O, that I knew this husband,
which, you say, must change^a his horns with
garlands !

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the man ?—Is 't you, sir, that
know things ?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wit-
ness enough

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you
are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

Char. Hush !

Sooth. You shall be more beloved than be-
lov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with
drinking.

^a Change—vary—give a different appearance to. *Change* is
the word of the original. Warburton and others propose to
read *charge*.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike my children shall have no names: Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile^a every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus pre-
rageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm, be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune;—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer

of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do 't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here,^a at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field!

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gains
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—
On:

Things that are past are done with me.—'T is thus.

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian
force,

^a Fertile. The original has *foretel*. The emendation, which is very ingenious, was made by Warburton.

^a Steevens here introduces *madam* "as a proper cure for the present defect in metre."

Extended, Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds

When our quick winds lie still; and our ills
told us,

Is as our earring.^b Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Ant. From Sicily how the news?° Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicily.—Is there such
an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicily:

Her length of sickness, with what else more
serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*]

Ant. Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again: the present pleasure
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself;^d she's good, being gone;

^a Extended—seized upon. In North's Plutarch we find that Labienus had "overrun Asia from Euphrates." Nearly all Shakspeare's contemporaries make the second syllable of Euphrates short. Drayton, for example,—

"That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrates."

^b Malone proposes to read *minds* instead of *winds*; and the commentators have taken different sides in this matter. Before we adopt a new reading we must be satisfied that the old one is corrupt. When, then, do we "bring forth weeds?" In a heavy and moist season, when there are no "quick winds" to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but "the winds of March," rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The quick winds then are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried farther: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults — ill — is as the ploughing itself—the "earring."

^c How the news? So the folio. Mr. Dyce reads *ho, the news!*

^d Warburton says, "The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which, rising in the east, and by revolution lower-

The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her
on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We
see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if
they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women
die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing;
though, between them and a great cause, they
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching
but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer mo-
ment: I do think there is mettle in death, which
commits some loving act upon her, she hath
such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made
of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We
cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and
tears; they are greater storms and tempests
than almanacs can report: this cannot be cun-
ning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of
rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a won-
derful piece of work; which not to have been
blessed withal, would have discredited your
travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacri-
fice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the
wife of a man from him, it shows to man the
tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that
when old robes are worn out there are members
to make new. If there were no more women
but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the
case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with
consolation; your old smock brings forth a new
petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an
onion that should water this sorrow.

ing, or setting, in the west, becomes the opposite of itself." But, taking revolution simply as a change of circumstances, the passage may mean (and this is the interpretation of Steevens) that the pleasure of to day becomes subsequently a pain—the opposite of itself. Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector alters *revolution lowering* to *repelition souring*, but we hold to the original

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state

Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part.* For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our concurring friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him sir ee.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad, Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEX.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, **for-** bear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go; 'Would she had never given you leave to come! Let her not say 't is I that keep you here, I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first, I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then;—Eternity was in our lips and eyes; Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor, But was a race of heaven: They are so still, Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world, Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou should'st know

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands Our services a while; but my full heart Remains in use with you. Our Italy Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:

* Some of the commentators would read "leave to part." To get her love, here, may be to prevail upon her love that we may part. Pope was the first to read leave.

Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown
to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemned Pom-
pey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe^a my
going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
me freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils^b she awak'd; at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to
know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.^c

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt:^d Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is
meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

^a Safe—render safe.

^b Garboils—disorders, commotions; probably derived from
the same source as *turnmoil*.

^c This passage was usually pointed with a colon after
"well;" and, so pointed, it is interpreted by Capell, "such is
Antony's love, fluctuating and subject to sudden turns, like
my health." We follow the punctuation of the original,
which is more consonant with the rapid and capricious
temperament of Cleopatra—I am quickly ill, and I am well
again, so that Antony loves.

^d Egypt—the queen of Egypt.

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, prithee, Char-
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kills me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel^a victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come:
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in
Cæsar's House.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and
Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor^b: from Alexandria
This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-
like
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,
Or vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You
shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:

^a Laurel. The use of the substantive adjectively was a
peculiarity of the poetry of Shakspeare's time, which has been
reverted with advantage in our own day.

^b Our great.—[This is Johnson's emendation of the original
one great. Competitor is used in the sense of associate.]

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rathèr than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let's grant it
is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smel' of sweat; say, this
becomes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils,^a when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud

As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be chid,
As we rate boys; who, being mature in know-
ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Rep. Here's more news.
Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and
every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth
love,

Comes fear'd^b by being lack'd. This common
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying^c the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

^a *Soils*—defilements, taints. The original has *foils*, which Malone amended.

^b *Fear'd* in the original: the general reading is *dear'd*. But it may be argued that Cæsar is speaking; and that, in the notions of one who aims at supreme authority, to be feared and to be loved are pretty synonymous.

^c *Lackeying*—the original has *lackey* not *lacking* as the commentators state; but the reading is evidently corrupt, and we may properly adopt Theobald's emendation of *lackeying*.

MENAS.

Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Meneceates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth
revolt:

No vessel can peep forth but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious vassails.^a When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow;³ whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with satience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou brows'd'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs.

Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome: 'T is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble me^b immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep.

To-morrow, Cæsar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs.

Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell.

^a *Vassails*.—The spelling of the original is *vassails*. The modern reading is *vassals* or *wassails*. A question then arises in what sense Shakspeare used this word. In three other passages of the original, where the old English word *vassal* is used it is spelt *wassels*. *Vassal* is employed by Shakspeare in the strict meaning of drunken revelry; and that could scarcely be called "lascivious." On the contrary, "leave thy lascivious vassals" might express Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the queen being one of his tributaries. We leave the original word *vassails*. Henley, one of the variorum commentators, says, "*Vassals* is, without question, the true reading."

^b *Assemble me*. So the original. The modern reading is *assemble we*; and it is justified by the assertion that one equal is speaking to another. The commentators forget the contempt which Cæsar had for Lepidus: they forget, too, the crouching humility of Lepidus himself:—

"What you shall know meantime
Of stir abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker."

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall
know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap
of time

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason!

Char. — Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'T is well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec-
tions?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do
nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet I have fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian;

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet^a of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old
Nile?'

For so he calls me: Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted
Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark An-
tony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my
heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, 'The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,'
Say thou, 'shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt^a steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between
the extremes

Of hot^b and cold: he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but
note him:

He was not sad; for he would shire on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Best thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else—Mett'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

^a *Arm-gaunt.* So the original. Some propose to read
armagant; but *arm-gaunt*, of which we have no other
example, conveys the notion of a steed fierce and terrible in
armour; and the epithet therefore is not to be lightly
replaced by any other.

^b *Hot.* So the original. Steevens reads *heat*.

^a *Burgonet*—helmet. In Henry VI. we have, "I wear
soft my burgonet."



ACT I.]

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

[SCENE V.

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

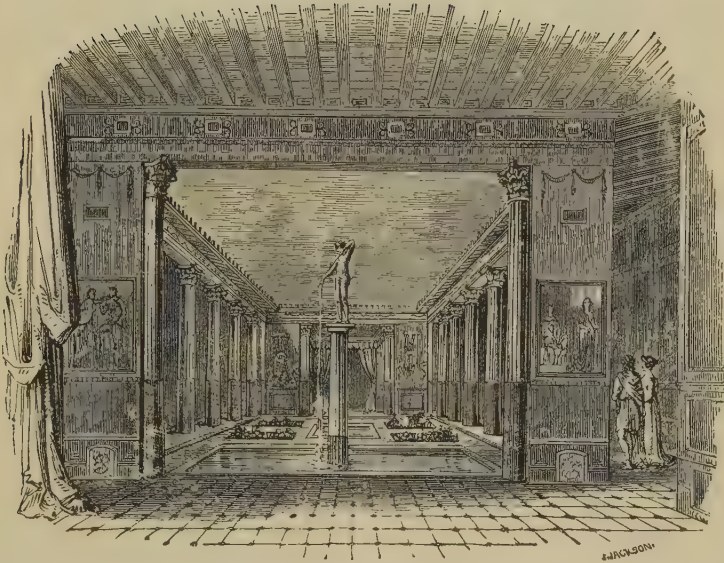
Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men!

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days!
When I was green in judgment,—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*



[Scene IV. Atrium in Caesar's House.]



[Medal of Antony and Cleopatra.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.—*"To-night we'll wander through the streets," &c.*

IN this, and the subsequent Illustrations in each act, the quotations are from North's Plutarch, unless otherwise distinguished.

"But now again to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery, but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now, though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity and liked it well, saying, very gallantly and wisely, that Antonius showed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance; and the Romans a tragical face, that is to say, a grim look."

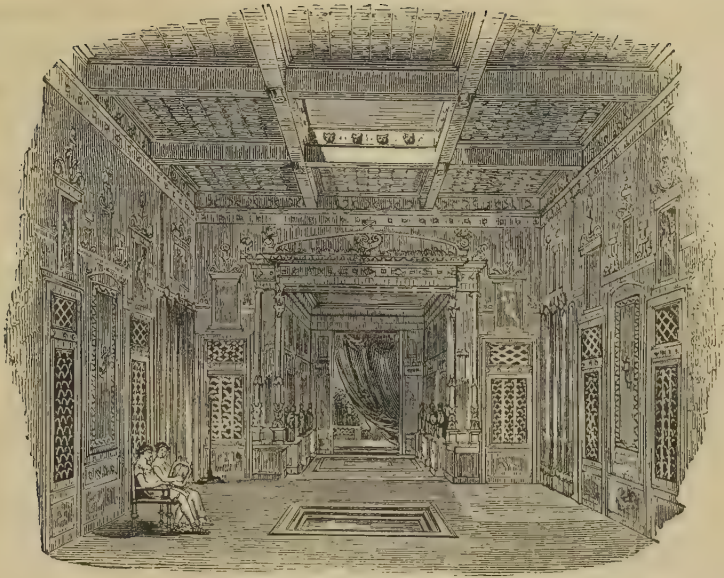
² SCENE II.—*"Fulvia thy wife first came into the field."*

"Now, Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Caesar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates, and from Syria, unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius, with much ado, a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So first of all, he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phœnicia; but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred

sail, and as he went took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy to come to him. By them he was informed that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war; who, being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to draw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicily: and therefore Octavius Caesar and he were the easier made friends again."

³ SCENE IV.—*"When thou once wast beaten from Modena," &c.*

"Cicero, on the other side, being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius; so that in the end he made the Senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Caesar sergeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a consul or prætor: and, moreover, sent Hircius and Pansa, then consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two consuls, to rether with Caesar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that beseiged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle; but both the consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that which pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant showed he himself. Every man that feeleth want or adversity knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do; but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and mislike: but rather to the contrary, they yield to their accustomed easy life, and through faint heart and lack of courage do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle-water, and to eat wild fruits and roots: and, moreover, it is reported, that even as they passed the Alps they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."



[Room in Pompey's House.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey, That what they do delay they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays

The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves, Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers Deny us for our good; so find we profit, By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well: The people love me, and the sea is mine; My power's a crescent,^a and my auguring hope Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where

He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love, Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;

Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver: Mark Antony is every hour in Rome Expected; since he went from Egypt, 't is A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter A better ear.—*Menas.* I did not think

^a The original has, "My powers are crescent." The use of *it* in the next line shows that *crescent* is a substantive. The correction, which we give in the text, was made by Theobald.

This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Cau from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope^a
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd^b upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'T were pregnant they should square between
themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of
Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
'To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day!

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give
way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose^a well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know, Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and
let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble part-
ners,

(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'T is spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.^b

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are
not so;

Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I
should

Once name you derogately, when to sound
your name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and
brother

Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

^a Compose—agree—come to agreement.

^b In the variorum editions a note of admiration is here put, it being explained by Steevens that Antony means to resent the invitation of Cæsar that he should be seated. That invitation implied superiority. We agree with Malone that they each desired the other to be seated; and that Cæsar puts an end to the bandying of compliments by taking his seat.

^c I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow.

^d Warr'd. The original, by a typographical error, has wan'd.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

As matter whole you have to make it with,*
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself by laying defects
of judgment to me; but you patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils,
Cæsar,

Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you

When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,

He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

* This is the reading of the original; but an ordinary reading, from the time of Rowe, has been

"As matter whole you have not to make it with."

We doubt the propriety of departing from the text, and the meaning appears to us—if you'll patch a quarrel so as to seem the whole matter you have to make it with, you must not patch it with this complaint. *Whole* is opposed to *patch*.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you to enforce no further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no
more words of Pompey, return it again: you
shall have time to wrangle in when you have
nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.^a

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,¹
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

^a This is most probably an allusion to the old saying "as silent as a stone," which is a frequent comparison amongst our ancient writers.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.*

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agp. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their
dangers,

Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke:
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar,
And his power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There's my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts: and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great and increasing:
But by sea he is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANT., and LEPIDUS.]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Me-
cænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agp. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters
are so well digested. You stayed well by it in
Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of coun-
tenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a
breakfast, and but twelve persons there: Is
this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we
had much more monstrous matter of feasts,
which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony,^a she
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agp. There she appeared indeed; or my re-
porter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten
gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars
were silver;^a

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

^a The punctuation of the original gives us a full pause
at love-sick. The ordinary reading is "the winds were love-
sick with them."

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: * at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard
speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Warburton proposed to read *adorings*; and the controversy upon the matter is so full that Boswell prints it as a sort of supplement at the end of the play. We hold to the *adorings* of the original.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them, Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will
sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to
come

Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.—Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence,
nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in
my tongue: But yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or
mine? *

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre
thickens

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever

Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray
you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount^a
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec., Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me,
sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though't
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd^b fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ah! you're caught.

Char. 'T was merry when

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.^a

Cleo. That time!—O times!

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah,
mark; we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony
Be free and healthful:—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings!^a If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with
snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

^a How full of characteristic spirit is this passage, in which we exactly follow the punctuation of the original! But the variorum editors were not satisfied with it. According to them, something is wanting both to the sense and to the metre, and so they render it as follows:

"Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings!"

^a At the Mount. This no doubt means at Mount Misenum. The original has not the article.

^b Tawny-finn'd. The original has *tawny fine*.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; lie upon 'but yet':
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with
Cæsar;

In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee! *[Strikes him down.]*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[Strikes him again.]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[She hales him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in
brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 't is not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[Draws a dagger.]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[Exit.]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within
yourself;

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-
bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but led ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou
hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend
you:

To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave
of thee,

That art not what thou 'rt sure of!—Get thee
hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome:

Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! *[Exit Messenger.]*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint; O Iras, Charmian.—'T is no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word
quickly.— *[Exit ALEXAS.]*

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

^a Such is the reading of the original. The passage is somewhat obscure, but it has been thus explained:—Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee. Several emendations have been proposed; and one suggested by Monck Mason has been adopted by Steevens:—

"O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou 'rt sure of 't?"

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas
[To MARDIAN.
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me,
Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.⁶

Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have
we

Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous
freedom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with
thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou
know'st

How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs., Ant., Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks
to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are
agreed;
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part;
and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom.

What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.*Pom.* I know thee now: How far'st thou, soldier?*Eno.*

Well;

Eno. And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.*Pom.*

Let me shake thy hand;

Eno. I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.*Eno.*

Sir,

Eno. I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.*Pom.*

Enjoy thy plainness,

Eno. It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir,*Pom.*

Come.

[*Exit POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]*Men.* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty.—[*Aside.*—] You and I have
known, sir.*Eno.* At sea, I think.*Men.* We have, sir.*Eno.* You have done well by water.*Men.* And you by land.*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise
me; though it cannot be denied what I have
done by land*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your
own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.*Men.* And you by land.*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But
give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had
authority, here they might take two thieves
kissing.*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er
their hands are.*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a
true face.*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to
a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away
his fortune.*Eno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep it back
again.*Men.* You have said, sir. We looked not for
Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married
to Cleopatra?*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius
Marcellus.*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus
Antonius.*Men.* Pray you, sir?*Eno.* 'T is true.*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit
together.*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity,
I would not prophesy so.*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose made
more in the marriage than the love of the parties.*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find the
band that seems to tie their friendship together
will be the very strangler of their amity: Octa-
via is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which
is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian
dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia
blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said be-
fore, that which is the strength of their amity
shall prove the immediate author of their vari-
ance. Antony will use his affection where it
is; he married but his occasion here.*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will
you aboard? I have a health for you.*Eno.* I shall take it, sir; we have used our
throats in Egypt.*Men.* Come; let's away.[*Exit.*]SCENE VII.—On board POMPEY's Galley,
lying near Misenum.*Music.* Enter Two or Three Servants, with
a banquet.*1 Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their
plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind
i' the world will blow them down.*2 Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.*1 Serv.* They have made him drink alms-
drink.*2 Serv.* As they pinch one another by the
disposition, he cries out 'no more;' reconciles
them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.*1 Serv.* But it raises the greater war between
him and his discretion.*2 Serv.* Why this it is to have a name in great
men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that
will do me no service, as a partizan I could not
heave.*1 Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and
not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes
where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster
the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; ⁷ they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of
your mud by the operation of your sun: so is
your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine. A health to
Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but
I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me
you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptole-
mies' pyramids are very goodly things; without
contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee,
captain, [*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as
broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it
is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by
that which nourisheth it: and the elements
once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him;
else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MENAS aside.*] Go hang, sir,
hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

Pom. I think thou'rt mad. The matter?

[*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy for-
tunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith.
What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it;

And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these com-
petitors,

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on 't! In me, 't is villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must
know,

'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done un-
known,

I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—

Who seeks, and will not take, when once 't is
offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries
off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. A² bears the third part of the world,
man: Seest not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would
it were all, that it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,
ho!

Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:

But I had rather fast from all four days,
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To ANTONY.*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall
sing;

The holding^a every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them
hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:

^a *Holding*—the burden of the song.

In thy vats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good
night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong
Enobarbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath
almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words?
Good night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony, you have my father-house,—
But what? we are friends: Come, down into the
boat.

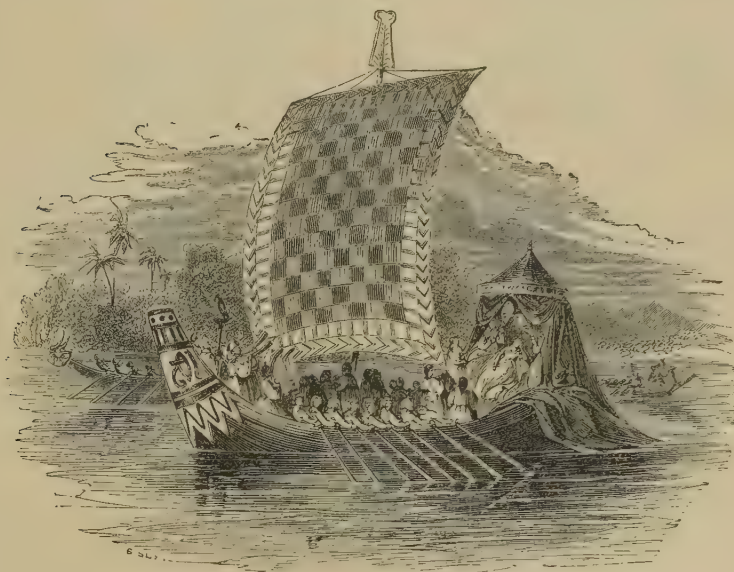
Eno. Take heed you fall not.—Menas, I'll not
on shore. [*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR,*
ANTONY, and Attendants.

Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,
sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt.*



'THE BARGE SHE SAT IN,' &c.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE II.—“*Thou hast a sister by the mother's side.*”

“The friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse between them: but they made them friends together, and divided the empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the countries westward unto Cæsar, and left Afric unto Lepidus: and made a law that they three, one after another, should make their friends consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel; but yet it was to be confirmed with a straiter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himself afterwards of Accia. It is reported that he dearly loved his sister, Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of her first husband, Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. * * * Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius (the loving her as so worthy a lady deserved) she should be a good mean to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him.”

² SCENE II.—“*Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast.*”

“I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic; and that, having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a young man desirous to see things) to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and, amongst others, eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said, Sure you have a great number of guests to supper. The cook fell a laughing, and answered him, No (quoth he), not many guests, not above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight: for Antonius, peradventure, will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well to day, or else hath had some other

great matters in hand; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in.”

³ SCENE II.—“*When she first met Mark Antony,*” &c.

“The manner how he fell in love with her was this:—Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her. * * * So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citterns, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet favour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in: so that in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperial seat, to give audience, and there went a rumour in the people's mouths that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again he should do better rather to come and sup

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

with her. Antonius, therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was content to obey her, and went to supper to her, where he found such passing sumptuous fare that no tongue can express it."

* SCENE III.—
*"Say to me,
 Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or
 mine?"*

"With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good and very great) was altogether blenished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. For thy demon, said he (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee), is afraid of his: and, being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other. Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said that, as often as they two drew cuts for pastime who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome."

* SCENE V.—
*"'Twas merry, when
 You wager'd on your angling," &c.*

"On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore she secretly commanded the fishermen that when he cast in his line they should straight dive under the water and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before; and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing."

* SCENE VI.—*"Your hostages I have, so have you mine," &c.*

"Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pinnaces and other pirate ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia; and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the Mount of Misena, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea; Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies upon the shore side, directly over against him. Now, after the had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withal that he should send a certain quantity of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius' chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him, And where shall we sup? There, said Pompey: and showed him his admiral galley, which had six banks of oars: That (said he) is my father's house they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his father's house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast anchors enow into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of Mount Misena: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. Now, in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antonius' love unto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and, whispering in his ear, said unto him, Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord, not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey, having paused awhile upon it, at length answered him, Thou shouldst have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor. The other two also did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned into Sicily."

* SCENE VII.—*"They take the flow o' the Nile," &c.*

Shakspeare might have found a description of the rise of the Nile, and the estimate of plenty or scarcity thereon depending, in Holland's translation of Pliny. The Nilometer is described in Leo's 'History of Africa,' translated by John Pory. Both works were published at the beginning of the seventeenth century.



[The Promontory of Actium.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia,¹ art thou struck;
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven.

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough: A lower place note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this,
Silius,

Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's
away.^a

Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour,
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,

^a We print these lines as in the original. Steevens omits
to, and regulates the passage thus:—

“Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.”

But 't would offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have joined out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with
what haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On there; pass
along. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in
Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he
is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves
Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the non-
pareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—
go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excel-
lent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best:—Yet he loves
Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.

So,— *[Trumpets.]*

This is to horse—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and
farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of
myself;

Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
band

Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep
you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
well.

The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort!—fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's
spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be
cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house;
and—

Cæs. What,

Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor
can

Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? *[Aside to AGRIPPA.]*

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face

^a Johnson explains this after a somewhat mystical fashion:—"May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful." It is more probable that the poet only intended that Cæsar should wish his sister a propitious voyage.

^b The is omitted in some modern editions; the omission having been made in the second folio.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.^a

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound^b he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*—

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come
thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her leu
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-
tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is
low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like
her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue,
and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps:

Her motion and her station^a are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive 't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't
long, or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish
that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried^b him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some ma'esty, and
should know.

^a Steevens says, without offering any authority, that "a horse is said to have a cloud in his face when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes."

^b *Cer.* found—destroy.

^a Station is the act of standing, as motion is the act of moving.

^b Harried. To harry is to vex, to torment, to annoy; the same as harass: and derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hærgan*. The word had originally reference to military plunder and ravage.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well-enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and
read it

To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could
not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them: most narrow measure lent me,
When the best hint was given him: he not look'd,
Or did it from his teeth.^a

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,²
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and hus-
band!'

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win
brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time,
lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war

^a We follow the original in the punctuation of these two lines, and in retaining the word *look'd*. The modern reading is—

"When the best hint was given him, he not took 't;" by which we are to understand he did not take the hint. We believe, on the contrary, that although it was hinted to Cæsar when speaking that he should mention Antony with terms of honour, he lent him most narrow measure—cold and sickly. His demeanour is then more particularly described. He looked not upon the people as one who is addressing them with sincerity—he spoke from his teeth, and not with the full utterance of the heart.

Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest
haste;

So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most
weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would
be

As if the world should cleave, and that slain
men

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this
begins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your
going;

Choose your own company, and command what
cost

Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars
upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him
rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory
of the action: and not resting here, accuses him
of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey;
upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor
third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,
no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's
Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus;
and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool,
Lepidus!'

And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be naught :
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this :
And more ;

In Alexandria³—here 's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet, sat
Casarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they
exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of
kings :

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now re-
ceiv'd

His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent
me

Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger
gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change ; for what I have
conquer'd,

I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,

And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in
this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most
dear Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus ?
You come not

Like Cæsar's sister : The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way
Should have borne men ; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are
come

A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
The ostentation^a of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By sea and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal : whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract^b 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wrong'd sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
empire

Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war : He hath as-
sembled

^a *Ostentation* in the original. Steevens reads *ostent*.

^b *Abstract*. This is the word of the original ; and, although
it may be used with sufficient licence, it gives us the mean-
ing which the poet would express, that Octavia was some-
thing separating Antony from the gratification of his desires
Warburton reads *obstruct* ; but we have no example of such
an abbreviation of *obstruction*. There are difficulties in
either reading ; and it is better, therefore, to hold to the
original, seeing that Shakspeare sometimes employs words
with a meaning peculiar to himself. His boldness may not
be justified by example,—but his meaning has always
reference to the original sense of the word.

Bocchus, the king of Libya, Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high
gods,

To do you justice, make their^a ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of com-
fort;

And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment^b to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray
you,

Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Antony's Camp near to the
Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But, why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke^c my being in these
wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

Their. The original has—

"And the high gods,
To do you justice, makes his ministers."
Here is a false concord; and to correct it we ought to read
~~make their~~. But some modern editors read ~~make them~~,
which is a deviation from the principle upon which a cor-
rection can be authorized.

^b Regiment—government, authority.

^c Forspoke—spoken against.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounc'd^a against us, why
should not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely^b lost; the mares would
bear

A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle An-
tony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from
his time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.⁴

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in^c Toryne?—You have heard on't,
sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single
fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

^a A modern reading was—

"Is't not? Denounce against us why should not we."
We follow the original, the meaning of which is, if there
be no especial denunciation against us, why should we not
be there?

^b Merely—entirely.

^c Take in—gain by conquest.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:⁵
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No dis-
grace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw
away

The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge: quite forego
The way which promises assurance: and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is
descried;

Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is im-
possible?

Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our
ship,

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;⁶
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea.
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,^a
As beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour: and
throes forth,

Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole;
Provoke not battle till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the
hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle: from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army
one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the
Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After
their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can
behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

^a *Distractions*—detachments.

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle^a of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,^b
Where death is sure. Yon ribald-rid^c nag of
Egypt,

Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst of the
fight,—

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brize^d upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then,
good night, indeed. [*Aside.*]

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't;
And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more
upon 't,

It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come
hither,^a

I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold: take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
cowards.

To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be
gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you: be gone;
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they
them

For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not
sad,

Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straight-
way:

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*]

*Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort
him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes:—He, at Philippi,
kept

His sword e'en like a dancer;^b while I struck

^a In Macbeth we have—

"Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace."

^b *Cantle*—a portion. See Henry IV., Part I., Act III.,
Scene I.

^c *Token'd pestilence*—the pestilence which is mortal, when
these spots appear on the skin which are called God's tokens
^d *Ribald-rid*. The original has *ribaudred*.

^e *The brize*—the gad-fly.

Here is the same image; but *lated* and *letted* each have the
sense of obstructed, hindered.

^b A passage in All's Well that Ends Well explains this
allusion:—

"Till honour be bought up, and no word worn,
But one to dance with."

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,* and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No
matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen ap-
proaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her;
but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?
See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails; I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my
spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I
pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them
rates

All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-
master,

Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—

Fortune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and
others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from An-
tony.—^a

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.^a

Cæs. Be it so: Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests: and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and
earth,

A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-dishgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands
[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 't is time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[*To THYREUS.*]

And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will
perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning,
Thyreus,

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

^a Capell explains this passage thus: "The sea, that he
(the dew-drop) arose from."

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Caesar, I shall. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

Eno. Think, and die.^a

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several
ranges

Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered^b question : 'T was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer ?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so
she will yield

Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord ?

Ant. To him again : Tell him, he wears the
rose

Of youth upon him ; from which the world
should note

Something particular : his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's ; whose ministers would
prevail

Under the service of a child. as soon

As i' the command of Cæsar : I dare him there-
fore

To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd,^a sword against sword.
Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar
will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sword.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast sub-
dued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.¹⁰

Cleo. What, no more ceremony ?—See, my
women !

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square.

[Aside.

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly :—Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends ; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are ; and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.^b

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore,
he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

^a Here is a noble answer from the rough soldier to the voluptuous queen. But the commentators have not been satisfied with it. Hanmer reads "drink and die;" Tyrwhitt proposes to read "wink and die." We may here very safely trust to the original.

^b *Mered.*—Mere is a boundary ; and to mere is to mark, to limit. Spenser thus uses the word as a verb.

^a Johnson explains the passage thus : "I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this decline of my age or power."

^b This is the reading of the second folio. The first edition has "Further than he is Cæsar's."

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not
yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon. but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this, In deputation^a
I kiss his conquer'ing hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father,
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried
'ho!'

Like boys unto a muss,^b kings would start forth,
And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and
whip him.

Eno. 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

^a *Deputation*.—This is Warburton's amendment of the original *disputation*, which new reading is now generally adopted.

^b *A muss*—a scramble.

Ant.

Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest
tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's
her name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony.—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.*

You were half-blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?^a

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth;^b drop our clear judgments;
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a frag-
ment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should
be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were

^a Antony is comparing Cleopatra with Octavia: "One that looks on feeders" is one that bestows favours on servants. *Eaters, feeders*, were terms for servants in the old dramatists. Gifford has clearly shown, in a note to 'The Silent Woman,' that Dr. Johnson was mistaken when he interpreted the passage in the text to mean that Antony was abused by Thyreus,—by one that looked on whilst others fed.

^b We follow the original punctuation. The ordinary reading was

"The wise gods seal our eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments," the only recommendation of which appears to be that it gives occasion for a note by Steevens, emulating many others that have rendered the variorum edition of Shakspeare one of the filthiest books in our language. If there be a possibility of distorting Shakspeare into indelicacy, Steevens in his own name, or under the disguise of Amner or of Collins, never missed the opportunity.

Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,
For being yare^a about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him:
henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to
Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former
guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone.

[Exit THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle
eyes

With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first
stone

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb
Together with my brave Egyptians all,

^a *Yare*—nimble

By the discandering^a of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,^b threat'ning most
sealike.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night:^c call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once
more;

Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday;
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since
my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night
I'll force

^a *Discandering*.—This is the word of the original; but the invariable modern reading is *discouraging*. Theobald, treating the original as a corruption, "reformed the text:" and Malone explains that "*discandy* is used in the next act. But how is it used?"

"The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do *discandy*, melt their sweets,
On blossoming Cæsar."

The expletive *melt their sweets* gives us the peculiar and most forcible meaning in which the word is here used. But the pelleted storm, which makes Cleopatra's brave Egyptians lie graveless, is utterly opposed to the melting into sweetness of the word *discandering*. We refer our readers to a note in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i., Scene iii., upon the passage "Other ventures he hath *squandered* abroad." To *squander* is to scatter; and so Dryden uses the word:—

"They drive, they *squander* the huge Belgian fleet."

To *dis-scander*, we believe, then, is to *dis-squander*. The particle *dis* is, as Mr. Richardson has stated, "frequently prefixed to words themselves meaning separation or partition, and augmenting the force of those words." We therefore, without hesitation, restore the original *discandering*, in the sense of *dis-squandering*.

^b *Fleet*. The old word for *float*.

^c *Gaudy night*—a night of rejoicing. A gaudy day in the Universities and Inns of Court is a feast day. Nares, in explanation of the term, quotes from an old play:—

"A foolish utensil of stale,
Which, like old plate upon a gaudy day's
Brought forth to make a show, and that is all."

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on,
my queen;

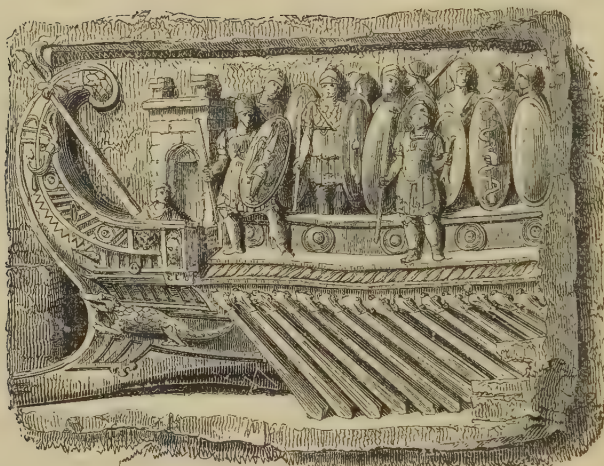
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make Death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To
be furious,

Is to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on
reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]



[Prow of a Roman Galley.]



[Cleopatra's Needle.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Now darting Parthia,*” &c.

“IN the mean time Ventidius once again overcame Pacorus (Orodes' son, king of Parthia) in a battle fought in the country of Cyrestica, he being come again with a great army to invade Syria, at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit, as famous as ever any was, was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus; and he made the Parthians fly, and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice together been overcome in several battles. Howbeit, Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius's displeasure by it. * * * * Having given Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome to triumph for the Parthians. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this present day, a mean man born, and of no noble house or family, who only

came to that he attained unto through Antonius friendship, the which delivered him happy occasion to achieve great matters. And yet, to say truly, he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Cæsar, to wit, that they were alway more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves.”

² SCENE IV.—“*A more unhappy lady,*” &c.

“But Antonius, notwithstanding, grew to be marvellously offended with Cæsar upon certain reports that had been brought unto him, and so took sea to go towards Italy with three hundred sail; and because those of Brundisium would not receive his army into their haven, he went further unto Tarentum. There his wife Octavia, that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send unto her brother, the which he did. She put herself in journey, and met with her brother Octavius Cæsar by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mecenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

with all the instance she could possible, entreated them they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunate creature of all other. For now, said she, every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the emperors, and wife of the other; and if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid), and that they grow to wars, for yourselves; it is uncertain to which of them two the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow; but for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still."

3 SCENE VI.—*"In Alexandria."*

"And to confess a truth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans; for he assembled all the people in the show-place, where young men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunal silvered he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before the assembly that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the Lower Syria; and at that time also, Cæsarian king of the same realms. This Cæsarian was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander, for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country; and unto Ptolemy, for his portion, Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithal he brought out Alexander in a long gown, after the fashion of the Medes, with a high cop-tanke hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians do use to wear them; and Ptolemy apparelled in a cloak after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feet, and a broad hat, with a royal band or diadem. Such was the apparel and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of Alexander the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of Armenian soldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time, but at all other times else when she came abroad, the apparel of the goddess Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects as a new Isis. Octavius Cæsar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome, he thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antonius, on the other side, sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest points of his accusations he charged him with were these:—First, that, having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the isle; secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war; thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate out of his part of the empire, and having deprived him of all honours, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof which had been assigned unto him for his part; and, last of all, that he had in manner divided all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Cæsar answered him again, —That for Lepidus, he had indeed spoiled him, and taken his part of the empire from him, because he did over-cruelly use his authority; and, secondly, for

the conquests he had made by force of arms, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia; and, thirdly, that for his soldiers, they should seek for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their emperor and captain."

4 SCENE VII.—*"'T is said in Rome," &c.*

"Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himself, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himself by her charms and amorous poisons; and that they that should make war with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatra's bed-chamber, that frizzled her hair and dressed her head), and Charmian, the which were those that ruled all the affairs of Antonius's empire."

5 SCENE VII.—*"Your ships are not well mann'd."*

"Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that, though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea, though he saw before his eyes that for lack of water-men his captains did press by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take up in the field, as travellers, muleteers, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys, so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough; but, on the contrary side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery, but they were light of yarage, armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundisium. So Octavius Cæsar sent unto Antonius to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy, and that for his own part he would give him safe harbour to land without any trouble, and that he would withdraw his army from the sea, as far as one horse could run, until he had put his army ashore, and had lodged his men. Antonius, on the other side, bravely sent him word again, and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that, if he refused him so, he would then fight a battle with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before."

6 SCENE VII.—*"O noble emperor, do not fight by sea."*

"So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but threescore ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two-and-twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now, as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut, who, as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said, O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet. Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although, indeed, he had no great courage himself."

7 SCENE VIII.—*"Naught, naught, all naught!"*

"Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both, when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busily about their yard-masts, and hoisting sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships, for the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius showed plainly that he not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, That the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not his own); he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also: for when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a gully with five banks of oars to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction."

8 SCENE IX.—*"Friends, come hither."*

"Now for himself he determined to cross over into Afric, and took one of his carecks, or hulks, laden with gold and silver, and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, commanding them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius very courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart, and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them in some secret place until they had made their peace with Cæsar."

9 SCENE X.—*"Let him appear that's come from Antony."*

"They sent ambassadors unto Octavius Cæsar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained they did not greatly trust, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. * * * Furthermore, Cæsar would not grant unto Antonius' requests; but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drive him out of her country."

10 SCENE XI.—*"A messenger from Cæsar."*

"Therewithal he sent Thyreus, one of his men, unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who, bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that, besides, greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour, inasmuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar, and bade him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now, specially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. To be short, if this mislike thee (said he), thou has Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee; hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance. From henceforth, Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For, first of all, where she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence, so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich."



[Ancient Egyptian Palace]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power

To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.¹

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, 'Take all.'

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants;² let 's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou:

Thou,—and thou,—and thou :—you have serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots [Aside.

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men;

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony; that I might do you service,

So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:

Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,

A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to-morrow twice, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for 't!^b

Eno. What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,

Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!^c

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,

For I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you

To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,

And drown consideration.

[Exeunt.

^a *Thou.* Hammer reads *and thou*, which some editors follow. The pause, which is necessary in addressing various persons, stands in the place of a syllable.

^b In *As You Like It* we have the familiar expression "God 'ild you," which is equivalent to God yield you, or God reward you. So in the passage before us.

^c These interjections have the sense of stop.

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike 't is but a rumour:

Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,

Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*they take their posts.*] and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute nope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'T is a brave army, And full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?^a

1 *Sold.* List, list

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well,

Does 't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[*Several speaking together.*

1 *Sold.* Ay: Is 't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how 't will give off.

Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'T is strange.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart;—False, false; this,
this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well:
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good
fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: Despatch—O
love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and
knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't—Good morrow to thee; wel-
come:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike
charge:

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair. Good morrow,
general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'T is well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well
said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel,—You that will fight
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and
Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar
might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Antony's Camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS;
a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to
Antony!

Ant. 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had
once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men;—dispatch: Enobarbus!^a

[*Exeunt.*

^a We follow the words of the original, but not the punctu-
ation. That reading is "dispatch Enobarbus." It may
possibly mean dispatch the business of Enobarbus; but it
is more probable that Antony, addressing Eros, says
"dispatch;" and then, thinking of his revolted friend,
pronounces his name. The second folio changes the words,
having "Eros, dispatch."

SCENE VI.—*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA,
ENOBARBUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight,
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*]
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd
world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exit CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best you sa^d the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have
paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows^b my
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't,
I feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek

Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the
Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA
and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too
far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought
indced!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them
home

With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I
have yet

Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advan-
tage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold

For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I 'll halt after. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS,
and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run
one before,
And let the queen know of our gestic.^a—To-
morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;

For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,

^a Sa^d—made safe.

^b Blows—swells.

^a The original has *gestis*.

Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and
kiss
Thy honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy
hand; [To SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'
the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey

Do something mingle with our younger^a brown;
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold
this man;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march:
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them:

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril,—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together

Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The
night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

^a *Younger.* Steevens omits the epithet in his "regulation of the metre."

2 *Sold.* This last day was a shrewd one to us.
Eno. O, 'bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melan-
choly,

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon
me;

That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony! [*Inc.*

2 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he
speaks may concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer
as his was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.

Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces
marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in
the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is: Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us:—order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven:^a—

Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by
land,

Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: Where yond
pine does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. *[Exit.]*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me;⁴
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!
't is thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart,
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit SCARUS.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I
gave

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

[•] The sentence—

"Order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven"—

is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot
soldiers shall stay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the
city,

"Where their appointment we may best discover."

There are various modes of piecing out this line, such as,
"Let's seek a spot." Others give us "further on."

[•] Spaniel'd. The original has *panell'd*. The emendation,
which is by Hammer, is judicious; and it is supported by
the fact that *spaniel* was formerly spelt *spannel*.

Y

On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd
them home;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his
love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy de-
serving,

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians.
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts;^a and let

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. *[Exit CLEO.]* 'T is
well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest

club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and
I fall

Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, ho!

[Exit.]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the
Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more
mad

Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of The-
saly

Was never so emboss'd.

^a We follow the original. The ordinary reading is
"For poor'st diminutives to dolts;"

and it is explained that the poorest diminutives are the
smallest pieces of money. Others read "for dolts," dimin-
utives and dolts each meaning small moneys. We believe
that the "poor'st diminutives" are the lowest of the popu-
lace, as the "dolts" are the most stupid. We must there-
fore understand *for* to mean for the gratification of; or
adopt a suggestion by Malone, be shown *fore*, &c.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, prithee, piteously: Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragon-
ish:

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen
these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.*

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a
thought
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my
glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.⁵

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death: of one person can be paid but
once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st
do

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is
done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence
safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck
off;— *[Exit* MARDIAN
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my
sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent;
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a
while.— *[Exit* EROS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther:—Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.*—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for
me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's
back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind

* T. Warton remarks upon this passage, "The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age." Whiter adds that "The rack dislimns" is a continuation of the same allusion.

* The passage may be illustrated by a corresponding image in King Henry V.:

"And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love."

Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn,

Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that, on my command, thou then
Wouldst kill me:^a do 't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Thou enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd^b arms, bending
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheeled seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be
cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble counte-
nance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor; let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike
now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

^a The passage is regulated thus in the original:—
"When I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That, on my command, thou then wilt kill me."

The ordinary metrical arrangement is—

"When I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me."

We trust our change is an improvement.

^b Pleach'd—fo'led

Eros. Why, there then:—[Falls on his sword.]

Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and
Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his sword.]
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard—ho!—O, dispatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O,
make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers
fly.

This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there
Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit DERCETAS.]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy
sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a
prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with^b Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead;

^a The original has *how*, with a note of interrogation. The
ordinary reading is *ho!*

^b Dispos'd with—made terms with.

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard,
I prithee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides!

'T is the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not
live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please
sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[Exit, bearing ANTONY.]

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.^a

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he
dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,^a

Burn the great sphere thou movest in!—dark-
ling stand

The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!

Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras,
help;

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant.

Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

^a O sun. Pope added thou.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,^a

(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd^b with me; if knife, drugs, serpents
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes

And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour

Demuring upon me.—But come, come, An-
tony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee
up;—

Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here 's sport, indeed!—How heavy
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness;

That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—

Wishers were ever fools:—O, come, come, come;
[They draw ANTONY up.]

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast
liv'd:

Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All.

A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying;

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail se
high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her
wheel,^c

Provok'd by my offence.

Ant.

One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.

—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant.

Gentle, hear me;
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust:
None about Cæsar.

^a Cleopatra dares not come down out of the monument, to bestow the poor last kiss.

^b Brooch'd—adorned, as with a brooch.

^c Johnson calls this a "despicable line." There are not many such despicable lines in 'Irene.'

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the
world,

The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [Dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is,
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and
girls

Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en^a a woman; and
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.^b—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you,
women?

What, what? good cheer! Why, how now,
Charmian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take
heart: [To the Guard below.]

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,
what's noble,

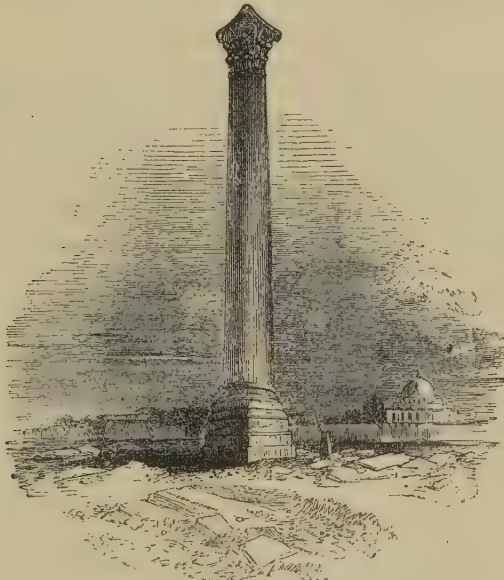
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S
body.]

^a *E'en*. The original has *in*.

^b *Chares*. A *chare*, or *char*, is a single act, or piece of
work,—a turn, or bout of work, from the Anglo-Saxon *cyran*,
to turn. Hence, a charwoman.



Pompey's Pillar.]



[Pyramid and Sphinx.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE I.—*"Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die," &c.*

"So Cæsar came, and pitched his camp hard by the city (Alexandria), in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drove Cæsar's horsemen back, fighting with his men, even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men-at-arms unto her that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold; howbeit, the man-at-arms, when he received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Cæsar. Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him that he had many other ways to die than so."

² SCENE II.—*"Call forth my household servants."*

"Then Antonius seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest both by sea and land. So, being at supper (as it is reported), he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could,

for, said he, You know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master; it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a weeping to hear him say so, to save that he had spoken he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory than valiantly to die with honour."

³ SCENE III.—*"Peace, what noise?"*

"Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as they used in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs; and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought it was the God unto whom Antonius bore singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him that did forsake them."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

⁴ SCENE X.—“*This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me.*”

“The next morning by break of day he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city, and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of his enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploit his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men, and then Cæsar's men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one, and then did altogether row toward the city. When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yielded unto Cæsar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them, with whom he had made war for her sake.”

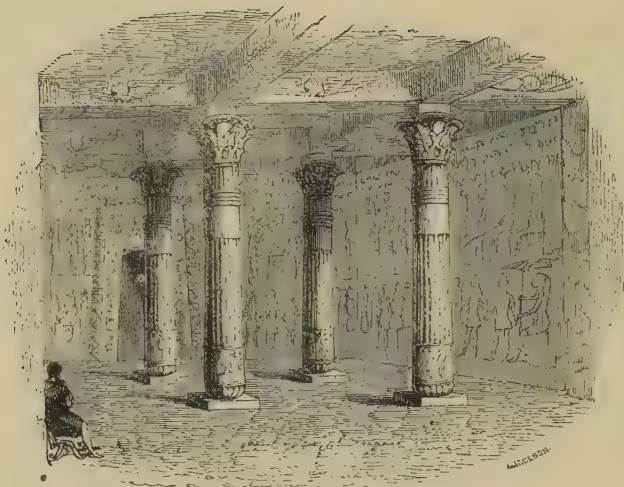
⁵ SCENE XII.—“*My mistress lov'd thee,*” &c.

“Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the mean time sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius, believing it, said unto himself, What dost thou look for further, Antonius, with spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou haddest, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life? When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and, being naked, said thus :—O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee : but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman. Now he had a man of his, called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him that he should kill him when he did command him, and then he willed him to keep his promise. This man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master; but, turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me. Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to

despatch him; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying and tormenting himself, until at last there came a secretary unto him called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument.”

⁶ SCENE XIII.—“*O Charmian, I will never go from hence.*”

“Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, ‘trised’ Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight; for they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bade her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk he earnestly prayed her and persuaded her that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour, and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar; and, as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days, but rather that she should think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman.”



(Interior of an Egyptian Monument.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks [us by ^a]
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou
that dar'st

Appear thus to us ? ¹

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master : and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters : If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack : The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens : ^a—The death of
Antony

Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;

Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did
lend it,

Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ;
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?

The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

^a The words in brackets are not in the original. Malone supplied them, and Steevens adopts them with some hesitation, saying, "We are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the word *mock*, as sometimes employed by Shakespeare." It is difficult, however, to render the passage intelligible without some such words as those inserted.

^a The commentators make a great difficulty with this passage ; but surely nothing can more forcibly express the idea of a general convulsion than that the wild beasts of the forest should have been hurled into the streets where men abide, and the inhabitants of cities as forcibly thrown into the lions' dens.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set
before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this:—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our
stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are
you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she prepar'dly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*]

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius: Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what
comforts

The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she
says,

And how you find of her.

• Follow'd thee to this—driven thee to this.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*]
Cæs. Gallus, go you along—Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius? [*Exit GALLUS.*]
Agr., Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent: where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the
Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.^b

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of
Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;

^a Malone says, "Our author here (as in King Henry VIII., Act v. Scene i.), has attempted to exhibit at once the out side and the inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument." Our readers will recollect what we have so often said about the secondary stage of the old theatre, which contrivance got rid of the difficulty here pointed out. See Othello, Illustrations of Act v.

^b The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's is unquestionably death, not, as Johnson explains it, the gross substance which equally nourishes the beggar and Cæsar. Upon the authority of Warburton and Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector, the ordinary reading is now *palates more the dung*, instead of *the dung* of the folio.

You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency: and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd;

[*Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*]

Guard her till Cæsar come.²

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*]

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*]
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a
queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink,
sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither:— This mortal house I'll
ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varlettry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides^a my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To CLEOPATRA.*]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of
me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or
known.

You laugh, when boys or women tell their
dreams;

Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an emperor An-
tony;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and
therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd
arm

Crested the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

^a Johnson explains this, we think correctly, "I will not eat, and, if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither."

^b *Pyramides*—the Latin plural of pyramid; used as a quadrissyllable.

There was no winter in 't; an autumn^a 't was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates^b dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such
a man

As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants
stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might
never

O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He 'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;

I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt?^a

Dol. 'T is the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

^a *Autumn.* The original has *Antony*: evidently a mistake. The correction was made by Theobald.

^b *Plates.* Pieces of silver money were called *plates*. So in Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,'—

"Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred *plates*?"

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess, I have

Been laden with like frailties, which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,

(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 't is
yours; and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest,
shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possess'd of; 't is exactly valued;

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my
lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,

Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,

How pomp is followed! mine will now be yours;

And should we shift estates yours would be
mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does

Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust

'Than love that's hir'd—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine
eyes,

Though they had wings: Slave, soulless villain,
dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern* friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites
me

Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence;
[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou
a man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-
ledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend: And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[Exit CÆSAR and his Train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that
I should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers CHARMIAN.]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is
done,

And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit CHARMIAN]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-
mand,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey;⁴ and, within three days,
You with your children will be send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit DOL.]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras: Saucy
lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets; and scald
rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my
nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and
all.

Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit IRAS. A noise within]

* Modern—common.

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
[*Exit Guard.*

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not
be the party that should desire you to touch
him, for his biting is immortal; those that do
die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died
on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday:
a very honest woman, but something given to
lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way
of honesty: how she died of the biting of it,
what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very
good report o' the worm: But he that will
believe all that they say, shall never be saved by
half that they do: But this is most fallible, the
worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that
the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be
trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for,
indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray
you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple,
but I know the devil himself will not eat a
woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the
gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly,
these same whoreson devils do the gods great
narm in their women; for in every ten that they
make, the devils mar'tive.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the
worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have

Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men,
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that
I may say,

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou
mortal wretch,

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak.
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wild^b world?—So, fare thee
well.—

Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies

^a Steevens omits the impressive *thou*.

^b *Wild*. Some of the modern editions have turned this
into *wide*. Steevens suggests that the true word was *vild*—
vile.

A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the asp.]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well:
Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;
—call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is
this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! *[Dies.]*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last;
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their
deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought
her figs.

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and
spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an asp's trail: and these
fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable

That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. *[Exeunt.]*





[Augustus.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

¹ SCENE I.—“ *Wherefore is that? and what art thou
that dar’st
Appear thus to us?*”

“AFTER ANTONIUS had thrust his sword into himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard, called Dercetæus, took his sword with which he had stricken himself and hid it; then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first news of his death, and showed him his sword that was bloodied. Cæsar, hearing these news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends, and showed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife, and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him. After this he sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost: and furthermore, he thought that, if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph.”

² SCENE II.—“ *Guard her till Cæsar come.*”

“But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius’ hands, although they spoke together. For Proculeius came to the gates, that were very thick and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some crannies through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons; and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the

place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar, who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bade him purposely hold her with talk whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was ‘trised’ up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in the monument with her saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out, O, poor Cleopatra, thou art taken! Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, said unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to ‘appeache’ him as though he were a cruel and merciless man that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her.”

³ SCENE II.—“ *Which is the queen of Egypt?*”

“Shortly after Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. * * * * * When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius. Cæsar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At length she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

by chance there stood Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well favouredly. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. Alas! said she, O, Cæsar! is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought unto this pitiful and miserable estate; and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me, though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that, they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy mercy and favour upon me? Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself."

SCENE II.—

*"Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey."*

"There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no evil will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed herself she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now, whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman, and brought her a basket. The soldiers that guarded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see such goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table written and sealed, unto Cæsar, and commanded

them all to go out of the tombs where she was but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself; howbeit he sent one before him in all haste that might be to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, Is that well done, Charmian? Very well, said she again, and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings. She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this asp was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that, when she should think to take out the figs the asp should bite her before she should see her. Howbeit, that, when she would have taken away the leaves from the figs, she perceived it, and said, Art thou here then? And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the asp to be bitten. Other say again she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the asp, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit, few can tell the truth: for they report also that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen of her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb. But it was reported only that there were seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone on the tomb side toward the sea, and specially by the door's side. Some say also that they found two pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image with an asp biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial."



SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

THE German critic, Horn, concludes some remarks upon Shakspeare's *King John* with a passage that may startle those who believe that the truth of History, and the truth of our great dramatic teacher of history, are altogether different things:—

“The hero of this piece stands not in the list of personages, and could not stand with them; for the idea should be clear without personification. The hero is England.

“What the poet chose to express of his view of the dignity and worth of his native land he has confided to the Bastard to embody in words:—

‘This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.’

But Shakspeare is immeasurably more than Falconbridge, and he would have the reader and the spectator more also. These lines are not intended to be fixed upon England at the beginning of the fourteenth century alone; they are not even confined to England generally. They are for the elevation of the views of a state—of a people. Happy for England that she possesses a poet who so many years since has spoken to her people as the highest and most splendid teacher! The full consequences of his teaching have not yet been sufficiently revealed; they may perhaps never wholly be exhibited. We, however, know that in England a praiseworthy zeal for their country's history prevails amongst the people. But who first gave true life to that history?”

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In the three great dramas that are before us, the idea, not personified, but full of a life that animates and informs every scene, is **ROME**. Some one said that Chantrey's bust of a great living poet *WILLIAM SHAKSPERE* more like than the poet himself. Shakspeare's Rome, we venture to think, is more like than the Rome of the Romans. It is the idealized Rome, true indeed to her every-day features, but embodying that expression of character which belongs to the universal rather than the accidental. And yet how varied is the idea of Rome which the poet presents to us in these three great mirrors of her history ! In the young Rome of Coriolanus we see the terrible energy of her rising ambition checked and overpowered by the factious violence of her contending *classes*. We know that the prayer of Coriolanus is a vain prayer :—

" The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war !"

In the matured Rome of Julius Cæsar we see her riches and her glories about to be swallowed up in a domestic conflict of *principles* :—

" Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man ?"

In the slightly older Rome of Antony, her power, her magnificence, are ready to perish in the selfishness of *individuals* :—

" Let Rome in Tiber melt ! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall !"

Rome was saved from anarchy by the supremacy of one. Shakspeare did not live to make the Cæsars more immortal.

Schlegel has observed that "these plays are the very thing itself; and under the apparent artlessness of adhering closely to history as he [Shakspeare] found it, an uncommon degree of art is concealed." In our edition of these plays we have given, with great fulness, the passages from Plutarch, as translated by North, which the poet followed—sometimes even to the literal adoption of the biographer's words. This is the "apparent artlessness." But Schlegel has also shown us the principles of the "uncommon art :"—"Of every historical transaction Shakspeare knows how to seize the true poetical point of view, and to give unity and rounding to a series of events detached from the immeasurable extent of history, without in any degree changing them." But he adopts the literal only when it enters into "the true poetical point of view;" and is therefore in harmony with the general poetical truth, which in many subordinate particulars necessarily discards all pretension of "adhering closely to history." Jonson has left us two Roman plays produced essentially upon a different principle. In his 'Sejanus' there is scarcely a speech or an incident that is not derived from the ancient authorities; and Jonson's own edition of the play is crowded with references as minute as would have been required from any modern annalist. In his Address to the Readers he says—"Lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know that I abhor nothing more; and I have only done it to show my integrity in the story." The character of the dramatist's mind, as well as the abundance of his learning, determined this mode of proceeding; but it is evident that he worked upon a false principle of art. His characters are, therefore, puppets carved and stuffed according to the descriptions, and made to speak according to the very words, of Tacitus and Suetonius;—but they are not living men. It is the same in his 'Catiline.' Cicero is the great actor in that play; and he moves as Sallust, corrected by other authorities, made him move; and speaks as he spoke himself in his own orations. Jonson gives the whole of Cicero's first oration against Catiline, in a translation amounting to some three hundred lines. It may be asked, what can we have that may better present Cicero to us than the descriptions of the Roman historians, and Cicero's own words? We answer, six lines of Shakspeare, not found in the books :—

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

"The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a children train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference with some senators."

Gifford, speaking of Jonson's two Roman tragedies, says—"He has apparently succeeded in his principal object, which was to exhibit the characters of the drama to the spectators of his days precisely as they appeared to those of their own. The plan was scholastic, but it was not judicious. The difference between the *dramatis personæ* and the spectators was too wide; and the very accuracy to which he aspired would seem to take away much of the power of pleasing. Had he drawn men instead of Romans, his success might have been more assured."* We presume to think that there is here a slight confusion of terms. If Jonson had succeeded in his principal object, and had exhibited his characters precisely as they appeared in their own days, his representation would have been the truth. But he has drawn, according to this intelligent critic, Romans instead of men, and therefore his success was not perfectly assured. Not drawing *men*, he did not draw his characters as they appeared in their own days; but as he pieced out their supposed appearance from incidental descriptions or formal characterizations—from party historians or prejudiced rhetoricians. If he had drawn *Romans* as they were, he would have drawn *men* as they were. They were not the less men because they were Romans. He failed to draw the men, principally on account of the limited range of his imaginative power; he copied instead of created. He repeated, says Gifford, "the ideas, the language, the allusions," which "could only be readily caught by the contemporaries of Augustus and Tiberius." He gave us, partly on this account also, shadows of life, instead of the "living features of an age so distant from our own," as his biographer yet thinks he gave. Shakspeare worked upon different principles, and certainly with a different success.

The leading idea of *Coriolanus*—the pivot upon which all the action turns—the key to the bitterness of factious hatred which runs through the whole drama—is the contest for power between the patricians and plebeians. This is a broad principle, assuming various modifications in various states of society, but very slightly varied in its foundations and its results. He that truly works out the exhibition of this principle must paint *men*, let the scene be the Rome of the first Tribunes, or the Venice of the last Doges. With the very slightest changes of accessaries, the principle stands for the contests between aristocracy and democracy, in any country or in any age—under a republic or a monarchy—in England under Queen Victoria, in the United States under President Tyler. The historical truth, and the philosophical principle, which Shakspeare has embodied in *Coriolanus* are universal. But suppose he had possessed the means of treating the subject with what some would call historical accuracy; had learnt that Plutarch, in the story of *Coriolanus*, was probably dealing only with a legend; that, if the story is to be received as true, it belongs to a later period; that in this later period there were very nice shades of difference between the classes composing the population of Rome; that the balance of power was a much more complex thing than he found in the narrative of Plutarch: further suppose that, proud of this learning, he had made the universal principle of the plebeian and patrician hostility subsidiary to an exact display of it, according to the conjectures which modern industry and acuteness have brought to bear on the subject. It is evident, we think, that he would have been betrayed into a false principle of art; and would necessarily have drawn Roman shadows instead of vital and enduring men. As it is, he has drawn men so vividly—under such permanent relations to each other—with such universal manifestations of character, that some persons of strong political feelings have been ready to complain, according to their several creeds, either that his plebeians are too brutal, or his patricians too haughty. A polite democracy, a humane oligarchy, would be better. Johnson somewhat rejoices in the amusing exhibition of "plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence." Hazlitt, who is more than half angry on the other side of the question, says—"The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left." Let us see.

With his accustomed consummate judgment in his opening scenes, Shakspeare throws us at once

* 'Memoirs of Jonson,' p. ccxx.—Works, 9 vols

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into the centre of the contending classes of early Rome. We have no description of the nature of the factions; we behold them:—

“1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish.
Cit. Resolved, resolved!
 1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.
Cit. We know’t, we know’t.
 1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we’ll have corn at our own price.
Cit. No more talking on’t: let it be done.”

The foundation of the violence is misery;—its great stimulant is ignorance. The people are famishing for want of corn;—they will kill one man, and that will give them corn at their own price: the murder will turn scarcity into plenty. Hazlitt says that Shakspeare “spared no occasion of baiting the rabble.” If to show that misery acting upon ignorance produces the same effects in all ages be “baiting the rabble,” he has baited them. But he has not painted the “mutinous citizens” with an indiscriminating contempt. One that displays a higher power than his fellows of reasoning or remonstrance, and yet is zealous enough to resist what he thinks injustice, says of Caius Marcius,

“Consider you what services he has done for his country.”

The people are sometimes ungrateful; but Shakspeare chose to show that some amongst them could be just. The people have their favourites. “Worthy Menenius Agrippa” has the good word of the mutinous citizens. Shakspeare gave them no unworthy favourite. His rough humour, his true kindness, his noble constancy, form a character that the people have always loved, even whilst they are rebuked and chastened. But if the poet has exhibited the democratic ignorance in pretty strong colours, has he shrunk from presenting us a full-length portrait of patrician haughtiness? Caius Marcius in the first scene claims no sympathies:—

“Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
 And let me use my sword, I’d make a quarry
 With thousands of these quarter’d slaves, as high
 As I could pick my lance.”

Till Caius Marcius has become Coriolanus, and we see that the popular violence is under the direction of demagogues—the same never-varying result of the same circumstances—we feel no love for him. It is under oppression and ingratitude that his pride becomes sublime. But he has previously deserved our homage, and in some sort our affection. The poet gradually wins us to an admiration of the hero by the most skilful management. First, through his mother. What a glorious picture of an antique matron, from whom her son equally derived his pride and his heroism, is presented in the exquisite scene where Volumnia and Valeria talk of him they loved, according to their several natures! Who but Shakspeare could have seized upon the spirit of a Roman woman of the highest courage and mental power bursting out in words such as these?—

“*Vol.* His bloody brow
 With his mail’d hand then wiping, forth he goes
 Like to a harvest-man, that’s task’d to mow
 Or all, or lose his hire.
Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
 Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
 When she did suckle Hector, look’d not lovelier
 Than Hector’s forehead, when it spit forth blood
 At Grecian swords’ contending.”

This is a noble preparation for the scenic exhibition of the deeds of Caius Marcius. Amidst the physical strength, and the mental energy, that make the triumphant warrior, the poet, by a few of his magical touches, has shown us the ever-present loftiness of mind that denotes qualities far beyond those which belong to mere animal courage. His contempt of the Romans who are “beaten back,” and the “Romans with spoils,” is equally withering. It is not sufficient for him to win one battle. The force of character through which he thinks that nothing is done whilst anything remains to do, shows that Shakspeare understood the stuff of which a great general is made. His remonstrance to Cominius—

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

"Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?"—

is not in Plutarch. It is supplied to us by a higher authority—by the instinct by which Shakspeare knew the great secret of success in every enterprise—the determination to be successful. One example more of the skill with which Shakspeare makes Caius Marcius gradually obtain the uncontrolled homage of our hearts. The proud conqueror who rejects all gifts and honours, who has said,

"I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd,"

asks a gift of his superior officer:—

"Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wratht o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom."

We now see only the true hero. He realizes the noble description of the "Happy Warrior" which the great poet of our own days has drawn with so masterly a hand:—

"Who, doom'd to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives,
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, render'd more compassionate."

We have forgotten the fierce patrician who would make a quarry of the Roman populace.

And this, we suppose, is what Hazlitt objects to in Shakspeare's conduct of this play. The character of Coriolanus rises upon us. The sufferings and complaints of his enemies are merged in their factious hatred. "Poetry," says the critic, "is right royal. It puts the individual for the species, the one above the infinite many, might before right." Now we apprehend that Shakspeare has not treated the subject of Coriolanus after this right royal fashion of poetry. He has dealt fairly with the vices as well as the virtues of his hero. The scene in the second act, in which Coriolanus stands for the consulship, is amongst the most remarkable examples of Shakspeare's insight into character. In Plutarch he found a simple fact related without any comment:—"Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy." But in his representation of this fact Shakspeare had to create a character, and to make that character act and re-act upon the character of the people. Coriolanus was essentially and necessarily proud. His education, his social position, his individual supremacy, made him so. He lives in a city of factions, and he dislikes, of course, the faction opposed to his order. The people represent the opinions that he dislikes, and he therefore dislikes the people. That he has pity and love for humanity, however humble, we have already seen. Coming into contact with the Roman populace for their suffrages, his uppermost thought is "bid them wash their faces and keep their teeth clean." He outwardly despises that vanity of the people which will not reward desert unless it go hand in hand with solicitation. He betrays his contempt for the canvassed, even whilst he is canvassing:—

"I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to
earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they
account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is
rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the
insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly:
that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some
popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers.
Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul."

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The satire is not obsolete. The desperation with which he at last roars out his demand for their voices, as if he were a chorus mocking himself and the people with the most bitter irony, is the climax of this wonderful exhibition:—

“ Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
 I have seen and heard of; for your voices
 Have done many things, some less, some more: your
 voices:
 Indeed, I would be consul.”

The people have justice enough to elect the man for his deeds; but they have not strength enough to abide by their own election. When they are told by the Tribunes that they have been treated scornfully, they can bear to be rebuked by their demagogues—to have their “ignorant election” revoked—to suffer falsehoods to be put in their mouth—to be the mere tools of their weak though crafty leaders. It is Shakspeare's praise, in his representation of this plebeian and patrician conflict, that he, for the most part, shows the people as they always are—just, generous, up to a certain point. But put that thing called a demagogue amongst them,—that cold, grovelling, selfish thing, without sympathies for the people, the real despiser of the people, because he uses them as tools,—and then there is no limit to their unjust violence. In the subsequent scenes we see not the people at all in the exercise of their own wills. We see only Brutus and Sicinius speaking the voice, not of the people, but of their individual selfishness. In the first scene of the third act the Tribunes insult Coriolanus; and from that moment the lion lashes himself up into a fury which will be deadly. The catastrophe is only deferred when the popular clamour for the Tarpeian Rock subsides into the demand that he should answer to them once again in the market-place. The mother of Coriolanus abates something of her high nature when she counsels her son to a dissembling submission:—

“ Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
 To the people; not by your own instruction,
 Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
 But with such words as are but rotes in
 Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
 Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.”

This is the prudence even of an heroic woman; but she fears for her son. She is somewhat lowered by the instruction. But the poet knew that a real contempt for the people, allied to a strong desire for the honours which the people have to bestow, must produce this lip-service. Coriolanus does not heed the instructions of his mother. He approaches temperately to his questioners; he puts up vows for the safety of Rome from the depths of his full heart; he is in earnest to smother his pride and his resentment, but the coarse Tribune calls him “traitor.” There can be but one issue; he is banished.

Some of the historians say that, although Coriolanus joined the enemies of his country, he provoked no jealousies amongst the native leaders of those enemies; that he died honoured and rewarded; that his memory was even revered at Rome. Shakspeare probably knew not this version of the legend of Coriolanus. If he had known it he would not have adopted it. He had to show the false step which Coriolanus took. He had to teach that his proud resentment hurried him upon a course which brought evils worse than the Tarpeian Rock. And yet we are compelled to admire him; we can scarcely blame him. It has not been our good fortune to see John Kemble in this his greatest character: if we had, we probably should have received into our minds an embodied image of the moral grandeur of that scene when Coriolanus stands upon the hearth of Tullus Aufidius, and says—

“ My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
 To thee particularly, and to all the Voices,
 Great hurt and mischief.”

The words are almost literally copied from Plutarch; but the wondrous art of the poet is shown in the perfect agreement of these words with the minutest traits of the man's character which had preceded them. The answer of Aufidius is not in Plutarch; and here Shakspeare invests the rival of Coriolanus with a majesty of language which has for its main object to call us back to the real greatness of the banished man:

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" Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married: never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold."

Brief and rapid is **their** agreement to make war upon Rome. In the great city herself 'Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends,' according to the Tribune; no harm can come to Rome; the popular authority will whip the slave that speaks of evil news. Shakspeare again "baits the rabble," according to Hazlitt; though he reluctantly adds, "what he says of them is very true:"—

" *Cit.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.
2 *Cit.* And so did I.
3 *Cit.* And so did I; and to say the truth, so did
very many of us: That we did we did for the best;
and though we willingly consented to his banish-
ment, yet it was against our will."

When Shakspeare made Coriolanus ask the freedom of the poor man that had used him kindly he showed the tenderness that was at the bottom of that proud heart. When Rome is beleaguered Cominius reports thus of his unsuccessful mission to her banished son:—

" *Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: He said, 't was folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence."

His old general and companion in arms touched nothing but his pride. Menenius, his "belov'd in Rome," undertakes a similar mission. The answer of Coriolanus is—

" Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others."

But the moment that Coriolanus has declared to Aufidius

" Fresh embassies
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to."

his mother, his wife, his child appear. But he will stand

" As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin."

What a scene follows! The warrior is externally calm, as if he were a god, above all passions and affections. The wondrous poetry in which he speaks seems in its full harmony as if it held the man's inmost soul in a profound consistency. But the passion is coming. "I have sat too long" is the prelude to

" O mother, mother,
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him."

Volumnia speaks no other word. The mother and the son, the wife and the husband, the child and the father, have parted for ever. The death of Coriolanus in the "goodly city" of Antium is inevitable:—

" *Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart.
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
Con. Let him die for't."

"Which not to cut would show thee but a fool."

"Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends."

Years, perhaps centuries, had rolled on. Rome had seen a constitution which had reconciled the differences of the patricians and the plebeians. The two orders had built a temple to Concord. Her power had increased; her territory had extended. In compounding their differences the patricians and the plebeians had appropriated to themselves all the wealth and honours of the state. There was a neglected class that the social system appeared to reject, as well as to despise. The aristocratic party was again brought into a more terrible conflict with the impoverished and the destitute. Civil war was the natural result. Sulla established a short-lived constitution. The dissolution of the Republic was at hand: the struggle was henceforth to be not between classes but individuals. The death of Julius Cæsar was soon followed by the final termination of the contest between the republican and the monarchical *principle*. Shakspeare saw the grandeur of the crisis; and he seized upon it for one of his lofty expositions of political philosophy. He has treated it as no other poet would have treated it, because he saw the exact relations of the contending principle to the future great history of mankind. The death of Cæsar was not his catastrophe: it was the death of the Roman Republic at Philippi.

“Strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood.”

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Cassius does not, like a merely crafty man, use only the arguments to conspiracy which will most touch Brutus; but he mixes with them, in his zeal and vehemence, those which have presented themselves most strongly to his own mind. He had a personal dislike of Cæsar, as Cæsar had of him. Cassius begins artfully: he would first move Brutus through his affection, and next through his self-love. He is opening a set discourse on his own sincerity, when the shouting of the people makes Brutus express his fear that they "choose Cæsar for their king." Cassius at once leaves his prepared speeches, and assumes that because Brutus fears it he would not have it so:—

"I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well."

Cassius sees that the love which Brutus bears to Cæsar will be an obstacle; and he goes on to disparage Cæsar. He could not buffet the waves with Cassius: when he had a fever in Spain,

"Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius.'"

Brutus answers not: but marks "another general shout." Cassius then strikes a different note:—

"Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?"

At last Cassius hits upon a *principle*:—

"O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king."

The Stoic is at last moved:—

"Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us."

In the next scene, when Cæsar is returning from the games, the great dictator describes Cassius—the Cassius with "a lean and hungry look," the "great observer,"—as one whom he could fear if he could fear anything. In the subsequent dialogue with Casca, where the narrative of what passed at the games is conducted with a truth that puts the very scene before us, Cassius again strikes in with the thought that is uppermost in his mind. Brutus says that Cæsar "hath the falling-sickness:" the reply of Cassius is most characteristic:—

"No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness."

Brutus goes home to meditate. The energy of Cassius is never weary. In the storm he is still the conspirator. The "impatience of the Heavens" furnishes him an argument against the man

"Prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange irruptions are."

The plot is maturing. Brutus especially is to be won.

Coleridge, who, when he doubts of a meaning in Shakspeare,—or, what is rarer, suggests that there is some inconsistency in the conduct of the scene, or the development of character,—has the highest claim upon our deferential regard, gives the soliloquy of Brutus in the beginning of the second act with the following observations:—"This speech is singular; at least, I do not at present see into Shakspeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus' character to appear. For surely—(this I mean is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight only modified by my experience in how many instances I had ripened into a perception of beauties, where I had before descried faults)—surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely,—that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none—in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate?—Shakspeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward.—True;—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakspeare mean

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his Brutus to be?"* To this question we venture to reply, according to our imperfect conception of the character of Brutus. Shakspeare meant him not for a conspirator. He has a terror of conspiracy :—

"Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?"

He has been "with himself at war," speculating, we doubt not, upon the strides of Cæsar towards absolute power, but unprepared to resist them. Of Cæsar he has said, "I love him well;" he now says—

"I know no personal cause to spurn at him."

We are by no means sure of the correct punctuation of this passage as it is usually given. Brutus has come to a conclusion in the watches of the night :—

"It must be by his death."

He disavows, however, any personal hatred to Cæsar :—

"And for my part,
I know no *personal* cause to spurn at him."

He then adds—

"But for the *general*—he would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question."

He goes from the personal cause to the general cause: "He would be crown'd." As a *triumvir*, a dictator, Brutus had no personal cause against Cæsar; but the name of king, which Cassius poured into his ear, rouses all his speculative republicanism. His experience of Cæsar calls from him the acknowledgment that Cæsar's affections sway not more than his reason; but crown him, and his nature might be changed. We must bear in mind that Brutus is not yet committed to the conspiracy. The character that Shakspeare meant his Brutus to be is not yet fully developed. He is yet irresolute; and his reasonings are therefore, to a certain extent, inconsequential :—

"Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phanta-ma, or a hideous dream."

He is instigated from without; the principles associated with the name of Brutus stir him from within :—

"My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king."

The "*faction*" come. Cassius and Brutus speak together apart. Let us turn aside for a moment to see how Shakspeare fills up this terrible pause. Other poets would have made the inferior men exchange oaths, and cross hands, and whisper, and ejaculate. He makes everything depend upon the determination of Brutus and Cassius; and the others, knowing it so depends, speak thus :—

"Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth: and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south.
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here."

Is this nature? The truest and most profound nature. The minds of all men thus disencumber

* 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 129.

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themselves, in the moments of the most anxious suspense, from the pressure of an overwhelming thought. There is a real relief, if some accidental circumstance, like

"The grey lines that fret the clouds,"

can produce this disposition of the mind to go out of itself for an instant or two of forgetfulness. But Brutus is changed. We have no doubt *now* of his character. He is the leader, Cassius the subordinate. He is decided in his course: he will not "break with" Cicero; he will not destroy Antony. We recognise the gentleness of his nature even while he is preparing for assassination:—

"O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar!"

In the exquisite scene with Portia which follows, our love for the man is completed; we learn what he has suffered before he has taken his resolution. There is something more than commonly touching in these words:—

"You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

The pathos in some degree depends upon our knowledge of the situation of the speaker, which Portia does not know.

The scenes which we have now run over bring us to the end of the second act. Nothing can be more interesting, we think, than to follow Shakspeare with Plutarch in hand; and we have furnished the ready means of doing so in our Illustrations. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvass; the outlines are distinct, the colours are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian's picture. We turn to the poet. We recognise the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they move; we have at once the reality of nature, and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Compare the dialogue in the first act between Cassius and Brutus, and the same dialogue as reported by Plutarch, for an example of the power by which the poet elevates all he touches, without destroying its identity. When we arrive at the stirring scenes of the third act this power is still more manifest. The assassination scene is as literal as may be; but it offers an example apt enough of Shakspeare's mode of dramatizing a fact. When Metellus Cimber makes suit for his brother, and the conspirators appear as intercessors, the historian says—"Cæsar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him." The poet enters into the mind of Cæsar, and clothes this rejection of the suit in characteristic words. *Haslitt*, after noticing the profound knowledge of character displayed by Shakspeare in this play, says—"If there is any exception to this remark, it is in the hero of the piece himself. We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Cæsar, nor do we think it answers the portrait given of him in his 'Commentaries.' He makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far, the fault of the character is the fault of the plot." The echoes of this opinion are many; and the small critics wax bold upon the occasion. *Boswell* says—"There cannot be a stronger proof of Shakspeare's deficiency in classical knowledge than the boastful language he has put in the mouth of the most accomplished man of all antiquity, who was not more admirable for his achievements than for the dignified simplicity with which he has recorded them." *Courtenay* had hazarded, in his notice of Henry VIII., the somewhat bold assertion "that Shakspeare used very little artifice, and, in truth, had very little design, in the construction of the greater number of his historical characters." Upon the character of Julius Cæsar he says that Plutarch having been supposed to pass over this character somewhat slightly is "a corroboration of my remark upon the slight attention which Shakspeare paid to his historical characters. The conversation with Antony about fat men, and with Calphurnia about her dreams, came conveniently into his plan; and some lofty expressions could hardly be avoided in portraying one who was known to the whole world as a great conqueror. Beyond this our poet gave himself no trouble." This is certainly an easy way of disposing of a complicated question. Did Shakspeare give himself no trouble about the characterization of Brutus and Cassius? In then, did he indicate no points of character but what he found in Plutarch? Is not his characterization of Cæsar himself

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a considerable expansion of what he found set down by the historian? At the exact period of the action of this drama, Cæsar, possessing the reality of power, was haunted by the weakness of passionately desiring the title of king. Plutarch says—"The chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king." This is the pivot upon which the whole action of Shakspeare's tragedy turns. There might have been another mode of treating the subject. The death of Julius Cæsar might have been the catastrophe. The republican and the monarchical principles might have been exhibited in conflict. The republican principle would have triumphed in the fall of Cæsar; and the poet would have previously held the balance between the two principles, or have claimed, indeed, our largest sympathies for the principles of Cæsar and his friends, by a true exhibition of Cæsar's greatness and Cæsar's virtues. The poet chose another course. And are we then to talk, with ready flippancy, of ignorance and carelessness—that he wanted classical knowledge—that he gave himself no trouble? "The fault of the character is the fault of the plot," says Hazlitt. It would have been nearer the truth had he said—the character is determined by the plot. While Cæsar is upon the scene, it was for the poet, largely interpreting the historian, to show the inward workings of "the covetous desire he had to be called king;" and most admirably, according to our notions of characterization, has he shown them. Cæsar is "in all but name a king." He is surrounded by all the external attributes of power; yet he is not satisfied :—

"The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow."

He is suspicious—he fears. But he has acquired the policy of greatness—to seem what it is not. To his intimate friend he is an actor :—

"I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear: for always I am Cæsar."

When Calphurnia has recounted the terrible portents of the night—when the augurers would not that Cæsar should stir forth—he exclaims—

"The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth."

But to whom does he utter this, the "boastful language," which so offends Boswell? To the servant who has brought the message from the augurers; before him he could show no fear. But the very inflation of his language shows that he did fear; and an instant after, when the servant no doubt is intended to have left the scene, he says to his wife—

"Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy humour I will stay at home."

Read Plutarch's account of the scene between Decius and Cæsar, when Decius prevails against Calphurnia, and Cæsar decides to go. In the historian we have not a hint of the splendid characterization of Cæsar struggling between his fear and his pride. Wherever Shakspeare found a minute touch in the historian that could harmonize with his general plan, he embodied it in his character of Cæsar. Who does not remember the magnificent lines which the poet puts into the mouth of Cæsar?—

"Towards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear:
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

A very slight passage in Plutarch, with reference to other circumstances of Cæsar's life, suggested this:—"When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death." We have already noticed the skill with which Shak

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spere, upon a very bald narrative, has dramatized the last sad scene in which Cæsar was an actor. The tone of his last speech is indeed boastful—

“ I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it.”

That Cæsar knew his power, and made others know it, who can doubt? He was not one who, in his desire to be king, would put on the robe of humility. Altogether, then, we profess to receive Shakspeare's characterization of Cæsar with a perfect confidence that he produced that character upon fixed principles of art. It is not the prominent character of the play; and it was not meant to be so. It is true to the narrative upon which Shakspeare founded it; but, what is of more importance, it is true to every natural conception of what Cæsar must have been at the exact moment of his fall.

We have seen the stoic Brutus—in reality a man of strong passions and deep feelings—gradually warm up to the great enterprise of asserting his principles by one terrible blow, for triumph or for extinction. The blow is given. The excitement which succeeds is wondrously painted by the poet, without a hint from the historian. The calm of the gentle Brutus is lifted up, for the moment, into an attitude of terrible sublimity. It is he who says—

“ Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty !”

From that moment the character flags; the calmness returns; something also of the irresolution comes back. Brutus is too high-minded for his position. Another comes upon the scene; another of different temperament, of different powers. He is not one that, like Brutus, will change “offence” to “virtue and to worthiness” by the force of character. He is one that “revels long o' nights.” But he possesses courage, eloquence, high talent, and, what renders him most dangerous, he is sufficiently unprincipled. Cassius knew him, and would have killed him. Brutus does not know him, and he suffers him “to bury Cæsar.” The conditions upon which Brutus permits Antony to speak are Shakspeare's own; and they show his wonderful penetration into the depths of character :—

“ You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : And you shall speak,
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.”

The opportunity is not lost by Antony. Hazlitt, acute enough in general, appears to us singularly superficial in his remarks on this play :—“ Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and art in it : that of Brutus certainly is not so good.” In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakspeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say—

“ I am no orator as Brutus is.”

Brutus was *not* an orator. Under great excitement he is twice betrayed into oratory : when he addresses the conspirators—“ No, not an oath ;” and after the assassination—“ Stoop, Romans, stoop.” He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this :—

“ I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.”

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And he does show the *reason*. The critics have made amusing work with this speech. Warburton says, "This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity than his times were like Brutus." To this Mr. Monck Mason rejoins,—“I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech, for so great a man, on so great an occasion.” The commentators have not a word of approbation for the speech of Antony to counter-balance this. There was a man, however, of their times, Martin Sherlock, who wrote ‘A Fragment on Shakspeare,’ in a style sufficiently hyperbolic, but who nevertheless was amongst the few who then ventured to think that “the barbarian,” Shakspeare, possessed art and judgment. Of Antony’s speech he thus expresses his opinion:—“Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; and, when you have examined it attentively, you will allow it, and will say with me that neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better.” There may be exaggerations in both styles of criticism: the speech of Antony may not be equal to Demosthenes, and the speech of Brutus may not be a very paltry speech. But, each being written by the same man, we have a right to accept each with a conviction that the writer was capable of making a good speech for Brutus as well as for Antony; and that if he did not do so he had very abundant reasons. It requires no great refinement to understand his reasons. The excitement of the great assertion of republican principles, which was to be acted over,

“In states unborn, and accents yet unknown,”

had been succeeded by a momentary calm. In the very hour of the assassination Brutus had become its apologist to Antony:—

“Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.”

He is already preparing in mind for “the pulpit.” He will present, calmly and dispassionately, the “reason of our Cæsar’s death.” He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar’s murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakspeare knew, and he painted Antony. Another great poet made the portrait a description:—

“He seem’d
For dignity compos’d and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropp’d manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas’d the ear.”

The end of Antony’s oratory is perfect success:—

“Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what course thou wilt!”

The rhetoric has done its work: the conflict of principles is coming to a close; the conflict of individuals is about to begin; it is no longer a question of republican Rome, or monarchical Rome. The question is whether it shall be the Rome of Antony, or the Rome of Octavius; for Lepidus there is no chance:

“This is a slight unmeritable man,”

But even he is ready to do his work. He can proscribe; he can even consent to the death of his brother, “upon conditions.” He requires that “Publius shall not live.” Antony has no scruples to save his “sister’s son:”—

“He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.”

Such an intense representation of selfishness was never before given in a dozen lines. What power have Brutus and Cassius to oppose to this worldly wisdom? Is it the virtue of Brutus? Of him who

“Condemn’d and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,”

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

Of him who

"Had rather be a dog and bay the moon"

than

"Contaminate his fingers."

Of him who says—

"I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection!"

No; the man of principles must fall before the men of expediency. He can conquer Cassius by his high-mindedness; for Cassius, though somewhat politic, has nobility enough in him to bow before the majesty of virtue. Coleridge says—"I know no part of Shakspeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between Brutus and Cassius." This language has been called idolatry: some critic we believe says "blasphemous;" yet let any one with common human powers try to produce such a scene. The wonderful thing in it, and that which,—in a subsequent sentence, which we scarcely dare quote,—Coleridge points out, is the complete preservation of character. All dramatic poets have tried to imitate this scene. Dryden preferred his imitation, in the famous dialogue between Antony and Ventidius, to anything which he had written "in this kind." It is full of high rhetoric, no doubt; but its rhetoric is that of generalizations. The plain rough soldier, the luxurious chief, reproach and weep, are angry and cool again, shake hands, and end in "hugging," as the stage direction has it. They say all that people would say under such circumstances, and they say it well. But the matchless art of Shakspeare consists as much in what he holds back as in what he puts forward. Brutus subdues Cassius by the force of his moral strength, without the slightest attempt to command the feelings of a sensitive man. When Cassius is subdued he owns that he has been hasty. They are friends again, hand and heart. Is not the knowledge of character something above the ordinary reach of human sagacity when the following words come in as if by accident?—

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cass. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead
Cass. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cass. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?"

This is not in Plutarch.

The shade of Cæsar has summoned Brutus to meet him at Philippi. The conversation of the republican chiefs before the battle is well to be noted:—

"Cass. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determin'd to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cass. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

The parallel passage in Plutarch is as follows :—

"Then Cassius began to speak first, and said—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I *trust* (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune."

The critics say that Shakspeare makes Brutus express himself inconsistently. He will await the determination of Providence, but he will not go bound to Rome. Mr. Courtenay explains how "the inconsistency arises from Shakspeare's misreading of the first speech; for Brutus, according to North, referred to his opinion against suicide as one that he had entertained in his youth, but had now abandoned." This writer in a note also explains that the perplexity consists in North saying *I trust*, instead of using the past tense. He then adds,—“Shakspeare's adoption of a version contradicted not only by a passage immediately following, but by the event which he presently portrays, is a striking instance of his careless use of his authorities.”* Very triumphant, no doubt. Most literal critics, why have you not rather confided in Shakspeare than in yourselves? When he deserts Plutarch he is true to something higher than Plutarch. In Brutus he has drawn a man of speculation; one who is moved to kill the man he loves upon no personal motive, but upon a theory; one who fights his last battle upon somewhat speculative principles; one, however, who, from his gentleness, his constancy, his fortitude, has subdued men of more active minds to the admiration of his temper and to the adoption of his opinions. Cassius never reasons about suicide: it is his instant remedy; a remedy which he rashly adopts, and ruins therefore his own cause. Brutus reasons against it; and he does not revoke his speculative opinions even when the consequences to which they lead are pointed out to him. Is not this nature? and must we be told that this nicety of characterization resulted from Shakspeare carelessly using his authorities; trusting to the false tense of a verb, regardless of the context? “But he contradicts himself,” says the critic, “by the event which he presently portrays.” Most wonderfully has Shakspeare redeemed his own consistency. It is when the mind of the speculative man is not only utterly subdued by adverse circumstances, but bowed down before the pressure of supernatural warnings, that he deliberately approaches his last fatal resolve. What is the work of an instant with Cassius is with Brutus a tentative process. Clitus, Darianus, Volumnius, Strato, are each tried. The irresistible pressure upon his mind, which leads him not to fly with his friends, is the *destiny* which hovers over him :—

“*Br.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Br.

Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;

And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.

I know my hour is come.”

The exclamation of Brutus over the body of Cassius is—

“The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!”

Brutus himself is the last assertor of the old Roman *principles* :—

“This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.”

* Commentaries on the Historical Plays, vol. ii. p. 259.

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

The scene is changed. The boldest, perhaps the noblest, of the Roman triumvirs has almost forgotten Rome, and governs the Asiatic world with a magnificence equalled only by the voluptuousness into which he is plunged. In Rome, Octavius Cæsar is almost supreme. It is upon the cards which shall govern the *entire* world. The history of *individuals* is henceforth the history of Rome.

"Of all Shakspeare's historical plays," says Coleridge, "Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful." He again says, assigning it a place even higher than that of being the most wonderful of the *historical* plays, "The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the Antony and Cleopatra is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, and Othello."* The epithet "wonderful" is unquestionably the right one to apply to this drama. It is too vast, too gorgeous, to be approached without some prostration of the understanding. It pours such a flood of noonday splendour upon our senses, that we cannot gaze upon it steadily. We have read it again and again; and the impression which it leaves again and again is that of wonder. We can comprehend it, reduce its power to some standard, only by the analysis of a *part*. Mrs. Jameson has adopted this course in one of her most brilliant 'Characteristics of Women.' Treading in her steps timidly, we may venture to attempt a companion sketch to her portrait of 'Cleopatra.' It is in the spirit of the play itself, as the last of the Roman series, that we shall endeavour to follow it, by confining ourselves as much as may be to an *individual*. We use the word in the sense in which Mr. Hare uses it, after some good-natured ridicule of the newspaper "individuals:"—a man "is an individual, so far as he is an integral whole, different and distinct from other men; and that which makes him what he is, that in which he differs and is distinguished from other men, is his individuality, and individualizes him."†

The ANTONY of this play is of course the Antony of Julius Cæsar;—not merely the historical Antony, but the dramatic Antony, drawn by the same hand. He is the orator that showed dead Cæsar's mantle to the Roman people; he is the soldier that after his triumph over Brutus said, "This was a man." We have seen something of his character; we have learnt a little of his voluptuousness; we have heard of the "masker and the reveller;" we have beheld the unscrupulous politician. But we cannot think meanly of him. He is one great, either for good or for evil. Since he fought at Philippi he has passed through various fortunes: Cæsar thus apostrophizes him:—

"When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did Famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer."

There came an after-time when, at Alexandria,

"Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart."

This is the Antony that Shakspeare, in the play before us, brings upon the scene. Rome is to him nothing. He will hear not its ambassadors:—

"There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now."

But "a Roman thought hath struck him." He does hear the messenger. Labienus has overrun Asia. He winces at the thought of his own inertness, but he will know the truth:—

"Speak to me home: mince not the general tongue."

* 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 142.

† 'Guesses at Truth,' p. 139.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

Another messenger comes. Brief is his news :—

“ Fulvia thy wife is dead ; ”

sad brief is the question which follows :—

“ Where died she ? ”

The comment shows the man :—

“ There's a great spirit gone: *thus did I desire it.* ”

We learn why he did desire it, in the scene with Cleopatra, in which he announces his departure. Often has he heard, from the same lips, the bitter irony of

“ What says *the married woman* ? ”

He has been bound to Cleopatra not only by her “infinite variety,” but by her caprice and her force of ridicule. His moral power is as weak as his physical courage is strong. Cleopatra paints the magnificent soldier and the infatuated lover in a few words :—

“ The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burget of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring ‘ Where's my *serpent* of old Nile?
For so he *calls me.* ’ ”

He has fled from Cleopatra, but he sends her his messenger :—

“ All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. ”

In this temper he meets Cæsar, and he marries Octavia.

The interview between Antony and Cæsar is most masterly. The constrained courtesy on each side—the coldness of Cæsar—the frank apologies of Antony—the suggestion of Agrippa, so opportune, and yet apparently so unpremeditated—the ready assent of Antony—all this—matter for rhetorical flourishes of at least five hundred lines in the hands of an ordinary dramatist—may be read without a start or an elevation of the voice. It is solid business throughout. Antony, we might think, was a changed man. Enobarbus, who knows him, is of a different opinion. Wonderfully has he described Cleopatra; and when Mæcenas says,

“ Now Antony must leave her utterly, ”

the answer is prophetic :—

“ Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. ”

Against this power Enobarbus knows that the “beauty, wisdom, modesty” of Octavia will be a fragile bond. And Antony knows this himself. He knows this while he protests,

“ I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. ”

And yet he is not wholly a dissembler. Shakspeare has most skilfully introduced the soothsayer, at the moment when Antony's moral weakness appears to have put on some show of strength. He found the incident in Plutarch; but he has made his own application of it :—

“ Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. ”

Therefore,

“ I will to Egypt. ”

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

To establish an independent throne!—to entrench himself against the power of Augustus in an Asiatic empire? No.

“ And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I’ the east my pleasure lies.”

The reckless, short-sighted voluptuary was never drawn more truly. His entire policy is shaped by his passion. The wonderful scene in which his marriage with Octavia is made known to Cleopatra assures us that in the extremest intemperance of self-will he will have his equal. Cleopatra would have Antony unmarried,

“ So half my Egypt were submerg’d, and made
A cistern for scald’d snakes.”

According to Enobarbus, the unmarrying will scarcely be necessary for her gratification :—

“ *Eno.* Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.
Men. Who would not have his wife so?
Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark
Antony.”

The drinking scene between the Triumvirs and Pompey is one of those creations which render Shakspeare so entirely above, and so utterly unlike, other poets. Every line is a trait of character. We here see the solemn, “unmeritable” Lepidus; the cautious Cæsar; the dashing, clever, genial Antony. His eye dances; his whole visage “doth cream and mantle;” the corners of his mouth are drawn down, as he hoaxes Lepidus with the most admirable fooling :—

“ *Lep.* What manner o’ thing is your crocodile?
Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as
it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with
its own organs, &c.
“ *Lep.* ’T is a sharp serpent.”

The revelry grows louder and louder, till “the Egyptian bacchanals” close the scene. Who can doubt that Antony bears “the holding” the loudest of all?—

As loud
As his strong sides can volley.”

These are not the lords of the world of the French tragedy. Grimm, who, upon the whole, has a leaning to Shakspeare, says—“Il est assez ridicule sans doute de faire parler les valets comme les héros; mais il est beaucoup *plus ridicule encore* de faire parler aux héros le langage du peuple.”* To make them drunk is worse even than the worst of the ridiculous. It is impossible to define such a sin. We think, with Dogberry, it is “flat burglary as ever was committed.” Upton has a curious theory, which would partly make Shakspeare to belong to the French school. The hero of this play, according to this theory, does not speak “the language of the people.” Upton says—“Mark Antony, as Plutarch informs us, affected the Asiatic manner of speaking, which much resembled his own temper, being ambitious, unequal, and very rhodomontade. * * * * * This style our poet has very artfully and learnedly interspersed in Antony’s speeches.”† Unquestionably the language of Antony is more elevated than that of Enobarbus, for example. Antony was of the poetical temperament—a man of high genius—an orator, who could move the passions dramatically—a lover, that knew no limits to his devotion because he loved imaginatively. When sorrow falls upon him, the poetical parts of his character are more and more developed; we forget the sensualist. But even before the touch of grief has somewhat exalted his nature, he takes the poetical view of poetical things. What can be more exquisite than his mention of Octavia’s weeping at the parting with her brother?—

“ The April’s in her eyes: it is love’s spring,
And these the showers to bring it on ”

And, higher still :—

* ‘Correspondance Littéraire, Troisième Partie, tom. i. p. 129.

† ‘Critical Observations, p. 160.
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SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

" Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines."

This, we think, is not "the Asiatic manner of speaking."

Cold is Antony's parting with Octavia :—

" Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to."

Rapid is his meeting with Cleopatra. She "hath nodded him to her." The voluptuary has put on his eastern magnificence :—

" I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned."

He rejects all counsel :—"I'll fight at sea." And so

" The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance."

Now comes the generosity of his character—of the same growth as his magnificence and his recklessness. He exhorts his friends to take his treasure and fly to Cæsar. His self-abasement is most profound :—

" I have offended reputation."

But he has not yet learnt wisdom. Cleopatra is present, and then—

" Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates
All that is won or lost : Give me a kiss ;
Even this repays me."

He then becomes a braggart ; he will challenge Cæsar "sword against sword." Profound is the comment of Enobarbus :—

" I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike."

Cæsar's ambassador comes to Cleopatra. He tempts her ;—and it almost looks as if she yielded to the temptation. He kisses her hand, at the instant Antony enters :—

" Moon and stars !
Whip him."

This is partly jealousy ; partly the last assertion of small power by one accustomed to unlimited command. Truly Enobarbus says—

" 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying."

Shakspeare makes this man the interpreter of his own wisdom :—

" I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him."

Enobarbus does leave him. But he first witnesses

" One of those odd tricks which scrow shoots
Out of the mind."

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

Antony puts forth the poetry of his nature in his touching words to his followers, ending in

"Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration."

When he hears of the treachery of Enobarbus he again tasks the generosity of his spirit to the utmost:—

Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:
Detain no jot, I charge thee."

He has driven Cæsar "to his camp." Ah! Cleopatra's trespass is forgotten in one burst of enthusiasm:—

"My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown;
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
And can get goal for goal of youth."

Another day comes, and it brings another note:—

"All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me."

Cleopatra says truly—

"He is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield."

The scene which terminates with Antony falling on his sword is in the highest style of Shakespeare—and that is to give the highest praise. Hazlitt has eloquently said of its magnificent opening—"This is, without doubt, one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakespeare. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind, are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness." But, be it observed, the poetry is all in keeping with the character of the man. Let us once more repeat it:—

"*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me.
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vespers' pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave."

The images describe the Antony melting into nothingness; but the splendour of the imagery is the reflection of Antony's mind, which, thus enshrined in poetry, can never become "indistinct,"—will always "hold this visible shape." Dryden has also tried to produce a poetical Antony, precisely under the same circumstances. We transcribe a passage:—

"*Ant.* My eyes
Are open to her falsehood: my whole life
Has been a golden dream of Love and Friendship.
But, now I wake, I'm like a merchant, rous'd
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful woman!"

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

Who follow'd me, but as the swallow summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatteries to my morning wake;
But, now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar."

All for Love, Act V.

We hasten to the end. The magnificence of Antony's character breathes out of his parting spirit:—

"The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—A ROMAN BY A ROMAN
VALIANTLY VANQUISH'D."

END OF THE TRAGEDIES



W. LARLEY DEL.

W. T. GREEN SC.



THE

POEM

OF

William Shakespeare



Blanche of Castile

NOTICE.

THE present edition of the Poems of Shakspeare comprises the VENUS AND ADONIS, THE RAPE OF LUCRECE, THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT, and the SONNETS. The Songs from the Plays of Shakspeare are necessarily excluded from this edition, it being sufficient to make a reference to the Dramas to which they respectively belong.



"Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."

OVID.



TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
 EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear^a so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour^b to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

^a Ear—Plough.

^b Honour. As a duke is now styled "your grace," so "your honour" was formerly the usual mode of address to nobleman in general.





EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
 Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
 Rose-cheek'd Adonis^a hied him to the chase;
 Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
 And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
 'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
 Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
 More white and red than doves or roses are;
 Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
 And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
 If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy need
 A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:
 Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
 And being set I'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
 But rather famish them amid their plenty,

^a The poem of 'Hero and Leander,' although Marlowe's portion of it was not published till 1598, was probably well known in the poetical circles. The following lines are the first sestet:—

"The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
 For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
 Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast."

Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
 A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The precedent of pith and livelihood,
 And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
 Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
 Under her other was the tender boy,
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
 She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
 Nimble she fastens; (O how quick is love!)
 The steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the rider she begins to prove:
 Backward she push'd him, as she would he
 thrust,
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in
 lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he
frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language
broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her
tears

Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is inmodest, blames her 'miss; *
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires^b with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his
chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content,^c but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of
flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling
showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fastened in her arms Adonis lies,
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes;
Rain added to a river that is rank,^d
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale

a *Miss*—amiss, fault. So in Sonnet CLI. :—

"Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not *my amiss*,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove."

^b *Tires*—tears, preys. The image is to be found without
variation in Henry VI., Part III., Act I., Sc. I. :—

"Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke;
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."

^c *Content*—acquiescence.

^d *Rank*—full. Rank is often used to express excess or
violence generally; and rankness is applied to a flood, in
King John, Act v. Sc. iv. :—

"And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course."

^e *Bar*. So all the early editions. Mr. Grant White has
air.

Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale;
Being red, she loves him 'best; and being
white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks
all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless
debt.

Upon this premise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper^a peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good
turn:

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'T is but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt
have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and
dance,

To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:

^a *Dive-dapper*. One of the familiar names of the *Dah chik*
is dive-dapper, or di-dapper; and this was the old poetical
name, Beaumont and Fletcher, in 'The Woman Hater,' have
a comparison of the mutability of fortune with this nimble
water-bird:—"The misery of man may fitly be compared
to a di-dapper, who, when she is under water past our sight,
and indeed can see no more to us, rises again, shakes but
herself, and is the same she was."

VENUS AND ADONIS

Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength
obey'd,

Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.

O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy
head;

Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night:
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be
tasted;

Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their
prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not
for thee;

But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey,^a and bright, and quick in
turning;

My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand
felt,

Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie!
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support
me;

Two strengthless doves will draw me through
the sky,

From morn to night, even where I list to sport
me:

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's
abuse:

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty,

Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou
feed,

Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook
them,

And Titan, 'tired' in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie, no more of
love!

The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ah me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to begone'

^a Tired—attired.

^a Grey is said to be here used as blue. We have subsequently—

"Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth."
But the eye-lands are the "blue windows."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my
tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but
warm,

And lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died un-
kind.^a

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn^b me
this?

Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be
mute:

Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's com-
plexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading
tongue,

And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:

And now she weeps, and now she fain would
speak,

And now her sobs do her intendments^c break.

^a *Unkind*. Milton applies the same epithet, in the same way, in his 'Doctrine of Divorce':—"The desire and longing to put off an *unkindly* solitariness by uniting another body, but not without a fit soul, to his, in the cheerful society of wedlock."

^b *Contemn* is here used in the sense of throw aside; as Malone explains it, "Contemptuously refuse this favour."

^c *Intendments*—intention. So in Othello, Act iv., Sc. ii.:—"I have said nothing but what I protest *intendment* of doing." The word continued to be used long after the time of Shakespeare.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his
hand,

Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be
gone,

She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd
thee here,

Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains
lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and
rough,

To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, tho' a thousand
bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there Love liv'd and there he could
not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting
pits,

Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second strik-
ing?

Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she
say?

Her words are done, her woes the more increas-
ing,

The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:

'Pity'—she cries,—'some favour—some re-
morse^d—'

Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

^d *Remorse*—tenderness.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jeannet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:

The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a
tree,

Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's
thunder;

The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.



His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd^a crest now stand on end;^b
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say, lo!^c thus my strength is
tried;

^a *Compass'd*—arch'd.

^b *Mane* is here used as a plural noun. In a note on *Othello*, Act II., Sc. 1., we justified the adoption of a new reading—

'The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous *mane*'—upon the belief that in this line we have a picture which was probably suggested in the noble passage of Job:—"Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" The passage before us shows that the image was familiar to the mind of Shakspeare, of the majesty of the war-horse erecting his mane under the influence of passion.
^c This is a faint echo of the wonderful passage in Job—"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha!"

And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'holla,'^a or his 'Stand, I say'?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and
bone.

^a *Holla*. *Ho* is the ancient interjection, giving notice to stop. The word before us is certainly the same as the French *Hola*, and is explained in Cotgrave's French Dictionary as meaning "enough, soft, soft, no more of that."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:

Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,

Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base^a he now prepares,
And wher he run, or fly, they knew not whether;

For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,

Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,

Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails^b his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:

As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,

Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;

^a In the game of *base*, or *prison base*, one runs and challenges another to pursue. "To bid the wind a base" is therefore to challenge the wind to speed. We have the same expression in the early play of the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—"Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus."

^b *Vails*—lowers.

For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney^a once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his^b acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

^a In Richard III. we have—

"Why should calamity be full of words?
Windy attorneys to their client woes."

The tongue, in the passage before us, is the attorney to the heart.

^b *His* for *its*.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
 'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my
 wound ;^a

For one sweet look thy help I would assure
 thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would
 cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou
 feel it ?'

'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt
 have it ;

O give it me lest thy hard heart do steel it,
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it ;^b
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go ;
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so ;
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone :
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies : 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath
 none,
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be
 gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending
 crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight ?
 Who is so faint that dare not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,

To take advantage on presented joy
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach
 thee.

O learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
 And, once made perfect, never lost again.

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will n
 know it,

Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it :

'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;

My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;

For I have heard it is a life in death,

That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a
 breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?

If springing things be any jot diminish'd,

They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth
 The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being
 young

Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
 To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
 flattery ;

For where a heart is hard, they make no
 battery.'

'What ! canst thou talk,' quoth she, 'hast thou
 a tongue ?

O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !

Thy mermaid's voice^a hath done me double
 wrong ;

I had my load before, now press'd with bearing :
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh
 sounding,

Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-
 sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
 That inward beauty and invisible ;
 Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
 Each part in me that were but sensible :
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

'Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,

^a *Mermaid's voice.* *Mermaid* and *syren* were formerly
 used as synonymous. So in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act III
 Scene II :

"O, train me not, sweet *mermaid*, with thy note
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears
 Sing, *syren*, for thyself, and I will dote."

^a Malone explains this "thy heart wounded as mine is."

^b *Grave*—engrave.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love
by smelling.

'But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four !
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door ?

Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws^a to lerdmen and to
herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before it barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words beguiz.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it
red ;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.



He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard ;
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd ;
He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
Her two blue windows^a faintly she upheaveth,

^a The windows are doubtless the eyelids, but the epithet blue is somewhat startling. We must remember that Shakspeare has described violets as

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

The propriety of this epithet is fully noticed by us in *Cymbeline*, Act II., Scene 11.

^a *Flaws* is here used in the sense of violent blasts.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine.
But hers, which thro' the crystal tears gave
light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.^b

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of
thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such
disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their
queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection^c from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say the plague is banished by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips im-
printed,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of
slips,
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

^a *Repine*. Used as a substantive. Chaucer employs *pine* in the same manner.

^b In Shakspeare's early plays we frequently meet the same image that is found in these early poems. Thus in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

"Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep."

^c The custom of strewing houses with fragrant herbs was universal at a period when the constant recurrence of the plague habituated families to the use of what they considered preventives. It was this cause which rendered Bucklersbury at stamping time such a crowded mart.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should
double,^a
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'^b

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness^b with my unripe years;
Before I know myself seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks
fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'t is very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's
light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

'Now let me say "good night," and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she; and, ere he says
'adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to
face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd; she faint with
dearth,
(Their lips together glued,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding
prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willet;—
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so
high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;

^a Here is one of the many traces of Shakspeare's legal studies—an allusion to the penalty for non-payment which formed the condition of a money-bond.

^b *Strangeness*—coyness or bashfulness.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth
boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's
wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much
bandling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?^a
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with ven-
turing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave^b exceeds commis-
sion:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is
froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is
pluck'd:

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all
at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him,
The poor fool^c prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in
sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the
match?'^d

He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

^a The soft wax upon which the seal attached to a legal instrument was impressed required to be tempered before the impression was made upon it. So Falstaff says of Justice Shallow—"I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him."

^b Leave—licence.

^c No reader of Shakspeare can forget the pathos with which he has employed this expression in another place—"And my poor fool is hanged."

'The boar!' quoth she, whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount
her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted
grapes,^a
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless^b berries saw:
The warm effects which she in him fin-
ishes missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me; let me go
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy,
ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the
boar.
O be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth
still,
Like to a mortal^c butcher, bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth
fret:
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way.
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;

^a The allusion is to the picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny. We may observe that there was no English translation of Pliny so early as the date of this poem.

^b Helpless—that afford no help.

^c Mortal—deadly

VENUS AND ADONIS.

His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;
 Being ireful on the lion he will venture :
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearful of him, part ; through whom he
 rushes.

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
 To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
 But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
 Would root these beauties as he roots the
 mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul
 fiends :
 Come not within his danger* by thy will :
 They that thrive well take counsel of their
 friends.
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dis-
 semble,
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not
 white?
 Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
 Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no
 rest,
 But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my
 breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
 Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, "kill, kill;"
 Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
 As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding^b spy,
 This canker that eats up love's tender spring,^c
 This carry-tale, dissentionious jealousy,
 That sometime true news, sometime false doth
 bring,
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine
 ear,
 That if I love thee I thy death should fear :

* *Danger*—power of doing harm. So in the Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1. :—

"You stand within his danger."

See note on that passage.

^b *Bate*—signifies strife. Mrs. Quickly says that John Rugby is no breed-bate.

^c *Spring*—bud or young shoot.

'And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
 An image like thyself, all stain'd-with gore ;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being
 shed
 Doth make them droop with grief, and hang
 the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
 That tremble at the imagination?
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart
 bleed,
 And fear doth teach it divination :
 I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me ;
 Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
 Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
 Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :
 Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
 And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with
 thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot^a his troubles,
 How he outruns the wind, and with what care
 He cranks^b and crosses, with a thousand doubles :
 The many musits^c through the which he goes
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,^d
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
 And sometime sorteth^e with a herd of deer ;
 Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to
 doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
 Then do they spend their mouths : Echo re-
 plies,
 As if another chase were in the skies.

^a *Overshoot*. The original editions read *overshut*. This reading is retained by Malone.

^b *Cranks*—winds. So in Henry IV., Part I. :—

"See how this river comes me cranking in."

^c *Musits*. The term is explained in Markham's 'Gentleman's Academy,' 1595 :—"We term the place where the [the hare] sitteth her form; the place through which she goes to relief her musit."

^d *Keep*—dwell.

^e *Sorteth*—consorteth.



By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
To hear their loud alarms he doth hear;

And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing bell.

‘Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur
stay:

For misery is trodden on by many
And being low never reliev’d by any.

‘Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear’st me moralize,*
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

‘Where did I leave?’—‘No matter where,’
quoth he;

‘Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.’—‘Why, what of that?’
quoth she.

‘I am,’ quoth he, ‘expected of my friends;
And now ’t is dark, and going I shall fi’l.’

‘In night,’ quoth she, ‘desire sees best of’ all.

‘But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves so do thy
lips

Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die for
sworn.

‘Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging nature be condemn’d of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were
divine,

Wherein she fram’d thee in high heaven’s
despite,

To shame the sun by day, and her by night

‘And therefore hath she brib’d the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

‘As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,*
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn’d de-
spair,

Swear Nature’s death for framing thee so fair.

‘And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute’s fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw’d, and done,^b
As mountain-snow melts with the midday
sun.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must
have,

If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do
slay,

Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul
nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and
worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase; O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

'Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name;

Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon be
reaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund^b runs
apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming trou-
bled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Ah me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'wee,
'woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

^a Teen—grief.

^b Laund—lawn. Camden describes a lawn as a plain among trees, and the epithet dark confirms this explanation. We have such a scene in *Henry VI.*, Part III., Act III. :—
"Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,
For through this laund anon the deer will come."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men
dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer^a so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites.
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every
call,

Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says, 't'is so:' they answer all, 't'is
so;'
And would say after her, if she said 'no.'

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth
borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly
mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to
other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn;
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:

Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth^a to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do
ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and
shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'ay who shall cope him
first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale^b weakness numbs each feeling
part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth
yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,^c
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,
And childish error that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no
more;—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both to-
gether,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder,

^a Answer. So the original—not *answers*. No doubt, according to the rules of modern construction, answers is more correct, and Malone talks of Shakspeare having fallen into the error of "hasty writers, who are deceived by the noun immediately preceding the verb being in the plural number." We hold that to be a false refinement which destroys the landmarks of an age's phraseology. Ben Jonson, in his 'English Grammar,' lays down as a rule that "nouns signifying a multitude, though they be of the singular number, require a verb plural." The rule would appear still more reasonable when the plural is more apparently expressed in the noun of multitude, as in the form before us—"the choir of echoes."

^a Coasteth—advanceth.
^b Cold-pale. The hyphen denoting the compound adjective is marked in the original edition of 1593.
^c Sore-dismay'd. This is the reading of the edition of 1606. The original has *all* dismayed.



A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
 She treads the path that she untreads again;
 Her more than haste is mated^a with delays,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
 Full of respect,^b yet nought at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, nought at all effect-
 ing.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign
 plaster;
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with
 howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
 Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
 Another and another answer him,
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground be-
 low,
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they
 go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,

^a Mated—confounded. ^b Respect—circumspection.

Whereon with fearful eyes they long have
 gaz'd,
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:
 So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 Hateful divorce of love,' (thus chides she
 Death,)

'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost
 thou mean
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
 Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—
 O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
 Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's
 heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him thy power had lost his^a power.
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a
 flower:

^a His for its.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him
dead.*

* Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such
weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd^b her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;

But through the floodgates breaks the silver
rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's
sorrow,

Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet
again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsmen hollo:^c
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should
pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

^a Boswell has quoted a passage from Massinger's 'Virgin Martyr,' alluding, as Shakspeare here does, to the beautiful fable of Cupid and Death exchanging arrows:—

"Strange affection!

Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with Death,
And kills, instead of giving life."

^b Vail'd—lowered.

^c Hollo, or hollow, is not quite the same word as holla, which we have already noticed, although the usual spelling of this word in the passage before us is holla.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly

Now she unweaves the web that she hath
wrought;

Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that called him all-to naught:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for-
kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but
jest;

Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow (truth I must confess),
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my
tongue;

Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee
wrong;

I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's
wit.'

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and
stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again."

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves,

Shakspeare in his greater works was not ashamed to recur to the treasury of his early thoughts:—

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again."



THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

.. This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
 Dumbly she pensive, fraudically she dotheth;
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the
view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves with-
draw.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation
shakes,

Which with cold terror doth men's minds con-
found,

The mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her
eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd:

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or
weed,

But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to
bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.

Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
three;

And then she reprehends her mangling eye
That makes more gashes where no breach should
be:

His face seems twain, each several limb is
doubled;

For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being
troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead;
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the view-
ing?

Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou
boast

Of things long since, or anything ensuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and
trim;

But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with
him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair* to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
you:

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair;

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry
his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear
him:

To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him:

If he had spoke the wolf would leave his
prey,

And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took
That some would sing, some other in their bills

a Fair—beauty.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries;

He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted^a boar,

Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore:

Witness the entertainment that he gave;

If he did see his face, why then I know

He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;

He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,

Who did not whet his teeth at him again,

But by a kiss thought to persuade him there:

And nuzzling in his flank the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first:

But he is dead, and never did he bless

My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'

With this she falleth in the place she stood,

And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;

She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;

She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,

As if they heard the woeful words she told:

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,

Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness
lies:



Two glasses where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:

'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That you being dead the day should yet be
light.

'Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;

Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his
woe.

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd^a
With sweets that shall the truest sight be
guile:

The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to
speak.

^a Urchin-snouted—with the snout of the urchin, or hedgehog.

^a O'erstraw'd—o'erstraw'd.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

'It shall be sparing; and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;*
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures :

It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,

Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their love shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

* Measures—grave dances suited to age.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,

Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death :

She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise,

(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)

For every little grief to wet his eyes:

To grow unto himself was his desire,

And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good

To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;

Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:

Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,

My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:

There shall not be one minute in an hour

Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,

And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid

Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies

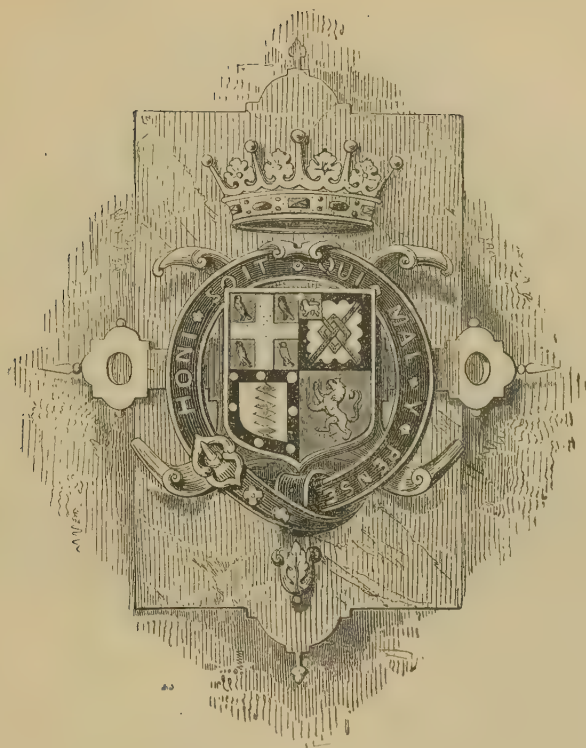
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,

Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen

Means to immure herself, and not be seen.







TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.^a The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater my duty would show greater : meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

^a *Moiety*. In Henry IV., Part I., and in Lear, Shakspeare uses *moiety* as it is here used, meaning 2 portion, not a half.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and, finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and, bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhapp'ly set
 This hateless edge on his keen appetite;
 When Collatine unwisely did not let^a
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
 Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's
 beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state,
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
 In the possession of his beauteous mate;
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

^a Let—forbear.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done^a
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew
 Against the golden splendour of the sun!
 An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator;
 What needeth then apologies be made
 To set forth that which is so singular?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested^b this proud issue of a king;
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting

^a *Done*. The word is here used as in a previous passage of the *Venus and Adonis*:—

“Wasted, thaw'd, and *done*,
 As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.”

^b *Suggested*—tempted

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
should vaunt,
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts,* and ne'er grows
old !

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
shame ;

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that or^b with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,^c
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence
the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white :
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right :
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield

* *Blasts* is here used as a verb neuter. It is so used in
the poem ascribed to Raleigh, entitled 'The Farewell':—

"Tell age, it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour, how it alters ;
Tell beauty, that it *blasteth*."

Or. The line usually stands thus :—

Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white."

The original has *ore*. Malone has suggested, but he does
not act upon the suggestion, that "the word intended was
o-rhaps ore, i.e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep
colour of a blush." The lines in the subsequent stanza
complete the heraldic allusion :—

"Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield."

^c *Intituled*—having a title to, or in.

To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow
tongue

(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store
That cloy'd with much he pineth still for more

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling^a
looks,

Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;^c
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
hooks ;

Nor could she moralize^d his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ;
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth ex-
press,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his suc-
cess.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,

^a The object of praise which Collatine doth possess.

^b *Parling*—speaking.

^c See Romeo and Juliet. Illustrations of Act I.

^d *Moralize*—interpret.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending^a weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned^b
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth
fight;

And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-
staining;
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
'And when great treasure is the meed pro-
pos'd,
" Though death be adjunct, there's no death
suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they
possess

They scatter and unloose it from their bond,^c
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich
gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth
cost

The death of all, and all together lost.

^a Intending—pretending.

^b Questioned—conversed.

^c This is the reading of the original edition of 1594. That of 1616 reads—

"are with gain so fond,
That oft they have not that which they possess;
They scatter and unloose it."

Malone adopts the reading of the original, and he thus explains it: "Poetically speaking, they may be said to scatter what they have not, i. e. what they cannot be truly said to have; what they do not enjoy, though possessed of it." This is clearly a misinterpretation. The reasoning of the two following stanzas is directed against the folly of venturing a certainty for an expectation, by which we "make something nothing." The meaning then, though obscurely expressed, is that the covetous are so fond of gaining what they have not, that they scatter and unloose from their bond (safe hold), that which they possess.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds,^a betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful
days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding
cries;

Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and
still,

While lust and murder wake to stain and
kill.

And now this rustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul
charm,

Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise;
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

^a Confounds Malone interprets this as *destroys*; but the meaning is sufficiently clear if we accept *confounds* in its usual sense.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.



Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-
white weed.^a

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave;^b
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression^c is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,^d

^a *Weed*—garment. The word is more commonly used in the plural, as in Milton's 'Paradise Regained':—

"But now an aged man in rural *weeds*."

But in the same scene of Coriolanus (Act II., Scene III.) we have both *weed* and *weeds*.

^b *Fancy's slave*—love's slave.

^c *Digression* is here used in the sense of *transgression*.

^d Here is one of the frequent examples with which the works of Shakspeare and his contemporaries abound, of applying the usages of chivalry to the more remote antiquity of Greece and Rome. The poem of Lucrece contains many such allusions. In particular, towards the close we have this line:—

"*Knights* by their oaths should right poor ladies' harms."
This was indeed an anticipation of chivalry; but the poet could in no way so forcibly express the spirit which animated the avengers of Lucrece, and which the injured lady here invokes, as by employing the language of chivalry. The use of the word *ladies* in this line is as much an anachronism

To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

'What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O what excuse can my invention make
When thou shalt charge me with so black a
deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
shake?
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart
bleed?
The guilt being great the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

as that of *knights*; but what other words will express the meaning intended?

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

' Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor
end.

' Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving;
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own;^a
The worst is but denial, and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth^b be kept in awe.'

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worse sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.'^c

' And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear;
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the
flood.

' Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows
dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

^a Malone says the words such as *shameful it is* are "supposed to be spoken by some airy monitor." Surely the poet only meant to express that contest of thoughts which goes forward in a mind distracted between reason and passion; and which the dramatic poet can only represent by soliloquy, as it is here represented.

^b As You Like It, Illustrations of Act III.

^c Took away—being taken away.

' Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect^a and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye;
Sad^b pause and deep regard beseech the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the
stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure
lies?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with opening listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now in-
vasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wife;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worse part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd retires his ward;
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him
there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct^c in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth
scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

^a Respect—prudence,—in the sense of the original Latin, looking again.

^b Sad—grave.

^c Conduct—conductor.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And griping it, the needl^a his finger pricks:
 As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
 Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;
 Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;
 He in the worst sense construes their denial :
 The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay
 him,

He takes for accidental things of trial ;
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
 Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,^b
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
 And give the sneaped^c birds more cause to sing.
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates,
 shelves and sands,
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he
 sought.

So from himself impiety hath wrought,
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
 As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
 Having solicited the eternal power,
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair
 fair,

That they would stand auspicious to the hour,
 Even then he starts :—quoth he, 'I must de-
 flower ;

The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act ?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
 My will is back'd with resolution :
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution ;
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

^a Needl — needle.

^b Let — obstruct.

^c Sneaped — checked. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I.,
 Scene I. :—

"Biron is like an envious *sneaping* frost,
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
 And with his knee the door he opens wide :
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will
 catch ;

Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
 Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside ;
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such
 thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,^a
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
 The curtains being close, about he walks,
 Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head :
 By their high treason is his heart misled ;
 Which gives the watchword to his hand full
 soon,
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light :
 Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-
 posed ;
 But blind they are, and keep themselves en-
 closed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
 Then had they seen the period of their ill !
 Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side
 In his clear bed might have reposed still :
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
 Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;
 Between whose hills her head entombed is :
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

^a *Stalks*—Malone says, "That the poet meant by the word *stalk* to convey the notion, not of a boisterous, but quiet movement, appears from a subsequent passage:—

'For in the dreadful dark of deep midnight
 With shining falchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature.'"

Malone appears from a subsequent part of his note to con-
 found *stalk* with *stride*. He says, "A person apprehensive
 of being discovered naturally takes *long steps*, the sooner to
 arrive at his point." But long steps are noisy steps ; and
 therefore "Tarquin's ravishing *strides*" cannot be the true
 reading of the famous passage in *Macbeth*. But *stalk*, on
 the contrary, literally means, to go warily or softly. It is
 the Anglo-Saxon *stalcan*—*pedetentim ire*. The fowler who
 creeps upon the birds *stalks*, and his *stalking* horse derives
 its name from the character of the fowler's movement.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their
 light,
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
 breath;
 O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
 Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
 And death's dim look in life's mortality:
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.



Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquer'd,
 Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath they truly honoured.
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred:
 Who like a foul usurper went about
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
 What did he note but strongly he desir'd?
 What he beheld on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.^a
 With more than admiration he admir'd
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
 Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her
 side,

^a *Tir'd*—satiated, glutt'd—as a falcon *tires* on his prey.

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage
 fighting,
 Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
 Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans re-
 specting,
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
 Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
 Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their
 liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
 His eye commends the leading to his hand;
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
 Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his
 stand

On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did
 scale,
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries :
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up
eyes,

Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and con-
troll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;
What terror 't is ! but she, in worsè taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;
She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries :

Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !)
May feel her heart, poor citizen, distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk,* that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

'Thus he replies : 'The colour in thy face
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :
Under that colour am I come to scale

* *Bulk*—the body, the whole mass. Johnson, however, defines the word as the breast, or largest part, of a man ; deriving it from the Dutch *bulcke*. A passage in Hamlet employs the word in the same way as in the text before us :—

"He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*."

Turberville, who preceded Shakspeare about twenty years, has this line :—

"My liver leapt within my *ouls*."

Thy never-conquer'd fort ; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might :
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;
I think the honey guarded with a sting :
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends :
But wilf is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or
duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
breed ;
But nothing can Affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth^a the fowl below with his wing's shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he
dies :

So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's
bells.^b

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy
thee :

If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll
slay,

To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him.
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye ;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,

^a *Coucheth*—causes to couch.

^b We have the same image in Henry VI., Part III. —

"Not he that loves him best
Dares stir a wing if Warwick *shake his bells*."

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield I rest thy secret friend :
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound ; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's
sake,
Tender^a my suit . bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot ;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's
blot :^b
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's^c sharp
claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle
right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite :

But^d when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth
threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth
get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their
biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing ;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

^a *Tender*—heed, regard.

^b *Birth-hour's blot*—corporal blemish. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

"And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious."

^c Steevens says the *grype* is properly the griffin. But in the passage before us, as in the early English writers, the word is applied to birds of prey,—the eagle especially.

^d Malone, who has certainly made very few deviations from the original text of this poem, here changes *but* to *look*, "there being no opposition whatsoever between this and the preceding passage." An opposition is however intended. Lucretia pleads the "rough beast" that "knows no right ;" *but*, as the gentle gust divides the black cloud,

'So his unhallow'd haste her words delays."

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his holdfast foot the weak mouse
panteth ;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart
granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
Tears harden lust, though marble wear *with*
raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place.^a
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast *pre-*
tended ;^b
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot^c be ended :
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare
me ;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me ;
Thou look'st not like deceit ; do not deceive me ;
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
thee.

^a Shakspeare, whose knowledge of the outward effects of the passions was universal, makes the terror of poor Lucretia display itself in the same manner as that of "great clerks" greeting their prince with "premeditated welcomes." They also

"Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off."
(*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v., Sc. 1.)

^b *Pretended*—proposed.

^c *Shoot*. Malone says that the author intended this word to be taken in a double sense, *suit* and *shoot* being in his time pronounced alike. We doubt this. *Suit* is not the word that the indignation of Lucretia would have used ; nor is the double sense carried forward at all

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans :

' All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart ;
To soften it with their continual motion ;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

' In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee ;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
name.

Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
For kings like gods should govern everything.

' How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring !
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king !
O be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

' This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove :
If but for fear of this thy will remove ;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do
look.

' And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall
learn ?

Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name ?
Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

' Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.

Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may
say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the
way ?

' Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;
Their own transgressions partially they smother
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy
brother.

O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their
eyes !

' To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier ;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal ;^a
Let him return and flattering thoughts retire :
His true respect will ' prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
' That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.'

' Have done,' quoth he ; ' my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires
abide,

And with the wind in greater fury fret :
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falis'
baste,

Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

' Thou art,' quoth she, ' a sea, a sovereign king ;
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

' So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
slave ;

Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave ;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :
The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

' So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
' No more,' quoth he ; ' by heaven, I will not
hear thee :

Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear
thee ;

That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

^a *Repeal*—recall ; from the French *rappeler*

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

This said, he sets the foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies;
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries
 Till with her own white fleece her voice con-
 troll'd

Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
 He pews her piteous clamours in her head;
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O, that prone^a lust should stain so pure a bed!
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again.
 This forced league doth force a further strife,
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While lust is in his pride no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless
 pace,
 Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
 The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with
 grace,

For there it revels; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;

^a *Prone*—having inclination or propensity, and so self-willed, headstrong.

For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands dis-
 grac'd:

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and make her thrall
 To living death, and pain perpetual;
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their
 will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he
 stealth,

A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
 He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
 She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth
 tear;
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
 She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, ~~leav'd~~^{lost}
 delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
 She there remains a hopeless castaway;
 He in his speed looks for the morning light;
 She prays she never may behold the day;
 'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open
 lay;

And my true eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see
 The same disgrace which they themselves be-
 hold;
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold;
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.



And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her
spite

Against the unseen secrecy of night :

‘O comfort-killing night, image of hell !

Dim register and notary of shame !

Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !

Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !

Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !

Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator,

With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !

‘O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,

Since thou art guilty of my curcless crime,

Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,

Make war against proportion’d course of time !

Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb

His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,

Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

‘With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;

Let their exhal’d unwholesome breaths make
sick

The life of purity, the supreme fair,

Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick ;^a

And let thy misty vapours march so thick,

That in their smoky ranks his smother’d light,
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

‘Were Tarquin night (as he is but night’s child),
The silver-shining queen he would distain ;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil’d,
Through night’s black bosom should not peep
again ;

So should I have copartners in my pain :

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,

As palmers’ chat makes short their pilgrim-
age.

‘Where^a now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with
mine,

To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;

But I alone alone must sit and pine,

Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,

Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,

Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

‘O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face

Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak

Immodestly lies martyr’d with disgrace !

Keep still possession of thy gloomy pla

^a Noontide prick—the point of noon.

^a Where—whereas.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

That all the faults which in thy reign are
made
May likewise be sepulchred^a in thy shade!

* Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will show, character'd^b in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote^c my loathsome trespass in my
looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's
name;

The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot^d afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves but he that gives them
knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft.
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee
kept.

^a *Sepulchred*. Milton uses the word with the same accent in his lines on Shakspeare:—

"And so sepulchred in such pomp does lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

^b *Character'd*. Here again is an accentuation different from the present, but which is common to all Shakspeare's contemporaries. Malone has observed that this is still the pronunciation of the Irish people; and he adds, with great truth, that much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained in Ireland.

^c *Quote*—observe.

^d *Mot*—motto.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,^a—
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;^b
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlock'd for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?^c
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps, and gout, and painful
fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,

^a *Wrack*. Mr. Hunter, in his 'Disquisition on the Tempest,' pointed out the necessity of restoring to Shakspeare's text the old word *wrack*, instead of the modern *wreck*. He asks, "What could editors, who proceed upon principles which lead to such a substitution, do with this couplet of the *Lucrece*:—

"O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy *wrack*!"

In this particular instance they have preserved the original word; but in that before us, where *wrack* is equally required to rhyme with *back*, they have substituted *wreck*. Even Mr. Dyce herein copies Malone without alteration. This is probably mere carelessness; but it shows the danger of tampering with an original reading.

^b This is again an instance of the dramatic crowding of thought upon thought, and making one thought answer and repel the other, which render Shakspeare's soliloquies such matchless revelations of the heart. Malone, not perceiving this dramatic power, changes *guilty* to *guiltless*; because the idea of the first line does not correspond with that of the second.

^c *Folly* is here used in the sense of wickedness; and *gentle* in that of well-born.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

~~But~~ ill-annexed Opportunity
 Kills his life, or else his quality.

'O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
 Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may
 get;
 Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy
 him,
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by
 him.

'Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
 Thou foul abetter! thou notorious bawd!
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 Thy private feasting to a public fast;
 Thy smoothing^a titles to a ragged^b name;
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
 Thy violent vanities can never last.
 How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's
 friend,
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
 When wilt thou sort^c an hour great strifes to
 end?
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
 chain'd?
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
 thee;
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds;^d
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:

^a *Smoothing*—flattering.

^b *Ragged* is here used in the sense of contemptible. It means something broken, torn, and therefore worthless. See Note on Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Scene 1.

^c *Sort*—assign, appropriate. So in Richard III.:—

"But I will sort a pitchy day for thee."

^d The constant allusions of the Elizabethan poets to that familiar terror the plague show how completely the evil, whether present or absent, was associated with the habitual thoughts of the people. *Advice* is here used in the sense of

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's
 rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their
 pages.

'When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
 They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd.^a
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
 Guilty of perjury and subornation;
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
 Guilty of incest, that abomination:
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's packhorse, virtue's
 snare;
 Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
 O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
 Cancell'd my fortunes and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes?
 Time's office is to fine^b the hate of foes;
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right;
 To rinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden
 towers:

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books, and alter their contents,

government, municipal or civil; and the line too correctly describes the carelessness of those in high places, who abated not their feasting and their revelry while pestilence was doing its terrible work around them.

^a *Appay'd*—satisfied, pleased. *Well appay'd*, *ill appay'd*, are constantly used by Chaucer and other ancient writers.

^b *To fine*—to bring an end

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;^a
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful
crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-
drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring^b minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour
come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy
wrack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his
flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than
stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,^c
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

^a *Springs*—shoots, saplings. Time, which dries up the old oak's sap, cherishes the plants.

^b *Retiring* is here used in the sense of coming back again.

^c *Curled hair* is the characteristic of Tarquin as it was of all men of high rank in Shakspeare's time. Perhaps it implied a notion of luxuriousness. In this way we have "the curled Antony;" and in *Othello*,

"The wealthy curled darlings of our nation."

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling^a crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this
ill!

At his own shadow let the thief run mad!
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood
should spill:

For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they
list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in
mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious
day.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force^b not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;
In vain I cavil with my infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despoil:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

Unrecalling—not to be recalled. The elder writers used the participle with much more licence than we do.

^b *Force* is here used in the sense of value or regard.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree ?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;
For if I die my honour lives in thee,
But if I live thou liv'st in my defame :
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And was afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death :
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which threnging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife :
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife ;
So am I now :—O no, that cannot be ;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O ! that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery ;^a
A dying life to living infamy ;
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth ;
I will not wrong thy true affection so
To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth :
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence



'I will not poison thee with my attain,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a
dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure
tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell ; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

^a An allusion to the badges which servants or retainers of families of rank wore on their liveries.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits
weeping;

To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,
Why pryest thou through my window? leave
thy peeping;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
sleeping:

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing
light,

For day hath nought to do what's done by
night.'

Thus cavils she with everything she sees:

True grief is fond^a and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought
agrees.

Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still
With too much labour drowns for want of
skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no
words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company:
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache
more;

Great grief grieves most at that would do it
good;

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks
o'erflows:

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes
entomb

Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!

(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps^a when time is kept with
tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.^b

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy
part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heartstrings to true languish-
ment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the
day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
We will find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their
kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
minds.'

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and Death reproach's
debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death
takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

^a Dumps—melancholy airs.

^b Better skill. We must probably have understood *and* a
better skill

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled
soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murther shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe;
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my
wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;^a
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;

My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not faint heart, but stoutly say, "so be it."
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer
thee;

Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers
flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their
snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery,)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with
woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,^a
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break
their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;^b
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange
kinds

^a In the folio edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, as well as in the quarto of 1597, we find the line—

"When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew."

Here the image completely agrees with that in the text before us. But in the undated quarto, which the modern editors follow, we have "the air doth drizzle dew." Science was long puzzled to decide whether the earth or the air produced dew; but it was reserved for the accurate experiments of modern times to show that the earth and the air must unite to produce this effect under particular circumstances of temperature and radiation. The correction of the undated edition of *Romeo and Juliet* was certainly unnecessary.

^b *Marble* here stands for *men*, whose minds have just been compared to marble.

¹ ^a The executor of a will was sometimes called the *overseer*; but our ancestors often appointed overseers as well as executors. Shakspere's own will contains such an appointment.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign
plain,

Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep :
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern
looks,

Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath
kill'd !

Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour
Is worthy blame. — O, let it not be hild^a

Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd^b
With men's abuses ! those proud lords, to
blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their
shame

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong :
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread ;
And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild Patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit^c of her complaining :
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
raining ?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :
If tears could help, mine own would do me
good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—(and there she
stay'd

Till after a deep groan) 'Tarquin from hence ?'

'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,

'The more to blame my sluggard negligence :

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;

Myself was stirring ere the break of day,

And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

^a *Hild*—held. Such a change for the sake of rhyme is frequent in Spenser.

^b *Fulfill'd*—completely filled.

^c *Counterfeit* A likeness or copy.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O peace !' quoth Lucrece ; 'if it should be told
The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say ?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it :
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be
writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will ;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill :
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall be before.

At last she thus begins :—'Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me :
So I commend me from our house in grief ;^a
My woes are tedious, though my words are
brief.'

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality ;
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd
excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace
the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bea.
her.

^a The simplicity of this letter is exquisitely beautiful ; and its pathos is deeper from the circumstance that it is scarcely raised above the tone of ordinary correspondence.

"So I commend me from our house in grief"

is such a formula as we constantly find in ancient correspondence. In the 'Paston Letters' we have such conclusions as this : "Written at ——— when I was not well at ease"

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them
better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them
told;

For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion^a that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.

'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:

Deep sounds^b make lesser noise than shallow
fords,

And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of
words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste:'
The post attends, and she delivers it,

Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she
deems:

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low;
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her
shame;

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect



To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to
gage.

^a Motion—dumb show.

^b Sounds. Malone proposes to read *floods*. This Steevens resists, and says that *sound* is such a part of the sea as may be sounded. To this Malone replies that a sound cannot be deep, and therefore sounds is not here intended. A sound is a bay or frith; and Dampier, who is better authority than the commentators on nautical matters, mentions a *sound* as "large and deep." The stilness of a sound, in consequence of being land-locked, testifies to the correctness of the poet's image.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's
lust,

And, blushing with him, wistly on him
gaz'd;

Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:

The more she saw the blood his cheeks re-
plenish,

The more she thought he spied in her some
blemish.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn^a the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy;
Which the conceited^b painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy
lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust.
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling
paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and
tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor
stand,

As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand

^a *Drawn*. Drawn out into the field.

^b *Conceited*—ingenious, imaginative

That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did
fly
Thin winding breath, which purld up^a to the
sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n^a
and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt^c and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry
swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,^d
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd:
to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons
wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy
fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they
fought,
To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought

^a *Purld*. The meaning of *purl* as applied to a sound is familiar to all. Bacon, in speaking of the sound of a pipe, mentions "a sweet degree of sibilation or purling." Thus, in the passage before us, the thin winding breath of Nestor, the soft flowing words, *purld* up to the sky. But the commentators believe that *purl'd* here expresses motion and not sound; and Steevens proposes to substitute *curl'd*.

^b *Roll'n*—swollen.

^c *Pelt*—to be clamorous, to discharge hasty words as pellets.

^d *Kind*—natural.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than^a
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois'
banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stel'd.^b
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and colour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old
eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot
lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's
reign;
Her cheeks with shaps and wrinkles were dis-
guis'd;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood, chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes
had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her
wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,

^a *Than* used for *then*. This is another example (we had one before in *hild*) of changing a termination for the sake of rhyme. In Fairfax's '*Tasso*' there is a parallel instance:—

'Time was, (for each one hath his doting time,
These silver locks were golden tresses *than*.)
That country life I hated as a crime.
And from the forest's sweet contentment ran."

^b *Stel'd*. A passage in the twenty-fourth Sonnet may explain the lines in the text:—

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath *stel'd*
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

The word *stel'd* in both instances has a distinct association with something painted; but *to stell* is interpreted as to fix, from *stella*, a fixed place of abode. It appears to us that the word is connected in Shakspere's mind with the word *stille*, the pencil by which forms are traced and copied. The application does not appear forced, when we subsequently find the poet using the expression of "*pencil'd* pensiveness." We constantly use the term *stille* as applied to painting; but we all know that *stille*, as describing the manner of delineating forms, is derived from the instrument by which characters were anciently *written*. *Stel'd* is probably then *stilla'd*, the word being slightly changed to suit the rhyme.

And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so
long;

And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter,
die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many more?^a
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;^b
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised^c wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:^d
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with
fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks
doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd con-
tent:

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he
goes,
So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his
woes.

^a *Mo*—more.

^b *Swoonds*—swoons. It is probable that the word was so usually pronounced. In Drayton *swoond* rhymes to wound.

^c *Unadvised*—unknowing.

^d *Confounds* is here used in the sense of destroys.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like
forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjurd Sinon; whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining
glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their
faces.^a

This picture she advisedly^b perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
(She would have said) 'can lurk in such a look;'
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot'
took;

'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: 'It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)

^a Malone objects to this image of Priam's palace being the mirror in which the fixed stars beheld themselves. Boswell has answered Malone by quoting Lydgate's description of the same wonderful edifice:—

"That verely when so the sonne shone
Upon the golde meynt amonge the stone,
They gave a lyght withouten any were,
As doth Apollo in his mid-day sphere."

^b *Advisedly*—attentively.

To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd^a
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish.
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls^b a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy
pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold;
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth
flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with
water.'

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest;
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
'Fool! fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds wil
not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complain
ing.
She looks for night, and then she longs for
morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remain
ing:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sus
taining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see time how slow it
creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought.
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

^a *So beguil'd*. The original has *to beguil'd*. Beguiled is masked with fraud. In *The Merchant of Venice* we have—

"Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore
To a most dangerous sea."

^b *Falls*—lets fall.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

It caseth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls^a in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and
raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's
chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling
stand?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour
spent?

Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd^b to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass
best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined

By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, *quoth*
he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

'With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her
groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner
dies.

'O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this
abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with
woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But wretched as he is he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up
again.

^a *Water-galls.* Steevens says the word is current among the shepherds on Salisbury Plain.

^b *Address'd*—prepared

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste;
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
 Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
 Even so he sighs, his sorrows make a saw,
 To push grief on, and back the same grief
 draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
 'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
 Another power; no flood but raining slaketh.
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
 More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
 To down one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
 For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me;
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
 Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend
 me
 From what is past: the help that thou shalt
 lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you, fair lords,' quoth she,
 (Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
 'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
 For 't is a meritorious fair design
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor
 ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
 The protestation stops. 'O speak,' quoth she,
 'How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

'What is the quality of mine offence,
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
 My low-declined honour to advance?
 May any terms acquit me from this chance?
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
 And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
 While with a joyless smile she turns away
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The face, that map which deep impression bears
 Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter
 living,
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
 She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,'
 she says,

But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not
 speak;

Till after many accents and delays,

Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,

She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he,
 That guides this hand to give this wound to
 me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
 Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds
 doth fly
 Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
 Till Lucrece's father that beholds her bleed,
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side,
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly^a stood
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tar-
 quin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black blood a watery rigol^b goes,
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
 'That life was mine which thou hast here do
 priv'd.

If in the child the father's image lies,

^a Vastly—like a waste.

^b Rigol—circle.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd ?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children predecease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born ;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a barebon'd death by time outworn ;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn !
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If thy surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive :
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee !'

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;
And then in key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space ;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's
aid,

That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he
tore.

This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more ;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :

Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for
wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, 'She's mine,' 'O, mine she
is,'

Replies her husband : 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
Which she too early and too late^a hath spill'd.'
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my
wife,

I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd.'
'My daughter!' and 'My wife!' with clamours
fill'd

The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, 'My daughter!' and 'My
wife !'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece'
side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise ;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise ;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
deeds ?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
Such childish humour from weak minds pro-
ceeds :

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her
foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
(Since Rome herself in them doth stand dis-
grac'd,)

By our strong arms from forth her fair streets
chas'd.

* *Key-cold*. So in Richard III., Act I., Scene II. :—
" Poor key-cold figure of a holy king."

^a *Too late*—too recently.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's
store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late com-
plain'd^a

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,

^a *Complain'd* was formerly used without a subjoined pre-
position.

Who, wondering at him, did his words allow ;^a
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow ;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly^b did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

^a *Allow*—approve.

^b *Plausibly*—with expressions of applause—with acclama-
tion. *Plausively*, a; plausively.





TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF
THESE . INSUING . SONNETS .
MR. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OUR . EVER - LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL - WISHING .
ADVENTURER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH .



SONNETS.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial
fuel,

Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own buduriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and
thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed,^a of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—'
Proving his beauty by succession thine !

This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it
cold.

^a Weed--garment.

SONNETS.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd^a womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond^b will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
The unuse'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair^c which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese^d but their show; their substance still
lives sweet.

^a *Unear'd*—unploughed.

^b *Fond*—foolish.

^c *Unfair*—a verb—deprive of fairness, of beauty.

^d *Leese*—lose.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies^a those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could Death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?^b
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not
gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;^c
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless sense, being many, seeming
one,
Sings this to thee, 'thou single wilt prove none.'

^a *Happies*—makes happy.

^b Malone thus explains this passage:—"O thou whom to hear is music, why hear'st thou," &c.

^c If two strings are tuned in perfect unison and one only is struck, a very sensible vibration takes place in the other. This is called sympathetic vibration.

SONNETS.

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless^a
wife:

The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in
mind.

Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame com-
mits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt thou art below'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to con-
spire,

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my
mind!

Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou be-
stow'st,

Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth
convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world
away.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:

^a *Makeless*—mateless. Make and mate are synonymous
to our elder writers.

Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the
more;

Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty
cherish;

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy
die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all^a silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make
defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee
hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should
bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O! none but unthrifths:—Dear my love, you
know

You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:

^a *All*. The original has *cr*.

SONNETS.

But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert :
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth nought but
shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky ;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory ;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren
rhyme ?

Now stand you on the top of happy hours ;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your ^a living
flowers,

Much liker than your painted counterfeit : ^b
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair, ^c
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.

To give away yourself keeps yourself still ;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet
skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your
parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,

^a *Your*. The ordinary reading is *you*, Malone conceiving that *your* in the original is an error of the press.

^b *Counterfeit*—portrait.

^c *Fair*—beauty. The word is used in the same sense in the 18th Sonnet.

The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly
faces.

So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than
tongue ;

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song :

But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice ;—in it, and in my
rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven ^a shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, un-
trimm'd ; ^b

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet
brood ;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :

O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy
wrong,

My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;

^a So in Richard II. :—

" When the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

^b *Untrimm'd*—undecorated.

SONNETS.

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in
rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls
amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's
pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their
treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement^a of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all things
rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure^b hems.

O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:

Let them say more that like of hearsay
well;

I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.

For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is
slain;

Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back
again.

^a *Couplement*—union. So in Spenser:—

"Allied with bands of mutual *couplement*."

^b *Rondure*—circumference.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
heart;

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's
might.

O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presages of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence
More than that tongue that more hath more
express'd.

O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath
stell'd

Thy beauty's form in table^a of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for
me

Are windows to my breast, where-through the
sun

Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the
heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's-eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

^a *Table*—so in All's Well that Ends Well:—

"'T was pretty, though a plague
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's *table*."

Table, though sometimes used in the sense of a picture, more commonly means the tabular surface upon which a picture is painted.

SONNETS.



The painful warrior famoused for fight,^a
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
 Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
 Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassage,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit.
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to
 show it ;
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it :
 Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
 Till then, not show my head where thou
 mayst prove me.

^a *Fight*. The original has *worth*. Theobald, who saw that the alternate rhyme is invariably preserved in the other Sonnets, proposed to make one of two changes; to read *fight* instead of *worth*, or *forth* instead of *quite*. We are not perfectly satisfied with either change; but as the first has been adopted in most modern editions we will not attempt to disturb the received reading, and we have no doubt that some error is involved in the original.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's ex-
 pir'd :

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face
 new.

Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my
 mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debar'd the benefit of rest ?
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night and night by day oppress'd ?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.

SONNETS.

I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
heaven:

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire^a not, thou gild'st
the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength
seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's
gate;^b

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth
brings,

'That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times'
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless^c
night,

And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.^d

^a *Twire*. Malone proposed to read *twirl*, and Steevens conjectured that *twire* means *quire*. Gifford, in a note upon Ben Jonson's 'Sat Shepherd,' explains that in the passage before us the meaning is "when the stars do not gleam or appear at intervals." He adds, "*Twire* should not have been suffered to grow obsolete, for we have no word now in use that can take its place, or be considered as precisely synonymous with it in sense: leer and twinkle are merely shades of it." Gifford quotes several passages from Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher in confirmation of his opinion. But there are four lines in Drayton's 'Polyolbion' which contain a parallel use of the word:—

"Suppose 'twixt noon and night the sun is half-way wrought,
(The shadows to be large, by his descending brought,)
Who with a fervent eye looks through the *twiring* glades,
And his dispersed rays commixeth with the shades."

^b See *Cymbeline*, Illustrations of Act II.

^c *Dateless*—endless—having no certain time of expiration.

^d If we understand *expense* to be used as analogous to *passing away*, there is no difficulty in this line. What we expend is gone from us; and so the poet means the *expense* of many a vanished sight. Malone thinks that *sight* is used for *sigh*; but this is certainly a very strained conjecture.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious^a tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:

Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust
shall cover,

And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve^b them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
'Had my friend's muse grown with this grow-
ing age,

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:

But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack^c on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:

^a *Obsequious*—funereal.

^b *Reserve*—the same as *preserve*. In Pericles we have—

"Reserve that excellent complexion."

^c *Rack*. Tooke, in his full discussion of the meaning of this word ('Divisions of Purley,' Part II., Chap. IV.), holds that *rack* means "merely that which is *recked*;" and

SONNETS.

Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's
sun staineth.^a

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou
break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the dis-
grace :

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.^b

Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love
sheds,

And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast
done :

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.

All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorising thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,^c
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :

For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :

Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

that in all the instances of its use by Shakspeare the word signifies *vapour*. He illustrates the passage before us by quoting the lines in the First Part of Henry IV., where the Prince in some degree justifies his course of profligacy :—

" Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him."

^a *Stain* and *staineth* are here used with the signification of a verb neuter. Suns of the world may be stained as heaven's sun is stained.

^b *Cross*. The original has *loss*—evidently a mistake. Malone substituted *cross*.

^c *Amis*—fault.

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XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable^a spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight,
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest^b spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance
give,

That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my
verse

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent

For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?

O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me

Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;

For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,

When thou thyself dost give invention light ?

Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth

Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;

And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious
days,

The pain be mine, but thine shall be the
praise.

^a *Separable*—separating.

^b *Dearest*. So in Hamlet :—

" Would I had met my *dearest* foe in Heaven !"

SONNETS.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth de-
ceive,)

And that thou teachest how to make one
twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for^a my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;

^a For here signifies because.

That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love
her;

And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;^a
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make
bright,

How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do
show thee me.^b

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,^c
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

^a Unrespected—unregarded.

^b Thee me—thou to me.

^c A passage in Henry V. explains this:—"He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." The thought is continued in the first line of the 45th Sonnet, in which Sonnet we also find "My life being made of four." This was the theory of life in Shakspeare's time; and Sir Toby, in Twelfth Night, speaks learnedly when he says, "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" Shakspeare, however, somewhat laughs at the theory when he makes Sir Andrew reply, "Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking."

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XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy^a picture's sight would
bar,

My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,) ^a
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide^b this title is impannelled
A quest^c of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety,^d and the dear heart's
part:

As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of
heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast.
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst
move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;

^a *Thy*. The original has *their*; and it is remarkable that the same typographical error occurs four times in this one Sonnet—a pretty convincing proof that no competent or authorised person superintended the publication. Errors of this sort are very frequent in the original; but we have not thought it necessary to notice them when there can be no doubt of the meaning.

^b *'Cide*. Malone explains that this is a contraction of *decide*. The original reads *side*.

^c *Quest*—inquest or jury.

^d *Moiety*—portion.

Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and
part;

And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.*

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas^b thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely
pass,

And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce^c me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:

To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
laws,

Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy
friend!'

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;

For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

* The same thought is in *Venus and Adonis*:—

"Rich preys make true men thieves."

^b *Whenas*—when.

^c *Ensconce*—fortify.

SONNETS.

LX.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me
thence ?

Till I return, of posting is no need.
O what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know :
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to
go

LXI.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,^a
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,

Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain^a jewels in the carcanet.^b
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LXII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit^c
Is poorly imitated after you :
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;^d
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant
heart.



[' Broils root out the work of masonry. ']

^a There is a somewhat similar thought in Henry IV., Part I. :—

“ My state,
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast,
And won by rareness much solemnity.”

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^a Captain—used adjectively for *shetj*.

^b Carcanet—necklace.

^c Counterfeit—portrait.

^d Foison is plenty; and the *foison of the year* is the autumn, or plentiful season.

SONNETS.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms^a have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
closes :

But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by^b verse distils your
truth.

LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish
time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
burn

The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find
room,

Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force : be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with
fulness,

To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view ;

Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

^a *Canker-blooms*—the flowers of the canker or dog-rose.

^b *By*. The word of the original is altered by Malone to
viii. The change is certainly not wanted.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those :
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of plea-
sure,

Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to sufferance, hide each check
Without accusing you of injury.

Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time :
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which labouring for invention bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child !
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done !
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame ;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r^a better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.

O ! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end :

^a *Whe'r*—whether.

SONNETS.

Each changing place with that which goes before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,^a
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels^b in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,

From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious^c is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth to define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated^d and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

^a *Main of light.* As the *main* of waters would signify the great body of waters, so the *main of light* signifies the mass or flood of light, into which a new-born child is launched.

^b *Parallels.* We have exactly the same idea in the 2nd Sonnet:

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field."

^c *Gracious*—beautiful.

^d *Beated.* So in the old copy; and it has been followed by Malone. He suggests that the true word may be *bated*; but he receives *beated* as the participle of the verb to *beat*.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd
his brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful
morn

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;^a
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.

His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot
choose

But weep to have that which it fears to lose,

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless
sea,

But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful seige of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie
hid?^b

^a *Steepy night.* It has been proposed to read *sleepy night*; but in the 7th Sonnet we have the same notion of man climbing up the hill of age; and here the idea is also connected with the antithesis of *morn* and *night*.

^b In Troilus and Cressida. Ulysses says—

"Time hath, my lord, a *wallet* at his back.
In which he puts alms for oblivion."

Time's *chest* and Time's *wallet* are the same; they are the depositories of what was once great and beautiful, passed away, perished, and forgotten.

SONNETS.

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O none, unless this miracle have might,

That in black ink my love may still shine
bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—

As, to behold desert a beggar born,

And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,

And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,

And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,

And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,^a

And captive good attending captain ill :

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be
gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah ! wherefore with infection should he live,

And with his presence grace impiety,

That sin by him advantage should achieve,

And lace^b itself with his society ?

Why should false painting imitate his cheek,

And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?

Why should poor beauty indirectly seek

Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?

Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,

Beggar'd^c of blood to blush through lively veins ?

For she hath no exchequer now but his,

And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to show what wealth she
had

In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,

When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do
now,

Before these bastard signs of fair^e were born,

Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;

Before the golden tresses of the dead,

The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,

To live a second life on second head,

Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :^d

^a *Simplicity* is here used for *folly*.

^b *Lace*—embellish—ornament.

^c *Fair*—beauty.

^d See *Merchant of Venice*, Illustrations of Act III.

In him those holy antique hours are seen,

Without all ornament, itself, and true,

Making no summer of another's green,

Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;

And him as for a map doth Nature store,

To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth
view

Want nothing that the thought of hearts can
mend :

All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that
due,^a

Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.

Thine outward thus with outward praise is
crown'd ;

But those same tongues that give thee so thine
own,

In other accents do this praise confound,

By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.

They look into the beauty of thy mind,

And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;

Ther (churls) their thoughts, although, their
eyes were kind,

To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :

But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,

The solve^b is this,—that thou dost common
grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,

For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;

The ornament of beauty is suspect,^c

A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve

Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,

And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.

Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,

Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd ;

Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,

To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd :

^a *Due*. The original has *end*. Tyrwhitt sagaciously made the change ; knowing that such a typographical error is not unfrequent. The separate letters drop out at the press ; and the workman, who does not stand upon niceties, puts them together again after his own fashion. By the inversion of the *u* a pretty metamorphosis of *due* into *end* is made ; and such feats of legerdemain are performed with a dexterity which, however satisfactory to the operator, is not the most agreeable part of an author's experience, if he should ever indulge himself with the perusal of his own writings after they have passed the printer.

^b *Solve*. The original has *soltye*. Malone reads *solve* in the sense of *solution*. We have no parallel example of the use of *solve* as a noun.

^c *Suspect*—suspicion. So in *King Henry IV.*, Part II., 1. 1.

"If my *suspect* be false, forgive me."

SONNETS.

If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst
owe.^a

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;
But let your love even with my life decay :
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing
worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love
more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere
long :

^a *Owe—own.*

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his
due ;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the flching age will steal his treasure ;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my plea-
sure :
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride ?
So far from variation or quick change ?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds
strange ?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a notèd weed,^a
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did pro-
ceed ?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument ;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent ;
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

^a *A notèd weed—a dress known and familiar, through
being always the same.*

SONNETS.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoc'd thee for my muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to
 sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my sick muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!

But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

O I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead,
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
 Where breath most breathes,—even in the
 mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
 And therefore mayst without attain't o'erlook
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
 And their gross painting might be better us'd
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair no painting set.
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt:
 And therefore have I slept in your report
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show
 How far a modern^a quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.

^a Modern—trite—common.

SONNETS.

This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew?
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your
praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve^a their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, while others write good
words,

And, like unlettered clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, 'T is so, 't is true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank
before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,^b

As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fil'd^a up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art for-
sworn:
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle,^b and look strange;

^a *Fil'd*—gave the last polish. Ben Jonson, in his verses on Shakspeare, speaks of his

"Well-torned and true-fil'd lines."

^b *Strangle*. Malone gives several examples of the use of the verb; and Steevens adds, "This uncouth phrase seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare." Why is any word called *uncouth* which expresses a meaning more clearly and forcibly than any other word? The miserable affectation of the last age, in rejecting words that in sound ap-

^a *Reserve* is here again used for *preserve*.
^b Steevens conjectures that this is an allusion to Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with a familiar spirit.

SONNETS.

Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this
sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste

At first the very worst of fortune's might,
And other strains of woe, which now seem
woe,

Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XC1.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their
horse;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments'
cost,

Of more delight than hawks and horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast.

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
Wher in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.

peared not to harmonise with the mincing prettiness of polite
conversation, unmasculated our language; and it will take
some time to restore it to its ancient nervousness.

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Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.

O what a happy title do I find,

Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—

Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles
strange;

But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness
tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show?

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!

Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

SONNETS.

xcvi.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;
 Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less :
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd ;
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate !
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

xcvii.

How like a winter bath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
 What old December's bareness everywhere !
 And yet this time remov'd^a was summer's time ;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's
 near.

xcviii.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his
 trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with
 him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
 grew :
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and you, away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play :



[' Proud-pied April. ']

xcix.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;—
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
 that smells,
 If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,

Malone explains this as, " This time in which I was re-
 mote or absent from thee."

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of
 both,
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;

SONNETS.

But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, **Muse**, that thou forgett'st so
so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light ?
Return, forgetful **Muse**, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet **face survey**,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked
knife.

CI.

O truant **Muse**, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd ?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, **Muse** : wilt thou not haply say,
'Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;
But best is best, if never intermix'd ?'—
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?
Excuse not silence so ; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, **Muse** ; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows
now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in
seeming ;
I love not less, though less the show appear ;
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
As **Philomel** in summer's front doth sing,
And stops **her** pipe in growth of riper days :
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the
night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear de-
light.

Therefore, like **her**, I sometime hold my
tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack ! what poverty my **Muse** brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not if I no more can write !
Look in your glass, and there appears a **face**
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well ?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;
And more, much more, than in my verse can
sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look
in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters'
cold
Have from the forests shook three summers'
pride ;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen ;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd ;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer
dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope
affords.

SONNETS.

Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present
days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to
praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augers mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me sub-
scribes,^a
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are
spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new^b to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;

^a *Subscribes*—submits—acknowledges as a superior.
^b *New*. The original has *now*.

Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it
dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 't is true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley^a to the view,
Gor'd^b mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches^c gave my heart another youth,
And worst essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have^d what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners
breeds.

^a *Motley*. Jaques, in *As You Like It*, exclaims, "Invest me in my *motley*." *Motley* was the dress of the domestic fool, or jester; and thus the buffoon himself came to be called a *motley*. Jaques, addressing Touchstone, says, "Will you be married, *Motley*?"

^b *Gor'd*—wounded. In *Hamlet* we have—
"I have a voice and precedent of peace
To keep my name *ungor'd*."

^c *Blenches*—deviations.

^d *Have*. This is the word of the old copy. An altered reading is—

"Now all is done, *save* what shall have no end."
Malone says the original reading is unintelligible. His conjectural reading, which Tyrwhitt recommended, appears to us more so. "Now all is done" clearly applies to the *blenches*, the *worse essays*; but the poet then adds, "*have* thou what shall have no end,"—my constant affection, my undivided friendship.

SONNETS.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyself,^a 'gainst my strong infection ;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow ?^b
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your
tongue ;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or
wrong.^c
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of other's voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense ;—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are
dead.^d

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind ;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch ;^e
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;

^a *Eyself*—vinegar.

^b *Allow*—approve.

^c This passage is obscure, and there is probably some slight misprint. Steevens says, with his usual amenity, "The meaning of this purblind and obscure stuff seems to be—'You are the only person who has the power to change my stubborn resolution, *either* to what is right, or to what is wrong.'" We have little doubt that something like this is the meaning ; but why has not this great conjectural critic, instead of calling out "purblind and obscure stuff," tried his hand at some slight emendation ? He is venturesome enough when the text is clear. We might read thus :

"That my steel'd sense *so* changes right or wrong,"
or we might read, as Malone has proposed, "*E* or changes."

^d This line presents in the old copy one of the many examples of how little the context was heeded. We there find—

"That all the world *besides me thinks y'* are dead."
Malone changes this to—

"That all the world *besides methinks they* are dead."

We adopt Mr. Dyce's first reading.

^e *Latch*. The original has *lack*. Malone substituted *latch*, which signifies to lay hold of.

For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour,^a or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your fea-
ture.

Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.^b

CXIV

Or whether doth my mind being crown'd with
you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
O, 't is the first ; 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is
'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup :
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie ;
Even those that said I could not love you dearer ;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn
clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of
kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering
things ;
Alas ! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
'Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth
grow ?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :

^a *Favour*—countenance.

^b *Untrue* is here used as a substantive. So in *Measure for Measure*—

"Say what you can, my false outweighs your *true*."

SONNETS.

O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Wherefo all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd
right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your
sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager^a compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying
sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be discas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!

^a *Eager*—sour; the French *aigre*.

What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
fitted,^a
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far
greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd^b
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom
me.

CXXI.

'T is better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think
good?
No.—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be
bevel;^c
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,

^a *Fitted*—subjected to fits. ^b *Remember'd*—reminded.

^c *Bevel*—bent in an angle.

SONNETS.

Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity :
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,^a
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more :
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No ! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past ;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste :
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee :

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
gather'd.

No, it was destined far from accident ;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls .
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with
showers

To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for
crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining ?

^a Malone says, " *That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of retaining, or rather of containing, so much as the tablet of the brain "

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent ?
No ;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds,^a knows no
art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer ! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy
control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour ;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st !
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee
back,

She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure ;
She may detain, but not still keep her trea-
sure :

Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :

^a *Seconds*. The only note on the passage in the variorum editions is that of Steevens :—" I am just informed by an old lady that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say." Mr. Dyce called this note "preposterously absurd." Steevens, however, knew what he was doing. He mentions the flour, as in almost every other note upon the Sonnets, to throw discredit upon compositions with which he could not sympathise. He had a sharp, cunning, pettifogging mind ; and he knew many prosaic things well enough. He knew that a *second*, in a duel, a *second* in a debate, a *secondary* in ecclesiastical affairs, meant one next to the principal. The poet's friend has his chief oblation ; no *seconds*, or inferior persons, are mixed up with his tribute of affection.

In the copy of the Sonnets in the Bodleian Library, formerly belonging to Malone (and which is bound in the same volume with the ' *Lucrece*, &c.), is a very cleverly drawn caricature representing Shakspeare addressing a periwig-pated old fellow in these lines :—

" If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
The water of my Sonnets, find their disease,
Or purge my Editor till he understood them,
I would applaud thee."

Under this Malone has written, " Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779, to peruse the ' *Rape of Lucrece*, ' in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and attended by Mr. Atkinson, the apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakspeare addresses, is a caricature."

SONNETS.

For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem :

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks,^a that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest
reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream :

All this the world well knows; yet none
knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

^a *Jacks*. The small hammers, moved by the keys, which strike the strings of a virginal. In the comedy of 'Ram Alley' we have—

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down
Like virginal jacks?"

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress when she walks, treads on the
ground;

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them
cruel;

For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love
groan :

To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone,
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.

In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, pro-
ceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee
grace,

And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all thy foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to
groan

For that deep wound it gives my friend and
me !

Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?

SONNETS.

Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken :
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :
And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute^a of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus ;

^a Statute—security, or oblivion.

More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store ;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;
Think all but one, and me in that one
Will.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove ;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold ;
Though in thy stores' account I one must be,
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee ;
Make but my name thy love, and love that
still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is
Will.



SONNETS.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine
 eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
 Why should my heart think that a several
 plot.^a
 Which my heart knows the wide world's com-
 mon place?
 Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
 In things right true my heart and eyes have
 err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now trans-
 ferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies;
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the
 best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.^b

CXXXIX.

O, canst not me to justify the wrong
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;

^a See note on Love's Labour's Lost, Act II., Sc. 1.

^b There are many variations in the copy of this Sonnet as originally published in The Passionate Pilgrim. The differences are of that character which would lead us to believe that the author, after the lapse of a few years, wrote it out a second time from memory. The variations are certainly not those of a transcriber:—

"When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although *I know my years be past the best,*
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
 But wherefore says *my love* that she is *young*?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is a *soothing tongue*,
 And age in love loves not to have years told
 Therefore *I'll lie with love, and love with me,*
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be."

Would me not with thine eye, but with thy
 tongue;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere;—but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when
 thy might
 Is more than my oppress'd defence can 'bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my
 pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much dis-
 dain;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians
 know;)
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud
 heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune de-
 lighted;
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, ground on sinful loving:

SONNETS.

O, but with mine compare thou thine own
state,

And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine ;
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost
hide,

By self-example mayst thou be denied !

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift de-
sp'tch

In pursuit of the thing she would have stay ;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy
Will,

。 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest^a me still ;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
But, being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in
doubt,

Till my bad angel fire my good one out.^b

^a Suggest—tempt.

^b The variations in the copy of this Sonnet in The Passionate Pilgrim are very slight. In the eighth line, instead of *foul pride*, we have *fair pride*; in the eleventh, instead of *from me*, we have *to me*; in the thirteenth, instead of *Yet this shall I ne'er know*, we have *The truth I shall not know*.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said, 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake :
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom ;
And taught it thus anew to greet :
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—'not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,^a
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more :
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on
men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying
then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease ;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest ;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's
are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd ;

^a In the original copy we have the following reading :—

" Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth.

My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array."

The received reading is a conjectural emendation by Malone. When the change in a text must rest wholly on conjecture, and some change is absolutely necessary, it appears to us that the change which has been established is in most cases better than any improvement

SONNETS.

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee
bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures^a falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
blind,

Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should
find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?^b
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay if thou lov'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful
might,

With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the
day?

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

^a *Censures*—judges, estimates

^b *Partake*—take part. A partaker was a confederate

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,^b
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther rea-
son;

But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call

Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and
fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-
ing;

In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse
thee,

When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-
ness,

Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they
see;

For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid lay by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men
prove

Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,

^a *Amies*—fault.

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But found no cure : the bath for my help
 lies
 Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress'
 eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god, lying once asleep
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
 keep
 Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand

The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I
 prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.





ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

THE original edition of this collection of poems bore the following title: 'Shake-speare's Sonnets. Never before imprinted. At London, by G. Eld, for T. T., and are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church-gate. 1609.' The volume is a small quarto. In addition to the Sonnets it contains, at the end, 'A Lover's Complaint. By William Shake-speare.' In this collection the Sonnets are numbered from I. to CLIV., and they follow in their numerical order, as in the text we have presented to our readers. But, although this arrangement of the Sonnets is now the only one adopted in editions of Shakspeare's Poems, another occasionally prevailed up to the time of the publication of Steevens's fac-simile reprint of the Sonnets in 1766. An interval of thirty-one years elapsed between the publication of the volume by T. T. (Thomas Thorpe) in 1609, and the demand for a reprint of these remarkable poems. In 1640 appeared 'Poems, written by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, and are to be sold by John Benson.' This volume in duodecimo, con-

tains the Sonnets, but in a totally different order, the original arrangement not only being departed from, but the lyrical poems of *The Passionate Pilgrim* scattered here and there, and sometimes a single Sonnet, sometimes two or three, and more rarely four or five, distinguished by some quaint title. No title includes more than five. In the editions of the Poems which appeared during a century afterwards, the original order of the Sonnets was adopted in some—that of the edition of 1640 in others. Lintot's, in 1709, for example, adheres to the original; Curll's, in 1710, follows the second edition. Cotes, the printer of the second edition, was also the printer of the second edition of the plays. That the principle of arrangement adopted in this edition was altogether arbitrary, and proceeded upon a false conception of many of these poems, we have no hesitation in believing; but it is remarkable that within twenty-four years of Shakspeare's death an opinion should have existed that the original arrangement was also arbitrary, and that the Sonnets were essentially that collection of fragments which Meres

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described in 1598, when he wrote, "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared Sonnets *among his private friends*." Upon the question of the continuity of the Sonnets depend many important considerations with reference to the life and personal character of the poet; and it is necessary, therefore, in this place to examine that question with proportionate care.

The Sonnets of Shakspeare are distinguished from the general character of that class of poems by the continuity manifestly existing in many successive stanzas, which form, as it were, a group of flowers of the same hue and fragrance. Mr. Hallam has justly explained this peculiarity:—

"No one ever entered more fully than Shakspeare into the character of this species of poetry, which admits of no expletive imagery, no merely ornamental line. But, though each Sonnet has generally its proper unity, the sense—I do not mean the grammatical construction—will sometimes be found to spread from one to another, independently of that repetition of the leading idea, like variations of an air, which a series of them frequently exhibits, and on account of which they have latterly been reckoned by some rather an integral poem than a collection of Sonnets. But this is not uncommon among the Italians, and belongs, in fact, to those of Petrarch himself."

But, although a series may frequently exhibit a "repetition of the leading idea, like variations of an air," it by no means follows that they are to be therefore considered "rather an integral poem than a collection of Sonnets." In the edition of 1640 the "variations" were arbitrarily separated, in many cases, from the "air;" but, on the other hand, it is scarcely conceivable that in the earlier edition of 1609 these verses were intended to be presented as "an integral poem." Before we examine this matter let us inquire into some of the circumstances connected with the original publication.

The first seventeen Sonnets contain a "leading idea" under every form of "variation." They are an exhortation to a friend, a male friend, to marry. Who this friend was has been the subject of infinite discussion. Chalmers maintains that it was Queen Elizabeth, and that there was no impropriety in Shakspeare addressing the queen by the masculine pronoun, because a queen is a prince; as we still say in the Liturgy, "our queen and governor." The reasoning of Chalmers on this subject, which may be found in his 'Supplementary Apology,' is one of the most amusing pieces of learned and ingenious nonsense that ever met our view. We believe that we must very summarily dismiss Queen Elizabeth. But Chalmers with more reason threw over the idea that the dedication of the bookseller to the edition of 1609 implied the person to whom the Sonnets were addressed. T. T., who dedicates, is, as we have mentioned, Thomas Thorpe, the publisher. W. H., to whom the dedication is addressed, was, according to the earlier critics, an humble person.

He was either William Harte, the poet's nephew, or William Hews, some unknown individual; but Drake said, and said truly, that the person addressed in some of the Sonnets themselves was one of rank; and he maintained that it was Lord Southampton. "W. H." he said, ought to have been H. W.—Henry Wriothesly. But Mr. Boaden and Mr. Brown have each affirmed that "W. H." is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who, in his youth and his rank, exactly corresponded with the person addressed by the poet. The words "begetter of these Sonnets," in the dedication, must mean, it is maintained, the person who was the immediate cause of their being written—to whom they were addressed. But he was "the only begetter of these Sonnets." The latter portion of the Sonnets are unquestionably addressed to a female, which at once disposes of the assertion that he was the *only* begetter, assuming the "begetter" to be used in the sense of *inspirer*. Chalmers disposes of this meaning of the word very cleverly: "W. H. was the bringer forth of the Sonnets. *Beget* is derived by Skinner from the Anglo-Saxon *begettian*, *obtinere*. Johnson adopts this derivation and sense: so that *begetter*, in the quaint language of Thorpe the bookseller, Pistol the ancient, and such affected persons, signified the *obtainer*: as to *get* and *getter*, in the present day, mean *obtain* and *obtainer*, or to procure and the procurer." But then, on the other hand, it is held that, when the bookseller wishes Mr. W. H. "that eternity promised by our ever-living poet," he means promised *him*. This inference we must think is somewhat strained. Be this as it may, the material question to examine is this—are the greater portion of the Sonnets, putting aside those which manifestly apply to a female, or females, addressed to one male friend? Or are these the "sugared Sonnets" scattered among many "private friends?" When Meres printed his 'Palladis Tamia,' in 1598, there can be no doubt that Shakspeare's Sonnets, then existing only in manuscript, had obtained a reputation in the literary and courtly circles of that time. Probably the notoriety which Meres had given to the "sugared Sonnets" excited a publisher, in 1599, to produce something which should gratify the general curiosity. In that year appeared a collection of poems bearing the name of Shakspeare, and published by W. Jaggard, entitled 'The Passionate Pilgrim.' This little collection contains two Sonnets which are also given in the larger collection of 1609. They are also numbered CXXXVIII. and CXLIV. in that collection. In the modern reprints of The Passionate Pilgrim it is usual to omit these two Sonnets without explanation, because they have been previously given in the larger collection of Sonnets. But it is essential to bear in mind the fact that in 1599 two of the Sonnets of the hundred and fifty-four published in 1609 were printed; and that one of them especially, that numbered CXLIV., has been held to form an important part of the supposed "integral poem." We may therefore conclude that the other Sonnets which appear to relate to the same persons as are referred to in the 144th Sonnet were also in existence. Further, the publication of

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these Sonnets in 1599 tends to remove the impression that might be derived from the tone of some of those in the larger collection of 1609,—that they were written when Shakspeare had passed the middle period of life. For example, in the 73rd Sonnet the poet refers to the autumn of his years, the twilight of his day, the ashes of his youth. In the 138th, printed in 1599, he describes himself as “past the best”—as “old.” He was then thirty-five. Dante was exactly this age when he described himself in “the midway of this our mortal life.” In these remarkable particulars, therefore,—the mention of two persons, real or fictitious, who occupy an important position in the larger collection, and in the notice of the poet’s age,—the two Sonnets of *The Passionate Pilgrim* are strictly connected with those published in 1609, of which they also form a part; and they lead to the conclusion that they were obtained for publication out of the scattered leaves floating about amongst “private friends.” The publication of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was unquestionably unauthorised and piratical. The publisher got all he could which existed in manuscript; and he took two poems out of *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, which was printed only the year before. In 1609, we have no hesitation in believing that the same process was repeated; that without the consent of the writer the hundred and fifty-four Sonnets—some forming a continuous poem, or poems; others isolated, in the subjects to which they relate, and the persons to whom they were addressed—were collected together without any key to their arrangement, and given to the public. Believing as we do that “W. H.,” be he who he may, who put these poems in the hands of “T. T.,” the publisher, arranged them in the most arbitrary manner (of which there are many proofs), we believe that the assumption of continuity, however ingeniously it may be maintained, is altogether fallacious. Where is the difficulty of imagining, with regard to poems of which each separate poem, sonnet, or stanza, is either a “leading idea,” or its “variation,” that, picked up as we think they were from many quarters, the supposed connexion must be in many respects fanciful, in some a result of chance, mixing what the poet wrote in his own person, either in moments of elation or depression, with other apparently continuous stanzas that painted an imaginary character, indulging in all the warmth of an exaggerated friendship, in the complaints of an abused confidence, in the pictures of an unhallowed and unhappy love; sometimes speaking with the real earnestness of true friendship and a modest estimation of his own merits; sometimes employing the language of an extravagant eulogy, and a more extravagant estimation of the powers of the man who was writing that eulogy? Suppose, for example, that in the leisure hours, we will say, of William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, and William Shakspeare, the poet should have undertaken to address to the youth an argument why he should marry. Without believing the Earl to be the W. H. of the Dedication, we know that he was a friend of Shakspeare. There is nothing in the first seventeen Sonnets which might not have been written in the artificial tone of

the Italian poetry, in the working out of this scheme. Suppose, again, that in other Sonnets the poet, in the same artificial spirit, complains that the friend has robbed him of his mistress, and avows that he forgives the falsehood. There is nothing in all this which might not have been written essentially as a work of fiction,—received as a work of fiction,—handed about amongst “private friends” without the slightest apprehension that it would be regarded as an exposition of the private relations of two persons separated in rank as they probably were in their habitual intimacies,—of very different ages,—the one an avowedly profligate boy, the other a matured man. But this supposition does not exclude the idea that the poet had also, at various times, composed, in the same measure, other poems, truly expressing his personal feelings,—with nothing inflated in their tone, perfectly simple and natural, offering praise, expressing love to his actual friends (in the language of the time “lovers”), showing regret in separation, dreading unkindness, hopeful of continued affection. These are also circulated amongst “private friends.” Some “W. H.” collects them together, ten, or twelve, or fifteen years after they have been written; and a publisher, of course, is found to give to the world any productions of a man so eminent as Shakspeare. But who arranged them? Certainly not the poet himself: for those who believe in their continuity must admit that there are portions which it is impossible to regard as continuous. In the same volume with these Sonnets was published a most exquisite narrative poem, *A Lover’s Complaint*. The form of it entirely prevents any attempt to consider it autobiographical. The Sonnets, on the contrary, are personal in their form; but it is not therefore to be assumed that they are all personal in their relation to the author.*

It is our intention, without at all presuming to think that we have discovered any real order in which these extraordinary productions may be arranged, to offer them to the reader upon a principle of classification, which, on the one hand, does not attempt to reject the idea that a continuous poem, or rather several continuous poems, may be traced

* Some of our literary journals have made the most of what they consider “a discovery” by M. Philareté Chasles. Without attempting any controversial discussion of this matter, we translate, from the article on Shakspeare in the “Nouvelle Biographie Générale,” the opinion of one who writes sensibly and impartially. In directing attention to the conjectures of Drake and Boaden (p. 94 col. 2), the French biographer says:—“We must bestow more attention upon Boaden, who in W. H. sees William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and upon Drake, who considers them to point to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. It is true that William Herbert, born in 1580, was, at the epoch at which these Sonnets were composed, only from fourteen to seventeen years of age. It was not to him, therefore, that Shakspeare could have addressed an earnest exhortation to marry. But if he were not the inspirer of these Sonnets, could he not, at a later period, have been the confidential depositary and finally the editor of these poems? In this case W. H. would be, according to a very ingenious conjecture of M. Philareté Chasles, not the ‘only begetter’ who received the offering of the collection, but the editor who had collected ‘the sugared sonnets’ amongst the friends of the immortal poet, and who offers them to the friend who had inspired them.”

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throughout the series, nor adopt the belief that the whole can be broken up into fragments; but which, on the other hand, does no violence to the meaning of the author by a pertinacious adherence to a principle of continuity, sometimes obvious enough.

I.

The earliest productions of a youthful poet are commonly Love-Sonnets, or Elegies as they were termed in Shakspeare's time. The next age to that of the schoolboy is that of

"the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

We commence our series with three Sonnets which certainly bear the marks of juvenility, when compared with others in this collection, as distinctly impressed upon them as the character of the poet's mind at different periods of his life is impressed upon Love's Labour's Lost and Macbeth:—

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And wilt to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let not unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.—135

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full of wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.
—136.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;

Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

—143

The figures which we subjoin to each Sonnet show the place which it occupies in the collection of 1609. If the reader will turn to our reprint of that text, he will see where these Sonnets, through each of which the same play upon the poet's name is kept up with a boyish vivacity, are found. The two first follow one of those from which Mr. Brown derives the title of what he calls "The Sixth Poem," being "To his Mistress, on her Infidelity."* Mr. Brown, however, qualifies the dissimilarity of tone by the following admission:—"All the stanzas in the preceding poems (to Stanza 126) are retained in their original order; the printers, without disturbing the links, having done no worse than the joining together of five chains into one. But I suspect the same attention has not been paid to this address to his mistress. Indeed, I farther suspect that some stanzas, irrelevant to the subject, have been introduced into the body of it." The stanzas to which Mr. Brown objects are the 135th and 136th just given. But let us proceed. The poet now sings the praise of those eyes which so took his brother-poet, Phineas Fletcher:—

"But most I wonder how that *jetty* ray,
Which those two *blackest* suns do fair display,
Should shine so bright, and night should make so
sweet a day."

We know not the colour of Anne Hathaway's eyes; but how can we affirm that the following three Sonnets were not addressed to her?—

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or, if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

—127

* Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems, p. 86.

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Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel :
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck, do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

—131.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face :
 O, let it then as well beseech thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part.
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
 And all thy foul that thy complexion lack. —132.

But the two last immediately precede the Sonnet beginning

"Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groar.
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me ;"—

and so the lady of the "mourning eyes" is associated with a tale of treachery and sin. The line of the 131st Sonnet,

"In nothing art thou black, *save in thy deeds*,"

may be held to imply something atrocious. The two first lines, however, show of what the poet-lover complains :—

"Thou art as *tyrannous*, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel."

The 128th Sonnet has never been exceeded in airy elegance, even by the professed writers of amatory poems :—

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !

To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss. —123.

The 130th, too, is one of the prettiest *vers de société* that a Suckling, or a Moore, could have produced :—

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red :
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground ;
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare. —130.

And of what character is the 129th Sonnet, which separates these two playful compositions ? It is a solemn denunciation against unlicensed gratifications—a warning

"To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell."

If we are to bring those Sonnets in apposition where the "leading idea" is repeated, we shall have to go far back to find one that will accord with the 130th :—

So is it not with me as with that muse,
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
 Making a complement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
 O let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell. —21.

This is the 21st Sonnet ; and it has as much the character of a love-sonnet as any we have just given.

The *tyranny* of which the poet complains in the 131st Sonnet forms the subject of the three following.—

O, call not me to justify the wrong
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue ;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS

Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
 might
 Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide ?
 Let me excuse thee : ah ! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been my enemies ;
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :
 Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

—139.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know ;)
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee :
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou believ'd,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart
 go wide.—140.

Canst thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake ?
 Do I not think on thee, when I forget
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?
 Nay if thou lov'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan ?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind ;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

—149.

And yet the tyranny is meekly borne by the
 lover :—

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are how happy you make those :
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.—57.

458

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure ?
 O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time :
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.—58

The Sonnets last given are the 57th and 58th. These are especially noticed by Mr. Brown as evidence that the person to whom he considers the Sonnets are addressed—W. H.—was “a man of rank.” He adds, “Reproach is conveyed more forcibly, and, at the same time, with more kindness, in their strained humility, than it would have been by direct expostulation.” The reproach, according to Mr. Brown, is for the “coldness” which the noble youth had evinced towards his friend. The “coldness” is implied in these stanzas, and in that which precedes them :—

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might ;
 So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fullness
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-noses
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more bless'd may be the view ;
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
 Make's summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
 more rare.—56.

We believe, on the contrary, that the three Sonnets are addressed to a female. It appears to us that line in the 57th is decisive upon this :—

“ When you have bid your *servant* once adieu.”

The lady was the *mistress*, the lover the *servant*, in the gallantry of Shakspeare's time. In Beaumont and Fletcher's ‘Scornful Lady’ we have, “Was I not once your mistress, and you my servant ?” The three stanzas, 56, 57, 58, are completely isolated from what precedes and what follows them ; and therefore we have no hesitation in transposing them to this class.

We are about to give a Sonnet which Mr. Brown thinks “should be expunged from the poem.” We should regret to lose so pretty and playful a love-verse :—

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
 Breath'd forth the sound that said *I hate*,
 To me that languish'd for her sake :
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
 Was used in giving gentle doom ;
 And taught it thus anew to greet ;
I hate she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw ;
 And sav'd my life, saying—*not you*.—145.

It is, however, strangely opposed to the theory of continuity : for it occurs between the Sonnet which first appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*—

“ Two loves I have, of comfort and despair ”—

and the magnificent lines beginning

“ Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth.”

This sublime Sonnet Mr. Brown would also expunge. This is a hard sentence against it for being out of place. We shall endeavour to remove it to fitter company.

We have now very much reduced the number of stanzas which Mr. Brown assigns to the Sixth Poem, entitled by him, “ To his Mistress, on her Infidelity.” There are only twenty-six stanzas in this division of Mr. Brown's Six Poems ; for he rejects the Sonnets numbered 153 and 154, as belonging “ to nothing but themselves.” They belong, indeed, to the same class of poems as constitute the bulk of those printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. But, being printed in the collection of 1609, they offer very satisfactory evidence that “ the begetter ” of the Sonnets had no distinct principle of connexion to work upon. He has printed, as already mentioned, two Sonnets which had previously appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. But if they were taken out from the larger collection no one could say that its continuity would be deranged. There are other Sonnets, properly so called, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, which, if they were to be added to the larger collection, there would be no difficulty in inserting them, so as to be as continuous as the two which are common to both works. We have no objection to proceed with our analytical classification without including the two Sonnets on “ the little love-god ; ” because, if we were attempting here to present all Shakspeare's love-verses which exist in print, not being in the plays, we should have to insert six other poems which are in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

What, then, have we left of the Sonnets from the 127th to the 152nd which may warrant those twenty-six stanzas being regarded (with two exceptions pointed out by Mr. Brown himself) as a continuous poem, to be entitled, “ To his Mistress, on her Infidelity ” ? We have, indeed, a “ leading idea,” and a very distinct one, of some delusion,

once cherished by the poet, against the power of which he struggles, and which his better reason finally rejects. But the complaint is not wholly that of the *infidelity* of a mistress ; it is that the love which he bears towards her is incompatible with his sense of duty, and with that tranquillity of mind which belongs to a pure and lawful affection. This “ leading idea ” is expressed in ten stanzas, which we print in the order in which they occur. They are more or less strong and direct in their allusions ; but, whether the situation which the poet describes be real or imaginary—whether he speak from the depth of his own feelings, or with his wonderful dramatic power—there are no verses in our language more expressive of the torments of a passion based upon unlawfulness. Three such as these were somewhat uncommon amongst the gallants of the days of Elizabeth :—

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight ;
 Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad ;
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe ;
 Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream ;
 All this the world well knows : yet none **knows**
 well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

—129.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine
 eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see ?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied ?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common
 place ?

Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,

To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?

In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

—137.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies ;
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue ;
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.—138.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be;
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

—141.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, ground'd on sinful loving:
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
 Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example mayst thou be denied!—142.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee
 bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

—147.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?

460

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
 How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel then though I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
 blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

—148.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.—150

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason:
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason.
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

—151.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most:
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost;
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-
 ness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

—152.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

We have only three Sonnets left, out of the twenty-six stanzas, in which we may find any allusion to the "infidelity" of the poet's "mistress." They are these:—

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart
 'bail ;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail :
And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.—133.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.—134.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still ;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worse spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, but not directly tell ;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.—144.

The 144th, we must again point out, was printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599. This Sonnet, then, referring, as it appears to do, to private circumstances of considerable delicacy, was public enough to fall into the hands of a piratical bookseller, ten years before the larger collection in which it a second time appears was printed. But in that larger collection the poet accuses the friend as well as the mistress. We have no means of knowing whether the six Sonnets, in which this accusation

appears, existed in 1599, or what was the extent of their publicity; but by their publication in 1609 we are enabled to compare "the better angel" with "the worser spirit:"—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
 staineth.—33.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love
sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.—34.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorising thy trespass with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

—35.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou ushest :
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusost.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.
—40.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.—41.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love
her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.—42.

It is probably to the same friend that the following
mild reflections upon the general faults of his cha-
racter are addressed:—

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.—94.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!

462

That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.—95.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.
—96

But the poet, true to his general principle of morals,
holds that forgiveness should follow upon repented
transgressions:—

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge:
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.—118.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

—119

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time :
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O that our night of woe might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

—120.

II.

We have thus selected all the Sonnets, or stanzas, that appear to have reference to the subject of love, —whether those which express the light playfulness of affection, the abiding confidence, the distracting doubts, the reproaches for pride or neglect, the fierce jealousies, the complaints that another is preferred. Much of this may be real, much merely dramatic. But it appears to us that it would have been quite impossible to have maintained that these fragments relate to a particular incident of the poet's life—the indulgence of an illicit love, with which the equally illicit attachment of a youthful friend interfered—unless there had been a forced association of the whole series of Sonnets with that youthful friend to whom the first seventeen Sonnets are clearly addressed. Mr. Brown groups the Sonnets from the 27th to the 55th as the “Second Poem,” which he entitles, ‘To his Friend—who had robbed him of his mistress—forgiving him.’ Now, literally, the Sonnets we have already given, the 33rd, 34th, 35th, 40th, 41st, and 42nd, are all that within these limits can be held to have reference to such a subject. The 27th and 28th Sonnets have not the slightest allusion to this supposed injury ; and we shall presently endeavour to show that they have been wrested from their proper place. The 29th, 30th, 31st, and 32nd are Sonnets of the most confiding friendship, full of the simplest and therefore the deepest pathos, and which we have no hesitation in classing amongst those which are strictly personal—those to which the lines of Wordsworth apply :—

“Scorn not the Sonnet: Critic, you have frown'd
 Mindless of its just honours. With this key
 Shakspeare unlock'd his heart.”

The following exquisite lines are familiar to most poetical students :—

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth
 brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

—29.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste :
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.—30.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie ?
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
 That due of many now is thine alone ;
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.—31.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
 cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time ;
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought !
 Had my friend's muse grown with this growing
 age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage :
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

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Immediately succeeding these are the three stanzas we have already quoted, in which the poet is held to accuse his friend of having robbed him of his mistress. In these stanzas the friend is spoken of in connexion with a "sensual fault," a "trespass," &c. But in those which follow, the "bewailed guilt" belongs to the poet—the "worth and truth" to his friend. Surely these are not continuous. In the 36th, 37th, 38th, and 39th Sonnets, we have the expression of that deep humility which may be traced through many of these remarkable compositions, and of which we find the first sound in the 29th Sonnet:—

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one :
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me.
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

—36.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
 I make my love engrafted to this store ;
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
 This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !—37.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my
 verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;
 And be that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
 If my slight muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

—38.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me ?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?
 And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee ?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain !

—39

The 40th, 41st, and 42nd Sonnets return to the complaint of his friend's faithlessness. Surely, then, the Sonnets we have just quoted must be interpolated. The 43rd is entirely isolated from what precedes and what follows. But in the 39th we have allusions to "separation" and "absence ;" and in the 44th we return to the subject of "injurious distance." With some alterations of arrangement we can group nine Sonnets together, which form a connected epistle to an absent friend, and which convey those sentiments of real affection which can only be adequately transmitted in language and imagery possessing, as these portions do, the charm of nature and simplicity. The tone of truth and reality is remarkably contrasted with those artificial passages which have imparted their character to the whole series in the estimation of many:—

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 ' Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend !'
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.—50.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know :
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
 Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;

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Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.
—51.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special bless'd,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.
—52.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd;
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face
new.

Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.—27.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st the
even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem
stronger.—28.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?

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O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat.
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.—61.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected:
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make
bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show
thee me.—43.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought.
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone.
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.—44.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.
—45.

The transpositions we have made in the arrangement are justified by the consideration that in the original text the 50th, 51st, and 52nd Sonnets are entirely isolated; that the 27th and 28th are also perfectly unconnected with what precedes and what follows; that the 61st stands equally alone; and

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that the 43rd, 44th, and 45th are in a similar position. We have now a perfect little poem describing the journey—the restless pilgrimage of thought—the desire for return.

The thoughts of a temporary separation lead to the fear that absence may produce estrangement:—

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and
part ;

And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.—48.

The sentiment is somewhat differently repeated in a Sonnet which is entirely isolated in the place where it stands in the original :—

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.—75.

But the 49th Sonnet carries forward the dread expressed in the 48th that his friend will "be stolen," into the apprehension that coldness, and neglect, and desertion may one day ensue :—

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.—49.

This Sonnet is also completely isolated ; but much further on, according to the original arrangement, we find the idea here conveyed of that self-sacrificing humility which will endure unkindness without complaint, worked out with exquisite tenderness :—

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn,
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted ;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :
And I by this will be a gainer too ;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

—88.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence :
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt ;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;
Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell ;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

—89.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss :
Ah ! do not, when my heart bath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come ; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.—90.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their
horse ;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.

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Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.

Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.—91.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine ;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than on which that thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?—
Thou mayest be false, and yet I know it not :—92.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
In writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange ;
But Heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness
tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !—93.

Separated from the preceding stanzas by three Sonnets, the 94th, 95th, and 96th, which we have already given—(they are those in which a friend is mildly upbraided for the defects in his character)—we have a second little poem on Absence. It would be difficult to find anything more perfect in our own or any other language :—

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen
What old December's bareness everywhere !
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time ;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease :
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,

That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.
—97.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
grew :

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play :—98.

The forward violet thus did I chide :—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
smells,

If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.—99.

But this poem is quite unconnected with what precedes it. It is placed where it is upon no principle of continuity. Are we then to infer that the friend whose "shame" is "like a canker in the budding rose" is the person who is immediately afterwards addressed as one from whom every flower had stolen "sweet or colour ?" If we read these three stanzas without any impression of their connexion with something that has gone before, we shall irresistibly feel that they are addressed to a female. They point at repeated absences ; and why may they not then be addressed to the poet's first love ? The Earl of Southampton, or the Earl of Pembroke, to whom the series of Sonnets are held all to refer, except when they specially address a dark-haired lady of questionable character, would not have been greatly pleased to have been complimented on the sweetness of his breath, or the whiteness of his hand. The Sonnets which are unquestionably addressed to a male, although they employ the term "beauty" in a way which we cannot easily comprehend in our own days, have always reference to *manly* beauty. The comparisons in the above Sonnets as clearly relate to *female* beauty. They are precisely the same as Spenser uses in one of his Amoretti,—the 64th ; which thus concludes :—

" Such fragrant flowers do give most odorous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excel."

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It appears to us that in both the poems on Absence, in the stanzas which anticipate neglect and coldness, and in others which we have given and are about to give, we must not be too ready to connect their images with the person who is addressed in the first seventeen Sonnets; or be always prepared to "seize a clue which *innumerable* passages give us," according to Mr. Hallam, "and suppose that they allude to a youth of high rank as well as personal beauty and accomplishment."* The chief characteristic of those passages which clearly apply to that "unknown youth" is, as it appears to us, extravagance of admiration conveyed in very hyperbolic language. Much that we have quoted offers no example of the justness of Mr. Hallam's complaint against these productions:—"There is a weakness and folly in all excessive and misplaced affection, which is not redeemed by the touches of nobler sentiments that abound in this long series of Sonnets." It would be difficult, we think, to find more forcible thoughts expressed in more simple, and therefore touching language, than in the following continuous verses. They comprise all the Sonnets numbered from 109 to 125, with the exception of 118, 119, 120, 121, three of which we have already printed as belonging to another subject than the poet's constancy of affection; and one of which we shall give as an isolated fragment:—

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.—109.

Alas, 't is true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
God's mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

—110.

O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyell, 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.—111.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of other's voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are,
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.
—112.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.
—113.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with
you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeting,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:

* Literature of Europe, vol. iii. p. 503.

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If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

—114.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie ;
Even those that said I could not love you dearer ;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things ;
Alas ! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, ' Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

—115.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O no ; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.—116.

Accuse me thus ; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right ;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your
sight.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate :
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.—117.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity :
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.

That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more ;
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.—122.

No ! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
Thy pyramids built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past ;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste :
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee :—123.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers ga-
ther'd.

No, it was builded far from accident ;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls :
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.
—124.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining ?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent ?
No ;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer ! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.
—125.

Dr. Drake, in maintaining that the Sonnets, from the 1st to the 126th, were addressed to Lord Southampton, has alleged, as "one of the most striking proofs of this position," the fact "that the language

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of the Dedication of the Rape of Lucrece, and that of the 26th Sonnet, are almost precisely the same." If the reader will turn to this Dedication, he will at once see the resemblance. "The *love* I dedicate to your lordship is without end," shows that, in the Sonnets as in the works of contemporary writers, the perpetually recurring terms of *love* and *lover* were meant to convey the most profound respect as well as the strongest affection. In that age friendship was not considered as a mere conventional intercourse for social gratification. There was depth and strength in it. It partook of the spiritual energy which belonged to a higher philosophy of the affections than now presides over clubs and dinner-parties. "My friend," or "my lover," meant something more than one who is ordinarily civil, returns our calls, and shakes hands upon great occasions. Lord Southampton, is held in a letter of introduction to a Lord Chancellor, to call Shakspeare "my especial friend." To Lord Southampton Shakspeare dedicates "love without end." This 26th Sonnet, we have little doubt, is *also* a dedication, accompanying some new production of the mighty dramatist, in accordance with his declaration, "What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours :"—

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy,
To witness duty, not to show my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope that some conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst
prove me.—26.

The Sonnet which precedes this has also the marked character of the same respectful affection; and, like the 26th, in all probability accompanied some offering of friendship :—

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.—25.

Again, the 23rd Sonnet is precisely of the same character. All these appear to us wholly unconnected with the poems which surround them—little gems, perfect in themselves, and wanting no setting to add to their beauty :—

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presages of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.—23.

Between the 23rd and 25th Sonnets, which we have just given—remarkable as they are for the most exquisite simplicity of thought and diction—occurs the following *conceit* :—

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart
—24.

But, separated by a long interval, we find two variations of the air, entirely out of place where they occur. Can we doubt that these three form one little poem of themselves ?—

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,) But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

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Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst
 move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;
 Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

—47.

The 77th Sonnet interrupts the continuity of a poem which we shall presently give, in which the writer refers, with some appearance of jealousy, to an "alien pen." There can be no doubt that this Sonnet is completely isolated. It is clearly intended to accompany the present of a notebook:—

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
 me's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt
 find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.—77.

The 76th to the 87th Sonnets (omitting the 77th and 81st) have been held to refer to a particular event in the poetical career of Shakspeare. He expresses something like jealousy of a rival poet—a "better spirit." By some, Spenser is supposed to be alluded to; by others, Daniel. But we do not accept these stanzas as a proof that William Herbert is the person always addressed in the Sonnets, for the alleged reason that Daniel was patronised by the Pembroke family, and that, in 1601, he dedicated a book to William Herbert, to which Shakspeare is held to allude in the 82nd Sonnet, by the expression "dedicated words." This is Mr. Boaden's theory. One of the Sonnets supposed also to refer to William Herbert as "a man right fair" was published in 1599, when the young nobleman was only 19 years of age. But in the stanzas which relate to some poetical rivalry, real or imaginary, the person addressed has

"added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty."

He is

"as fair in knowledge as in hue."

The praises of the "lovely boy," be he William Herbert or not, are always confined to his personal appearance and his good nature. There is a quiet tone about the following which separates them from the Sonnets addressed to that "unknown youth;" and yet they may be as unreal as we believe most of those to be:—

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a notèd weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.—76.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
 In other's works thou dost but mend the style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.—78.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my sick muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

—79

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
 But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.

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Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 'The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

—80.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
 And therefore mayst without attain't o'erlook
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
 And their gross painting might be better us'd
 Where cheeks need blood: in thee it is abus'd.

—82.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair no painting set.
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt;
 And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
 For I impair not beauty being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.—83.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
 Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
 In whose confine immured is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
 Making his style admired everywhere.
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
 worse.—84.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve their character with golden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.

I think good thoughts, while others write good
 words,
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, 'Tis so, 'tis true,'
 And to the most of praise add something more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank
 before.
 Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

—85.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast:
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.
 But when your countenance fil'd up his line,
 Then lack'd I matter: that enfeebled mine.—86.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
 knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.—87.

We cannot trace the connexion of the 121st
 Sonnet with what precedes and what follows it. It
 may stand alone—a somewhat impatient expression
 of contempt for the opinion of the world, which too
 often galls those most who, in the consciousness of
 right, ought to be best prepared to be indifferent to
 it:—

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?

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No.—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be
 bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
 shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.—121.

Lastly, of the Sonnets entirely independent of the other portions of the series, the following, already mentioned, furnishes one of the many proofs which we have endeavoured to produce that the original arrangement was in many respects an arbitrary one:—

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying
 then.—146.

III.

We have thus, with a labour which we fear may be disproportionate to the results, separated those parts of this series of poems which appeared to be manifestly complete in themselves, or not essentially connected with what has been supposed to be the "leading idea" which prevails throughout the collection. It has been said, with great eloquence, "It is true that in the poetry as well as in the fictions of early ages we find a more ardent tone of affection in the language of friendship than has since been usual; and yet no instance has been adduced of such rapturous devotedness, such an idolatry of admiring love, as the greatest being whom nature ever produced in the human form pours forth to some unknown youth in the majority of these Sonnets."* The same accomplished critic further speaks of the strangeness of "Shakspeare's humiliation in addressing him (the youth) as a being before whose feet he crouched, whose frown he feared, whose injuries, and those of the most insulting kind—the seduction of the mistress to whom we have alluded—he felt and bewailed without resenting." We should agree with Mr. Hallam, *if these circumstances were manifest*, that, notwithstanding the frequent beauties of these Sonnets, the pleasure of their perusal would be much diminished. But we believe that these impressions have been in a great degree

* Hallam, *Literature of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 502.

produced by regarding the original arrangement as the natural and proper one—as one suggested by the dependence of one part upon another, in a poem essentially continuous. Mr. Hallam, with these impressions, adds, somewhat strongly, "it is impossible not to wish that Shakspeare had never written them." Let us, however, analyse what we have presented to the reader in a different order than that of the original edition:—

I.

<i>Will</i>	3 Sonnets.
<i>Black eyes</i>	3 "
<i>The virginal</i>	1 "
<i>False compare</i>	2 "
<i>Tyranny</i>	3 "
<i>Slavery</i>	2 "
<i>Coldness</i>	1 "
<i>I hate not you</i>	1 "
<i>The little love-god</i> (not reprinted)	2 "
<i>Love and hatred</i>	10 "
<i>Infidelity</i>	3 "
<i>Injury</i>	6 "
<i>A friend's faults</i>	3 "
<i>Forgiveness</i>	3 "

— 43

II.

<i>Confiding friendship</i>	4 "
<i>Humility</i>	4 "
<i>Absence</i>	9 "
<i>Estrangement</i>	9 "
<i>A second absence</i>	3 "
<i>Fidelity</i>	13 "
<i>Dedications</i>	3 "
<i>The picture</i>	3 "
<i>The note-book</i>	1 "
<i>Rivalry</i>	10 "
<i>Reputation</i>	1 "
<i>The soul</i>	1 "

— 61

We have thus as many as 104 Sonnets which, if they had been differently arranged upon their original publication, might have been read with undiminished pleasure, as far as regards the strangeness of their author's humiliation before one unknown youth, and have therefore left us no regret that he had written them. If we are to regard a few of these as real disclosures, with reference to a "dark-haired lady whom the poet loved, but over whose relations to him there is thrown a veil of mystery, allowing us to see little except the feeling of the parties—that their love was guilt,"—we are to consider, what is so justly added by the writer from whom we quote, that "much that is most displeasing in the circumstances connected with those magnificent lyrics is removed by the air of despondency and remorse which breathes through those which come most closely on the facts."* But it must not be forgotten that, in an age when the Italian models of poetry were so diligently cultivated, imaginary loves and imaginary jealousies were freely admitted into verses which appeared to address themselves to the reader in the personal character of the poet. Regarding a poem, whether a sonnet or an epic, essentially as a

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxi. p. 466.

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work of art, the artist was not careful to separate his own identity from the sentiments and situations which he delineated—any more than the pastoral poets of the next century were solicitous to tell their readers that their Corydons and Phyllises were not absolutely themselves and their mistresses. The 'Amoretti' of Spenser, for example, consisting of eighty-eight Sonnets, is also a puzzle to all those who regard such productions as necessarily autobiographical. These poems were published in 1596; in several passages a date is tolerably distinctly marked, for there are lines which refer to the completion of the first six Books of the 'Fairy Queen,' and to Spenser's appointment to the laureatship—"the badge which I do bear." And yet they are full of the complaints of an unrequited love, and of a disdainful mistress, at a period when Spenser was married, and settled with his family in Ireland. Chalmers is here again ready with his solution of the difficulty. They were addressed, as well as Shakspeare's Sonnets, to Queen Elizabeth. We believe that, taken as works of art, having a certain degree of continuity, the Sonnets of Spenser, of Daniel, of Drayton, of Shakspeare, although in many instances they might shadow forth real feelings, and be outpourings of the inmost heart, were presented to the world as exercises of fancy, and were received by the world as such. The most usual form which such compositions assumed was that of love-verses. Spenser's 'Amoretti' are entirely of this character, as their name implies. Daniel's, which are fifty-seven in number, are all addressed to "Delia;" Drayton's, which he calls "Ideas," are somewhat more miscellaneous in their character. These were the three great poets of Shakspeare's days. Spenser's 'Amoretti' was first printed in 1595; Daniel's 'Delia' in 1592; Drayton's 'Ideas' in 1594. In 1593 was also published 'Licia, or Poems of Love in honour of the admirable and singular virtues of his Lady.' This book contains fifty-two Sonnets, all conceived in the language of passionate affection and extravagant praise. And yet the author, in his Address to the Reader, says,—“If thou muse what my Licia is, take her to be some Diana, at the least chaste, or some Minerva, no Venus, fairer far. It may be she is Learning's image, or some heavenly wonder, which the precisest may not mislike: perhaps under that name I have shadowed Discipline.” This fashion of sonnet-writing upon a continuous subject prevailed thus about the period of the publication of the Venus and Adonis and the Lucrece, when Shakspeare had taken his rank amongst the poets of his time—independent of his dramatic rank. He chose a new subject for a series of Sonnets; he addressed them to some youth, some imaginary person, as we conceive; he made this fiction the vehicle for stringing together a succession of brilliant images, exhausting every artifice of language to present one idea under a thousand different forms—

“varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent.”

Coleridge, with his usual critical discrimination, speaking of the Italian poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and glancing also at our own of the

same period, says, “In opposition to the present age, and perhaps in as faulty an extreme, they placed the essence of poetry in the *art*. The excellence at which they aimed consisted in the exquisite polish of the diction, combined with perfect simplicity.”* This, we apprehend, is the characteristic excellence of Shakspeare's Sonnets; displaying, to the careful reader, “the studied position of words and phrases, so that not only each part should be melodious in itself, but contribute to the harmony of the whole.” He sought for a canvas in which this elaborate colouring, this skilful management of light and shade, might be attempted, in an address to a young man, instead of a scornful Delia or a proud Daphne; and he commenced with an exhortation to that young man to marry. To allow of that energy of language which would result from the assumption of strong feeling, THE POET links himself with the young man's happiness by the strongest expressions of friendship—in the common language of that day, love. We say, advisedly, *the poet*; for it is in this character that the connexion between the two friends is preserved throughout; and it is in this character that the personal beauty of the young man is made a constantly recurring theme. With these imperfect observations, we present the continuous poem which appears in the first nineteen Sonnets:—

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light'st flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.—1.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer—“This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—”
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.
—2.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.

* Biographia Literaria, vol. ii. p. 27.

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For where is she so fair, whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.—

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.—4.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there
Sap check'd with frost, and lustrous leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives
sweet.—5.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then, what could Death do if thou shouldst de-
part,
Leaving the living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine
heir.—6.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,

Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.—7.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming
one,
Sings this to thee, 'Thou single wilt prove none.—8.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire;
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought that I may change my mind
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.—9.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife:
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it:
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.—9

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth con-
vertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more ;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty
cherish :

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.
—11.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow ;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make de-
fence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee
hence.—12.

O that you were yourself ! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live :
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination : then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should
bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?

O ! none but unthrifths :—Dear my love, you
know
You had a father ; let your son say so.—13.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality :
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find :
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert :
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

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—14.

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth nought but *shows*
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment :
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheer'd and check'd ever by the selfsame sky ;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory ;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.—15.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours ;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit :
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.

To give away yourself, keeps yourself still ;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.
—16.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
Though yet Heaven knows it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your
parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue ;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song :

But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice ;—in it, and in my rhyme.
—17.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.—18.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime;
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.—19.

That this series of Sonnets, powerful as they are, displaying not only the most abundant variety of imagery, but the greatest felicity in making the whole harmonious, constitutes a poem ambitious only of the honours of a work of Art, is we think manifest. If it had been addressed to a real person, no other object could have been proposed than a display of the most brilliant ingenuity. In the next age it would have been called an exquisite "copy of verses." But in the next age, probably—certainly in our own—the author would have been pronounced arrogant beyond measure in the anticipation of the immortality of his rhymes. There is a show of modesty, indeed, in the expressions "barren rhyme" and "pupil pen;" but that is speedily cast off, and "eternal summer" is promised through "eternal lines;" and

"So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Regarding these nineteen Sonnets as a continuous poem, wound up to the climax of a hyperbolic promise of immortality to the object whom it addresses, we receive the 20th Sonnet as the commencement of another poem in which the same idea is retained. The poet is bound to the youth by ties of strong affection; but nature has called upon the possessor of that beauty

'Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth,'

to cultivate closer ties. This Sonnet, through an utter misconception of the language of Shakspeare's time, has produced a comment sufficiently odious to throw an unpleasant shade over much which follows. The idea which it contains is continued in the 53rd Sonnet; and we give the two in connexion:—

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.—20.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?

Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit

Is poorly imitated after you;

On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,

And you in Grecian tires are painted new:

Speak of the spring and foison of the year;

The one doth shadow of your beauty show,

The other as your bounty doth appear,

And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,

But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

—53.

Between the 20th Sonnet and the 53rd occur, as it appears to us, a number of fragments which we have variously classified; and which seem to have no relation to the praises of that "unknown youth" who has been supposed to preside over five-sixths of the entire series of verses. We have little doubt that the "begetter" of the Sonnets was not able to beget, or obtain, all; and that there is a considerable hiatus between the 20th Sonnet and the second hyperbolic close, which he filled up as well as he could, from other "sugared sonnets amongst private friends:"—

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwood'd and unprotected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distills your truth.

—54.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find
 room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.—55.

Wherever we meet with these magnificent promises of the immortality which the poet's verses are to bestow, we find them associated with that personage, the representative at once of "Adonis" and of "Helen," who presents himself to us as the unreal coinage of the fancy. In many of the lines which we have given in the second division of this inquiry, the reader will have noticed the affecting modesty, the humility without abasement, of the great poet comparing himself with others. Here Shakspeare indeed speaks. For example, take the whole of the 32nd Sonnet. We should scarcely imagine, if the poem were continuous as Mr. Brown believes, that the last stanza of the second portion of it in his classification would conclude with these lines:—

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive *this powerful rhyme*."

They contrast remarkably with the tone of the 32nd Sonnet,—

"These *poor rude lines* of thy deceased lover."

Meres has a passage: "As Ovid saith of his works—

'Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas;'

and as Horace saith of his,

'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,' &c.;

so say *I* severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spenser's, Daniel's, Drayton's, *Shakespeare's*, and Warner's works." What Ovid and Horace said is imitated in the 55th Sonnet. But we greatly doubt if what Meres would have said of Shakspeare *he* would have said of himself, except in some assumed character, to which we have not the key. Ben Jonson, to whom a boastful spirit has with some justice been objected, never said anything so strong of his own writings; and he wrote with too much reliance, in this and other particulars, upon classical examples. But Jonson was not a writer of Sonnets, which, pitched in an artificial key, made this boastful tone a constituent part of the whole performance. The *man*, who never once speaks of his own merits in the greatest productions of the human intellect, when he put on the imaginary character in which a *poet* is weaving a fiction out of his supposed personal relations, did not hesitate to conform himself to the practice of other masters

of the art. Shakspeare here adopted the tone which Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton had adopted. The parallel appears to us very remarkable; and we must beg the indulgence of our readers while we present them a few passages from each of these writers.

And first of Spenser. His 27th Sonnet will furnish an adequate notion of the general tone of his 'Amoretti,' and of the self-exaltation which appears to belong to this species of poem:—

"Fair Proud! now tell me, why should fair be proud,
Sith all world's glory is but dross *unclean*,
And in the shade of death itself shall shroud,
However now thereof ye little ween!
That goodly idol, now so gay beseen,
Shall doff her flesh's borrow'd fair attire;
And be forgot as it had never been;
That many now much worship and admire!
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
Ne any mention shall thereof remain,
But what this verse, that never shall exptre,
Shall to you purchase with her thankless pain!
 Fair! be no longer proud of that shall perish,
 But that, which shall you make immortal, cherish."

And the 69th Sonnet is still more like the model upon which Shakspeare formed his 55th:—

"The famous warriors of the antique world
Used trophies to erect in stately wise,
In which they would the records have enroll'd
Of their great deeds and valorous emprise.
What trophy then shall I most fit devise,
In which I may record the memory
Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity?
Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortal monument;
And tell her praise to all posterity,
That may admire such world's rare wonderment;
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toil."

Spenser's 75th Sonnet also thus closes:—

"My verse your virtues rare shall *éternize*,
And in the heavens write your glorious name.
Where, when as Death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

Of Daniel's Sonnets, the 41st and 42nd furnish examples of the same tone, though somewhat more subdued than in Shakspeare or Spenser:—

"Be not displeas'd that these my papers should
Bewray unto the world how fair thou art;
Or that my wits have show'd the best they could.
(The chastest flame that ever warmed heart!)
Think not, sweet Delia, this shall be thy shame,
My muse should sound thy praise with mournful
 warble;
How many live, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in ice, when thine is grav'd in marble!
Thou mayst in after ages live esteem'd,
Unburied in these lines, reserv'd in pureness;
These shall entomb those eyes, that have redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscurity.
 Although my careful accents never mov'd thee,
 Yet count it no disgrace, that I have lov'd thee."

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

Delia, these eyes, that so admire thine,
Have seen those walls which proud ambition rear'd
To check the world ; how they entomb'd have lien
Within themselves, and on them ploughs have ear'd.
Yet never found that barbarous hand attain'd
The spoil of fame deserv'd by virtuous men
Whose glorious actions luckily had gain'd
The eternal annals of a happy pen.
And therefore grieve not if thy beauties die ;
Though time do spoil thee of the fairest veil
That ever yet cover'd mortality ;
And must enstar the needle and the rail.
That grace which doth more than enwoman thee,
Lives in my lines, and must eternal be."

But Drayton, if he display not the energy of
Shakspeare, the fancy of Spenser, or the sweetness of
Daniel, is not behind either in the extravagance of
his admiration, or his confidence in his own power.
The 6th and the 44th "Ideas" are sufficient exam-
ples :—

"How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapp'd in their winding-sheet!
When I to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise ;
Virgins and matrons, reading these my rhymes,
Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
That they shall grieve they liv'd not in these times,
To have seen thee, their sex's only glory :
So thou shalt fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song."

"Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where, in the map of all my misery,
Is modell'd out the world of my disgrace ;
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing rhymes,
Medea-like, I make thee young again,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world outwearing rhymes,
And murder'st virtue with thy coy disdain ;
And though in youth my youth untimely perish,
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save ;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity."

We now proceed to what appears another continu-
ous poem amongst Shakspeare's Sonnets, addressed
to the same object as the first nineteen stanzas were
addressed to, and devoted to the same admiration
of his personal beauty. The leading idea is now
that of the spoils of Time, to be repaired only by
the immortality of verse :—

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light ?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.

Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;
So thou prevent'st his soythe and crooked knife.
—100.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd ?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say,
'Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;
But best is best, if never intermix'd ?'
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?
Excuse not silence so ; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse ; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.
—101.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem-
ing ;
I love not less, though less the show appear ;
That love is merchandis'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of ripper days :
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.—102.

Alack ! what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not if I no more can write !
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well ?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.
—103.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forest shook three summers' pride ;

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
 Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd !
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
 stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

—104.

Let not my love be called idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still, constant in a wondrous excellence ;
 Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

—105.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

—106.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

—107.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit ?
 What's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?
 Nothing, sweet boy ; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same ;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page ;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it
 dead.—108.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
 Which labouring for invention bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child !
 O, that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done !
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame ;
 Whether we are mended, or wher better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.

Oh ! sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

—59.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
 shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.—60.

Of these eleven stanzas nine are consecutive in the original, being numbered 100 to 108. The other two, the 59th and 60th, are certainly isolated in the first arrangement ; but the idea of the 108th glides into the 59th, and closes appropriately with the 60th. But there is a short poem which stands completely alone in the original edition, the 126th ; and it is remarkable for being of a different metrical character, wanting the distinguishing feature of the Sonnet in its number of lines. Its general tendency, however, connects it with those which we have just given :—

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O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st!
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.—126.

There is an enemy as potent as Time, who cuts down the pride of youth as the flower of the field. That enemy is Death; and the poet most skilfully presents the images of mortality to his "lovely boy" in connexion with the decay of the elder friend. In this portion of the poem there is a touching simplicity, which, however, is intermingled with passages which, denoting that the *Poet* is still speaking in character, take the stanzas, in some degree, out of the range of the real:—

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.—22.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Mothinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'T is thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.—62.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his
brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.
—63.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.—64.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless
sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie
hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.
—65.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.—66.

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Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,
 And lace itself with his society?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeming of his living hue?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
 Why should he live now Nature-bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
 In days long since, before these last so bad.—67.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head,
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.—68.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
 In other accents do this praise confound,
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
 were kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The solve is this,—that thou dost common grow.—69.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time:
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.—70.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O, if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
 But let your love even with my life decay:
 Lest the wise world should look into your morn,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.—71.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
 After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.—72

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang,
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
 strong
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.—73.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me.
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead;
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that, is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.—74.

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Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
 Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths
 of men.—81.

Thirteen of these stanzas, the 62nd to the 74th, follow in their original order. The first of the fifteen, the 22nd Sonnet, stands quite alone, although its idea is continued in the 62nd. The last of the series, the 81st, not only stands alone, but actually cuts off the undoubted connexion between the 80th and the 82nd Sonnets. The 71st to the 74th Sonnets seem bursting from a heart oppressed with a sense of its own unworthiness, and surrendered to some overwhelming misery. There is a line in the 74th which points at suicide. We cling to the belief that the sentiments here expressed are essentially dramatic. In the 32nd Sonnet, where we recognise the man Shakspere speaking in his own modest and cheerful spirit, death is to come across his "*well-contented day*." The opinion which we have endeavoured to sustain of the probable admixture of the artificial and the real in the Sonnets, arising from their supposed original fragmentary state, necessarily leads to the belief that some are accurate illustrations of the poet's situation and feelings. It is collected from these Sonnets, for example, that his profession as a player was disagreeable to him ; and this complaint is found amongst those portions which we have separated from the series of verses which appear to us to be written in an artificial character ; it might be addressed to any one of his family, or some honoured friend, such as Lord Southampton :—

"O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

But if from his professional occupation his nature was felt by him to be subdued to what it worked in,—if thence his name received a brand,—if vulgar scandal sometimes assailed him,—he had high thoughts to console him, such as were never before imparted to mortal. This was probably written in some period of dejection, when his heart was ill at ease, and he looked upon the world with a slight tinge of indifference, if not of dislike. Every man of high genius has felt something of this. It was reserved for the highest to throw it off, "like dew-

drops from the lion's mane." But the profound self-abasement and despondency of the 74th Sonnet, exquisite as the diction is, appear to us unreal as a representation of the mental state of William Shakspere ; written, as it most probably was, at a period of his life when he revels and luxuriates (in the comedies which belong to the close of the sixteenth century) in the spirit of enjoyment, gushing from a heart full of love for his species, at peace with itself and with all the world.

We have thus, if we have not been led away by imaginary associations, connected the verses addressed to

"The world's fresh ornament,
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,"

in a poem, or poems, of fifty stanzas, written upon a plan by which it is obviously presented as a work of fiction, in which the poet displays his art in a style accordant with the existing fashion and the example of other poets. The theme is the personal beauty of a wonderful youth, and the strong affection of a poet. Beauty is to be perpetuated by marriage, and to be immortalized in the poet's verses. Beauty is gradually to fade before Time, but is to be still immortalized. Beauty is to yield to Death, as the poet himself yields, but its memory is to endure in "eternal lines." Separating from this somewhat monotonous theme those portions of a hundred and fifty-four Sonnets which do not appear essentially to belong to it, we separate, as we believe, more or less, what has a personal interest in these compositions from what is meant to be dramatic—the real from the fictitious. Our theory, we well know, is liable to many objections ; but it is based upon the unquestionable fact that these one hundred and fifty-four Sonnets cannot be received as a continuous poem upon any other principle than that the author had written them continuously. If there are some parts which are acknowledged interpolations, may there not be other parts that are open to the same belief ? If there are parts entirely different in their tone from the bulk of these Sonnets, may we not consider that one portion was meant to be artificial and another real,—that the poet sometimes spoke in an assumed character, sometimes in a natural one ? This theory we know could not hold if the poet had himself arranged the sequence of these verses ; but as it is manifest that two stanzas have been introduced from a poem printed ten years earlier,—that others are acknowledged to be out of order, and others positively dragged in without the slightest connexion,—may we not carry the separation still further, and, believing that the "begetter"—the *getter-up*—of these Sonnets had levied contributions upon all Shakspere's "private friends,"—assume that he was indifferent to any arrangement which might make each portion of the poem tell its own history ? There is one decided advantage in the separation which we have proposed—the idea with which the series opens, and which is carried, *here and there*, in the original, through the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets, does not now over-ride the whole of the series. The separate parts may be

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read with more pleasure when they are relieved from this strained and exaggerated association.

There are three points connected with the opinion we have formed with regard to the entire series of Sonnets, which we must briefly notice before we leave the subject.

The first is, the inconsistencies which obviously present themselves in adopting the theory that the series of Sonnets—or at least the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets—are addressed to *one person*. It is not our intention to discuss the question to *whom* they were addressed, which question depends upon the adoption of the theory that they are addressed to *one*. Drake's opinion that they were addressed to Lord Southampton rests upon the belief that Shakespeare looked up to some friend to whom they point, "with reverence and homage." The later theory, that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was their object, is supported by the facts, derived from Clarendon and others, that he was "a man of noble and gallant character, though always of a licentious life." W. H. is held to be William Herbert; and Mr. Hallam says, "Proofs of the low moral character of 'W. H.' are continual." We venture to think that the term "continual" is somewhat loosely applied. The one "sensual fault," of which the poet complains, is obscurely hinted at in the 33rd, 34th, 35th, 40th, 41st, and 42nd stanzas; and the general faults of his friend's character, from which the injury proceeded, are summed up in the 94th, 95th, and 96th. We shall search in vain throughout the hundred and fifty-four Sonnets for any similar indications of the "low moral character" of the person addressed. But the supposed continuity of the poem implies arrangement, and therefore consistency, in the author. In the 41st stanza the *one* friend, according to this theory, is reproached for the treachery which is involved in the indulgence of his passions. The poet says "thou mightst

"chide thy beauty and thy *straying* youth,
Who led thee in *their* riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth."

Again, in the 95th stanza we have these lines:—

"How sweet and lovely dost thou make the *sham*;
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy *budding* name!"

And,

"O, what a mansion have those *vices* got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee!"

Here are not only secret "vices," but "shame" defacing the character. "Tongues" make "lascivious comments" on the story of his days. Is it to this person that in the 69th Sonnet we have these lines addressed?—

"Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend."

Is it to this person that the 70th Sonnet is devoted, in which are these remarkable words?—

"Thou present'st a *pure unstained prime*
Thou hast pass'd by the *aquibush* of young days.
Either not assai'd, or victor being charg'd."

These lines, be it remembered, occur *between* the first reproof for licentiousness in the 41st stanza, and the repetition of the blame in the 95th. Surely, if the poem is to be taken as continuous, and as addressed to *one* person, such contradictions would make us believe that the whole is based on unreality, and that the poet was satisfied to utter the wildest inconsistencies, merely to produce verses of exquisite beauty, but of "true no-meaning."

The second point to which we would briefly request attention is the supposed date of the series of Sonnets. The date must, it is evident, be settled in some measure according to the presiding belief in the person to whom they are held to be addressed. Mr. Hallam, who thinks the hypothesis of William Herbert sufficiently proved to demand our assent, says, "Pembroke succeeded to his father in 1600: I incline to think that the Sonnets were written about that time, some probably earlier, some later." Pembroke was born in 1580. Now, in the earlier Sonnets, according to the hypothesis, he might be called "beauteous and lovely youth," or "sweet boy;" but Southampton could not be so addressed unless the earlier Sonnets were written even before the dedication of the Venus and Adonis to him, in 1593; for Southampton was born in 1573. Further, it is said that, whilst the person addressed was one who stood "on the top of happy hours," the poet who addressed him was

"Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,"

as in the 62nd Sonnet;

"With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn,

as in the 63rd; and approaching the termination of his career, as so exquisitely described in the 73rd:—

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
strong

To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

Most distinctly in this particular portion of the Sonnets the extreme youth of the person addressed is steadily kept in view. But some are written earlier, some later; time is going on. In the 104th Sonnet the poet says that three winters, three springs, and three summers have passed

"Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

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But, carrying on the principle of continuity, we find that in the 138th Sonnet the poet's "days are past the best;" and he adds—

"And wherefore say not I that I am old?"

That Sonnet, we have here to repeat, was published in *The Passionate Pilgrim* when the poet was thirty-five. But let us endeavour to find one more gleam of light amidst this obscurity. In one of the Sonnets in which the poet upbraids his friend with his licentiousness, the 94th, we have these lines:—

"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

The thought is here quite perfect, and the image of the last line is continued from the 11th and 12th, ending in a natural climax. But we have precisely the same line as the last in a play of Shakspeare's age, one, indeed, which has been attributed to himself, '*The Reign of King Edward III.*' Let us transcribe the passage where it occurs, in the scene where Warwick exhorts his daughter to resist the dangerous addresses of the King:—

"That sin doth ten times aggravate itself
That is committed in a holy place:
An evil deed done by authority
Is sin and subornation: Deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
A spacious field of reasons could I urge
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:
That, poison shows worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory that inclines to sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite."

We doubt, exceedingly, whether the author of the 94th Sonnet, where the image of the festering lilies is a portion of the thought which has preceded it, would have transplanted it from the play, where it stands alone as an apophthegm. It seems more probable that the author of the play would have borrowed a line from one of the "sugared sonnets amongst private friends." The extreme fastidiousness required in the composition of the Sonnet, according to the poetical notions of that day, would not have warranted the adaptation of a line from a drama "sundry times played about the city of London," as the title-page tells us this was; but the play, without any injury to its poetical reputation (to which, indeed, in the matter of plays, little respect was paid), might take a line from the Sonnet. Our reasoning may be defective, but our impression of the matter is very strong. The play was published in 1596, after being "sundry times played" in different theatres. William Herbert must have begun his career of licentiousness unusually early, and had time to make a friend and abuse his confidence before he was fifteen—if the line is *original* in the Sonnet.

The *Passionate Pilgrim* contains a Sonnet, not in the larger collection—not forming, it would be said, any part of that continuous poem:—

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That *Phœbus*' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

Now, poor Spenser died, heart-broken, in January, 1599. The first three books of the '*Fairy Queen*,' to which the words "deep conceit" are supposed to allude, were printed in 1590, the three other books in 1596. Spenser, pressed down by public duties and misfortunes, published nothing after. The Sonnet speaks of a living composer, Dowland, who was in repute as early as 1590; and it was probably written during the first burst of the glory which a living poet derived from his greatest work. The "getter-up" of *The Passionate Pilgrim* found it, as he found others, circulating amongst Shakspeare's "private friends." But how did it part company with many in the larger collection which resemble it in tone? Why was it not transferred to the larger collection, as two other Sonnets were transferred? Because, in 1598, it was published in a collection of poems written by Richard Barnfield, and the "getter-up" of the Sonnets knew not whether to assign it to Shakspeare or not. That it bears the mark of Shakspeare's hand we think is unquestionable. And this leads us to the last point to which we shall very briefly draw the reader's attention—the doubt which has been stated whether the hundred and fifty-four Sonnets published in 1609 were the same as Meres mentioned, in 1598, as amongst the compositions of Shakspeare, and familiar to his "private friends." Mr. Hallam thinks they are not the same, "both on account of the date, and from the peculiarly personal allusions they contain." One of the strongest of the "personal allusions" is contained in the 144th, originally printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Where could the printer of *The Passionate Pilgrim* have obtained that Sonnet except from some one of Shakspeare's "private friends?" If he so obtained it, why might not the collector of the volume of 1609 have obtained others of a similar character from a similar source? Would such productions have been circulated at all if they had been held to contain "peculiarly personal allusions?" If these are not the Sonnets which circulated amongst Shakspeare's "private friends," where are those Sonnets? Would Meres have spoken of them as calling to mind the sweetness of Ovid if only those published in *The Passionate Pilgrim* had existed, many of which were "Verses to Music," afterwards printed as such? Why should those Sonnets only have been printed which contain, or are

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supposed to contain, "peculiarly personal allusions?" The title-page of the collection of 1609 is 'Shakespeare's Sonnets.' We can only reconcile these matters with our belief that in 1609 were printed, without the cognizance of the author, all the Sonnets which could be found attributed to Shakspeare; that some of these formed a group of continuous poems; that some were detached; that no exact order could be preserved; and that accident has arranged them in the form in which they first were handed down to us.

If we have succeeded in producing satisfactory evidence that many of the Sonnets are not presented in a natural and proper order in the original edition, —if we have shown that there is occasionally not only a digression from the prevailing train of thought, by the introduction of an isolated Sonnet amongst a group, but a jarring and unmeaning interruption to that train of thought,—we have established a case that the original arrangement is no part of the poet's work, because that arrangement violates the principles of art, which Shakspeare clings to with such marvellous judgment in all his other productions. The inference, therefore, is that the author of the Sonnets did not sanction their publication—certainly did not superintend it. This, we think, may be proved by another course of argument. The edition of 1609, although, taken as a whole, not very inaccurate, is full of those typographical errors which invariably occur when a manuscript is put into the hands of a printer to deal with it as he pleases, without reference to the author, or to any competent editor, upon any doubtful points. Malone, in a note upon the 77th Sonnet, very truly says, "*This, their* and *thy* are so often confounded in these Sonnets, that it is only by attending to the context that we can discover which was the author's word." He is speaking of the original edition. It is evident, therefore, that in the progress of the book through the press there was no one capable of deciphering the obscurity of the manuscript by a regard to the context. The manuscript, in all probability, was made up of a copy of copies; so that the printer even was not responsible for those errors which so clearly show the absence of a presiding mind in the conduct of the printing. Malone has suggested that these constantly recurring mistakes in the use of *this, their, thy, and thine*, probably originated in the words being abbreviated in the manuscript, according to the custom of the time. But this species of mistake is by no means uniform. For example: from the 43rd to the 48th Sonnet these errors occur with remarkable frequency: in one Sonnet, the 46th, this species of mistake happens four times. But we read on, and presently find that we may trust to the printed copy, which does not now violate the context. What can we infer from this, but that the separate poems were printed from different manuscripts in which various systems of writing were employed,—some using abbreviations, some rejecting them? If the *one* poem, as the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets are called, had been printed either from the author's manuscript, or from an uniform copy of the author's manuscript, such differ-

ences of systematic error in some places, and of systematic correctness in others, would have been very unlikely to have occurred. If the poem had been printed under the author's eye their existence would have been impossible.

The theory that the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets were a continuous poem, or poems, addressed to one person, and that a very young man—and that the greater portion of the remaining twenty-eight Sonnets had reference to a female, with whom there was an illicit attachment on the part of the poet and the young man—involves some higher difficulties, if it is assumed that the publication was authorized by the author, or by the person to whom they are held to be addressed. Could Shakspeare, in 1609, authorize or sanction their publication? He was then living at Stratford, in the enjoyment of wealth; he was forty-five years of age; he was naturally desirous to associate with himself all those circumstances which constitute respectability of character. If the Sonnets had regard to actual circumstances connected with his previous career, would he, a husband, a father of two daughters, have authorized a publication so calculated to degrade him in the eyes of his family and his associates, if the verses could bear the construction now put upon them? We think not. On the other hand, did the one person to whom they are held to be addressed sanction their publication? Would Lord Pembroke have suffered himself to be styled "W. H., the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets"—plain Mr. W. H.—he, a nobleman, with all the pride of birth and rank about him—and represented in these poems as a man of licentious habits, and treacherous in his licentiousness? The Earl of Pembroke, in 1609, had attained great honours in his political and learned relations. In the first year of James I. he was made a Knight of the Garter; in 1605, upon a visit of James to Oxford, he received the degree of Master of Arts, in 1607 he was appointed Governor of Portsmouth, and more than all these honours, he was placed in the highest station by public opinion; he was, as Clarendon describes, "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age." Was this the man, in his mature years, distinctly to sanction a publication which it was understood recorded his profligacy? He was of "excellent parts, and a graceful speaker upon any subject, having a good proportion of learning, and a ready wit to apply to it," says Clarendon. Is there in the Sonnets the slightest allusion to the talents of the one person to whom they are held to be addressed? If, then, the publication was *not* authorized, in either of the modes assumed, we have no warrant whatever for having regard to the original order of the Sonnets, and in assuming a continuity *because* of that order. What then is the alternative? That the Sonnets were a collection of "Sibylline leaves" rescued from the perishableness of their written state by some person who had access to the high and brilliant circle in which Shakspeare was esteemed; and that this person's scrap-book, necessarily imperfect, and pretending to no order, found its way to the hands of a bookseller, who was too happy to give to that age

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS

what its most distinguished man had written at various periods, for his own amusement, and for the gratification of his "private friends."

We subjoin, for the more ready information of those who may be disposed to examine for themselves the question of the order of Shakspeare's Sonnets (and it really is a question of great interest and rational curiosity), the results of the two opposite theories—of their exhibiting almost perfect continuity, on the one hand; and of their being a mere collection of fragments, on the other. The one theory is illustrated with much ingenuity by Mr. Brown; the other was capriciously adopted by the editor of the collection of 1640.

MR. BROWN'S DIVISION INTO SIX POEMS.

First Poem.—Stanzas i. to xxvi. To his Friend, persuading him to Marry.

Second Poem.—Stanzas xxvii. to lv. To his Friend, who had robbed him of his Mistress—forgiving him.

Third Poem.—Stanzas lvi. to lxxvii. To his Friend, complaining of his Coldness, and warning him of Life's Decay.

Fourth Poem.—Stanzas lxxviii. to ci. To his Friend, complaining that he prefers another Poet's Praises, and reproving him for faults that may injure his character.

Fifth Poem.—Stanzas cii. to cxxvi. To his Friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of Inconstancy.

Sixth Poem.—Stanzas cxxvii. to clii. To his Mistress, on her Infidelity.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE EDITION OF 1640.

. In this arrangement the greater part of the Poems of The Passionate Pilgrim are blended, and are here marked P. P. In this Collection the following Sonnets are not found:—18, 19, 43, 56, 75, 76, 96, 126.

The Glory of Beauty. [67, 68, 69.]
Injurious Time. [60, 63, 64, 65, 66.]
True Admiration. [53, 54.]
The Force of Love. [57, 58.]
The Beauty of Nature. [59.]
Love's Cruelty. [1, 2, 3.]
Youthful Glory. [13, 14, 15.]
Good Admonition. [16, 17.]
Quick Prevention. [7.]
Magazine of Beauty. [4, 5, 6.]
An Invitation to Marriage. [8, 9, 10, 11, 12.]
False Belief. [138.]
A Temptation. [144.]
Fast and Loose. [P. P. 1.]
True Content. [21.]
A bashful Lover [23.]

Strong Conceit. [22.]
A sweet Provocation. [P. P. 11.]
A constant Vow. [P. P. 3.]
The Exchange. [20.]
A Disconsolation. [27, 28, 29.]
Cruel Deceit. [P. P. 4.]
The Unconstant Lover. [P. P. 5.]
The Benefit of Friendship. [30, 31, 32.]
Friendly Concord. [P. P. 6.]
Inhumanity. [P. P. 7.]
A Congratulation. [38, 39, 40.]
Loss and Gain. [41, 42.]
Foolish Disdain. [P. P. 9.]
Ancient Antipathy. [P. P. 10.]
Beauty's Valuation. [P. P. 11.]
Melancholy Thoughts. [44, 45.]
Love's Loss. [P. P. 8.]
Love's Relief. [33, 34, 35.]
Unanimity. [36, 37.]
Loth to Depart. [P. P. 12, 13.]
A Masterpiece. [24.]
Happiness in Content. [25.]
A Dutiful Message. [26.]
Go and come quickly. [50, 51.]
Two Faithful Friends. [46, 47.]
Careless Neglect. [48.]
Stout Resolution. [49.]
A Duel. [P. P. 14.]
Love-sick. [P. P. 15.]
Love's Labour Lost. [P. P. 16.]
Wholesome Counsel. [P. P. 17.]
Sat fuisse. [62.]
A living Monument. [55.]
Familiarity breeds Contempt [52.]
Patience Armatus. [61.]
A Valediction. [71, 72, 74.]
Nil magnis Invidia. [70.]
Love-sick. [80, 81.]
The Picture of true Love. [116.]
In Praise of his Love. [82, 83, 84, 85.]
A Resignation. [86, 87.]
Sympathising Love. [P. P. 18.]
A Request to his Scornful Love. [88, 89, 90, 91.]
A Lover's Affection, though his Love prove Unconstant. [92, 93, 94, 95.]
Complaint for his Lover's Absence. [97, 98, 99.]
An Invocation to his Muse. [100, 101.]
Constant Affection. [104, 105, 106.]
Amazement. [102, 103.]
A Lover's Excuse for his long Absence. [109, 110.]
A Complaint. [111, 112.]
Self-flattery of her Beauty. [113, 114, 115.]
A Trial of Love's Constancy. [117, 118, 119.]
A good Construction of his Love's Unkindness. [120.]
Error in Opinion. [121.]
Upon the Receipt of a Table-Book from his Mistress. [122.]
A Vow. [123.]
Love's Safety. [124.]
An Entreaty for her Acceptance. [125.]
Upon her playing upon the Virginals. [128.]
Immoderate Lust. [129.]
In praise of her Beauty, though Black. [127, 130, 131, 132.]

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS

Unkind Abuse. [133, 134.]

Love-suit. [135, 136.]

His Heart wounded by her Eye. [137, 139, 140.]

A Protestation. [141, 142.]

An Allusion. [143.]

Life and Death. [145.]

A Consideration of Death. [146.]

Immoderate Passion. [147.]

Love's powerful Subtilty. [148, 149, 150.]

Retaliation. [78, 79.]

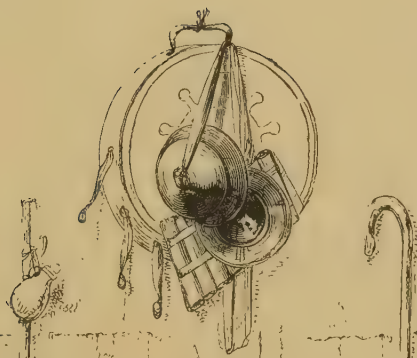
Sunset. [73, 77.]

A Monument to Fame. [107, 108.]

Perjury. [151, 152.]

Cupid's Treachery. [153, 154.]





COVERS COMPLAINS
THE
PASSIONATE
PILGRIM





FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded^a
 A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I laid^b to list the sad-tun'd tale:
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it
 saw
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit; but, spite of Heaven's fell
 rage,
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd
 age.

^a *Re-worded*—echoed.
^b *Laid*. So the original. But it is usually more correctly
 rinted *lay*. The idiomatic grammar of Shakspeare's age
 might not be removed.

Oft did she heave her napkin^a to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited characters,^b
 Laund'ring^c the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had pelleted^d in tears,
 And often reading what contents it bears;
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battery to the spheres intend;^e
 Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied
 To th' orb'd^f earth: sometimes they do extend
 Their view right on; anon their gazes lend

^a *Napkin*—handkerchief. Emilia says, of Desdemona's
 fatal handkerchief—

"I am glad I have found this napkin."

^b *Conceited characters*—fanciful figures worked on the
 handkerchief.

^c *Laund'ring*—washing.

^d *Pelleted*—formed into pellets, or small balls.

^e Shakspeare often employs the metaphor of a piece of
 ordnance, but what in his plays is generally a slight allusion
 here becomes a somewhat quaint conceit.

^f *Th' orb'd*. We retain *orb'd* as a dissyllable, according
 to the original. Mr. Dyce has *the orb'd*.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd^a
hat,

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaten fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from
thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund^b she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,^c
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries 'some,' but where excess
begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the
flood;

Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet mo^d letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk^e feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often gave^f to tear;
Cried, 'O false blood! thou register of lies,

^a *Sheav'd*—made of straw, collected from sheaves.

^b *Maund*—a basket. The word is used in the old translation of the Bible.

^c *Bedded*. So the original, the word probably meaning *jet imbedded*, or set, in some other substance. Steevens has *beaded jet*,—jet formed into beads; which Mr. Dyce adopts.

^d *Mo*—more. This word is now invariably printed *more*. It occurs in subsequent stanzas. Why should we destroy this little archaic beauty by a rage for modernizing?

^e *Sleided silk*. The commentators explain this as "untwisted silk." In the chorus to the fourth act of *Pericles*, Marina is pictured—

"When she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk."

Percy, in a note on this passage, says, "untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's sley." The first part of this description is certainly not correct. The silk is not untwisted, for it must be spun before it is woven; and a strong twisted silk is exactly what was required when letters were to be sealed "feat" (neatly) "to curious secrecy." In Mr. Ramsay's Introduction to his valuable edition of the *Paston Letters*, the old mode of sealing a letter is clearly described:—"It was carefully folded, and fastened at the end by a sort of paper strap, upon which the seal was affixed; and under the seal a string, a silk thread, or even a straw, was frequently placed running around the letter."

^f *Gave*. So the original. Malone changes the word to *gan*. This appears to us, although it has the sanction of Mr. Dyce's adoption, an unnecessary change; *gave* is here used in the sense of gave the mind to, contemplated, made a movement towards, inclined to. Shakspeare has several times "my mind gave me;" and the word may therefore, we think, stand alone here as expressing inclination.

What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
here!

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,^a
Towards this afflicted fancy^b fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,^c
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

'But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one^d by nature's outwards so commended,
That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her
place;

And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;

^a Malone, by making the sentence parenthetical which begins at "sometime a blusterer," and ends at "swiftest hours," causes the reverend man's attention to be drawn to the scattered fragments of letters as they flew—a very snow storm of letters. Surely this is nonsense!

"The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,"

clearly show that the reverend man, although he had been engaged in the ruffle, in the turmoil, of the court and city, had not suffered the swiftest hours to pass unobserved. He was a man of experience, and was thus qualified to give advice.

^b *Fancy*—is often used by Shakspeare in the sense of *love*; but here it means one that is possessed by fancy.

^c *Bat*—club.

^d *Of one*—the original reads *O one*.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.^a

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;

Yet show'd his visage^b by that cost more^c dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 't were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.

His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!

And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:^d
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Can^e for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

^a *Sawn*. Malone explains this as *seen*; but Boswell says that the word means *sown*, and that it is still so pronounced in Scotland.

^b *Visage* is the inverted nominative case to *showed*.

^c *More*. So the original: in all the modern editions we have *most*.

^d *Case*—outward show.

^e *Can* is the original reading; but Malone changed it to *came*, and he justifies the change by a passage in *Macbeth*, Act I., Sc. III., where he supposes the same mistake occurred. In that passage we did not receive the proposed correction; nor do we think it necessary to receive it here. *Can* is constantly used by the old writers, especially by Spenser, in the sense of *began*; and that sense, *began for additions*, is as intelligible as *came for additions*. *For* is used in the sense of *as*.

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in no pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.^f

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
What with his heart in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry It is thy last,

^f There is a similar sarcastic thought in Timon, where the misanthrope, addressing himself to the gold he had found, says—

"Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand."

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

For further I could say, This man's untrue,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards
grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought^a characters and words, merely but
art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

'All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not; with acture^b they may
be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame
did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as
warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,^c
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

'Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent
me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent
me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

^a Malone—and he is followed in all modern editions—puts a comma after *thought*, and says, "if is here, I believe, a substantive." Surely *thought* is a verb. We have a regular sequence of verbs—heard—saw—knew—thought. How can thought be art? the art is in the expression of the thoughts by "characters and words." He who said "words were given us to conceal our thoughts" is a better commentator upon the passage than Malone.

^b *Acture* is explained as synonymous with *action*.

^c *Teen*—grief.

'And lo! behold the talents^a of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,^b
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

'The diamond, why 't was beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd^c properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh re-
gard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some
moan.

'Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them
not,
But yield them up where I myself must ren-
der,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you empatron me.

'O then advance of yours that phraseless
hand,
Whose white bears down the airy scale of
praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did
raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

'Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit^d in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings^e made the blossoms^f
dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,^g
But kept cold distance, and did thence re-
move,
To spend her living in eternal love.

^a *Talents* is here used in the sense of something precious.

^b *Impleach'd*—interwoven.

^c *Invis'd*—invisible.

^d *Suit*. "The noble suit in court" is, we think, the suit made to her in court. Mr. Dyce says *suitors*.

^e *Havings*. Malone receives this as *accomplishments*—Dyce as *fortune*.

^f *Blossoms*—young men; the flower of the nobility.

^g *Of richest coat*—of highest descent.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

'But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives?

Paling* the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

'O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

'How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being
strong,

Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

'My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who, disciplin'd and dieted^b in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

'When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth,
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame,

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they
pine,

And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate^c the glowing

roses

That flame through water which their hue en-
clôses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect!^b cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture
hath!

'For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil^c fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference
bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels,^d all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows.

'That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would
maim:
Against the thing he sought he would ex-
claim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chas-
tity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,

* *Paling*. In the old copy *playing*. Malone's emendation of *paling* is sensible as well as ingenious.

^b *And dieted*. The old copy reads *I died*. A correspondent suggested the change to Malone.

^c *Gate*—got, procured.

^d *O cleft effect*. The reading of the original is *O cleft effect*. Malone substituted '*O cleft effect*.'

^e *Civil*—decorous.

^f *Cautels*—deceitful purposes.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
What 't should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,

O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly.
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,^a
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!'

^a *Ow'd*—owned; his own.





THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argu-
ment,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?^a

^a The foregoing Sonnet appears, with some variations, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the first edition of which was printed in 1598. We give the lines in which the variations occur:—

"'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument."

"Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;"

"Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is."

The text of the play is evidently superior to that in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such' looks as none could look but beauty's
queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye,
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceal,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and
toward;

He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear
to love?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
 Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
 To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.^a

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
 Under an osier growing by a brook,
 A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen.
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green
 'brim;

The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:
 He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
 O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
 A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

^a This Sonnet also occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, in which copy there are variations in several lines. In the second we read, "*Ah, never faith;*" in the third, "*faithful prove;*" in the fourth, "*were oaks,*" in the sixth, "*would comprehend;*" in the eleventh, "*lightning bears.*" The concluding lines are as follows:—

"Celestial as thou art, oh *pardon*, love, *this* wrong,
 That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue."

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
 Dreading any love, the loss thereof still fearing!
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burneth;
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,^a
 * * * * *
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
 See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:
 She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

^a The second line is lost.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
vaded,^a
Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall
should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Venus, with Adonis^b sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try
her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd
me;
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd
me;
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetch'd breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleas-
sure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

X.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.

^a *Vaded*—faded. This form of the word often occurs in Shakspeare, and has been too frequently changed in reprints.

^b This Sonnet is found in 'Fidessa,' by B. Griffin, 1596. There are great variations in that copy, for which see Illustrations. Amongst others we have the epithet *young* before Adonis. If we make a pause after Venus, the epithet is not necessary to the metre. The fourth line is given more metrically in 'Fidessa':—

"And as he fell to her, so she fell to him."
2 K 2

Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass, that 's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,^a
So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever 's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my
share:
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell, quoth she, and come again to
morrow;
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow
Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the paim, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lora, now mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning
rise

^a In the twenty-ninth volume of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' a copy of this poem is given, as from an ancient manuscript, in which there are the following variations:—

"And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will *excite*,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can *unite*."

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with
 sorrow ;

For why ? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-
 morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too
 soon ;
 But now are minutes added to the hours ;
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;^a
 Yet not for me, shine sun to sue our flowers !
 Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night
 now borrow ;
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-
 morrow.

^a *A moon.* The original has *an hour*—evidently a mis-
 print. The emendation of *moon*, in the sense of *month*, is
 by Stevens, and it ought to atone for some faults of the
 commentator.

SONNETS

TO

SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of
 three,
 That liked of her master as well as well might be.
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that
 eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a turning.
 Long was the combat doubtful, that love with
 love did fight,
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
 knight :
 To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel.
 But one must be refused, more mickle was the
 pain,
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both
 to gain,
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded
 with disdain :
 Alas, she could not help it !
 Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of
 the day,
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
 away ;
 Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the
 lady gay ;
 For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day !),
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :

Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alas, my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiopie were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.^a

XVI.

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss :
 Love is dying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's denying,
 Causer of this.^b

^a This beautiful little poem also occurs in *Love's Labour's
 Lost*. In that copy in the second line we find "*is every
 May*;" *every*, which is repeated in the folio of 1623, is
 clearly a mistake. In the eleventh line we have—

"But, alack, my hand *is* sworn."

In the play there is a couplet not found in *The Passionate
 Pilgrim* :—

"Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee."

These lines precede "Thou for whom."

^b We have two other ancient copies of this poem—one in
 'England's Helicon,' 1600; the other in a collection of Ma-

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss ;
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
 For now I see,
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall :
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 (O cruel speeding !)
 Fraughted with gall.
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,^a
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
 My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
 With sighs so deep,
 Procures^b to weep,
 In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
 fight !

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth ; they die :^c
 Herds stand weeping,
 Flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs back peeping
 Fearfully.
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains,
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet lass,^d
 Thy like ne'er was

Madrigals by Thomas Weelkes, 1597. In 'England's Helicon' these lines are thus given :—

" Love is denying, Faith is defying ;
 Hearts ringing (renying), causer of this."

^a *No deal*—in no degree: *some deal* and *no deal* were common expressions.

^b *Procures*. The curtail dog is the nominative case to this verb.

^c The reading in Weelkes's Madrigals is an improvement of this passage :—

" Loud bells ring not
 Cheerfully."

^d *Lass*. This is the reading of Weelkes. The Passionate Pilgrim has *love*.

For a sweet content, the cause of all my
 moan :^a
 Poor Coridon
 Must live alone,
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVII.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,^b
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy, partial might :^c
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwee.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
 Lest she some subtle practice smell ;
 (A cripple soon can find a halt :)
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
 And set her person forth to sell.^d

What though her frowning brows be bent
 Her cloudy looks will calm^e ere night ;
 And then too late she will repent,
 That thus dissembled her delight ;
 And twice desire, ere it be day,
 That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
 Her feeble force will yield at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say :
 ' Had women been so strong as men,
 In faith you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways ;
 Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
 Where thy desert may merit praise,
 By ringing in thy lady's ear :
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,
 The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
 And in thy suit be humble, true ;

^a *Moan*. This is the reading in 'England's Helicon.' The Passionate Pilgrim has *woe*.

^b *Strike*. So the original. Mr. Dyce, who seldom indulges in conjectural emendation, alters the word to *smite*, "for the sake of the rhyme." This we think is scarcely allowable; for there are many examples of loose rhymes in these little poems. In the seventh stanza of this poem we have *nought* to rhyme with *oft*.

^c *Fancy* is here used as *love*, and *might* as *power*. Steevens, mischievously we should imagine, changed *partial might* to *partial like*; and Malone adopts this reading, which makes Cupid a bull-dog.

^d *Sell*. The reading of The Passionate Pilgrim is *sale*. A manuscript in the possession of Mr. Lysons gives us *sell*.

^e *Calm* is the reading of The Passionate Pilgrim; the manuscript just mentioned has *clear*.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew :
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint :
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attain.^a
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,—too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song ;
She 'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long :
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

^a These four lines are thus given in Mr. Lysons's manuscript :—

“ Think, women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint :
Here is no heaven ; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attain.”

The one copy is somewhat more intelligible than the other.
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LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.^a

XIX.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove^b of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring :
Everything did banish mean,
Save the nightingale alone :
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till^c a thorn,
And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by :
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain ;
None take pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee :
Ruthless bears,^d they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
[Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.^e]
Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

^a We insert this poem in the order in which it appears in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The variations of other copies will be found in our Illustrations.

^b This poem is also incompletely printed in '*England's Helicon*;' where it bears the signature *Ignoto*. There are some variations in the twenty-eight lines there given, as in the case before us, of *grove* in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, which in '*England's Helicon*' is *group*.

^c *Up-till*. This is given *against* in '*England's Helicon*.'
^d *Bears*. In '*England's Helicon*' *beasts*.

^e The poem in '*England's Helicon*' here ends; but the two lines with which it concludes are wanting in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call :
And with such-Like flattering,
' Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement ;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown :

They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need ;
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

SONG.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee *

* The collection entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim, &c.*, ends with the Sonnet to Sundry Notes of Music with which we have numbered XIX. Malone adds to the collection this exquisite song of which we find the first verse in *Measure for Measure* (See Illustrations.)





VERSES AMONG THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHESTER'S
LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,^a
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou, shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,^a
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

^a Can-knowe.

^a There is a curious coincidence in a passage in the Tempest:—

"Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne."
504

VERSES.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'T wixt the turtle and his queen ;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight :
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded :

That it cried how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne^a
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love ;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :--
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be :
Beauty brag, but 't is not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer

^a *Threne*--funereal song.



ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT, THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, &c.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT was first printed with the Sonnets in 1609. It was reprinted in 1640, in that collection called Shakspeare's Poems, in which the original order of the Sonnets was entirely disregarded, some were omitted, and this poem was thrust in amidst translations from Ovid which had been previously claimed by another writer. Of these we shall have presently to speak. There can be no doubt of the genuineness of A Lover's Complaint. It is distinguished by that condensation of thought and outpouring of imagery which are the characteristics of Shakspeare's poems. The effect consequent upon these qualities is, that the language is sometimes obscure, and the metaphors occasionally appear strange and forced. It is very different from any production of Shakspeare's contemporaries. As in the case of the Venus and Adonis, and the Lucrece, we feel that the power of the writer is in perfect subjection to his art. He is never carried away by the force of his own conceptions. We mention these attributes merely with reference to the undoubted character of the poem as belonging to the Shaksperian system : we shall have occasion to notice it again.

The PASSIONATE PILGRIM was originally published in 1599, by William Jaggard, with the name of Shakspeare on the title-page. A reprint, with some additions and alterations of arrangement, appeared in 1612, bearing the following title : 'The Passionate Pilgrime, or certaine amorous Sonnets, betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespeare. The third Edition. Whereunto is newly added two Love-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's Answers backe again to Paris. Printed by W. Jaggard, 1612.' The second edition was, in all probability, a mere reprint of the first edition ; but in the third edition there are, as the title-page implies, important alterations. There is one alteration which is not expressed in the title-page. A distinction is established in the character of the poems by classifying six of them under a second title page, "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musick." This distinction we have preserved. There can be no doubt, we apprehend, that the "newly added two Love-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's Answers backe again to Paris," were not written by Shakspeare. There is the best evidence that they were written by Thomas Heywood. In 1609 that writer published a folio volume of considerable pretension, entitled 'Troia Britanica, or Great Brittain's Troy.' In this volume appear the two translations from Ovid which William Jaggard published as Shakspeare's in 1612. Heywood in that year published a treatise entitled 'An Apology for Actors,' to which is prefixed an epistle to his bookseller, Nicholas Okes. The letter is a curious morsel in literary history :—

"To my approved good friend, Mr. Nicholas Okes.
"The infinite faults escaped in my book of Britain's Troy, by the negligence of the printer, as

the misquotations, mistaking of syllables, misplacing half-lines, coining of strange and never-heard-of words : these being without number, when I would have taken a particular account of the errata, the printer answered me, he would not publish his own disworkmanship, but rather let his own fault lie upon the neck of the author : and being fearful that others of his quality had been of the same nature and condition, and finding you, on the contrary, so careful and industrious, so serious and laborious, to do the author all the rights of the press, I could not choose but gratulate your honest endeavours with this short remembrance. Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that work, by taking the two Epistles of Paris to Hellen, and Hellen to Paris, and printing them in a less volume, under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him, and he, to do himself right, hath since published them in his own name : but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name. These, and the like dishonesties, I know you to be clear of ; and I could wish but to be the happy author of so worthy a work as I could willingly commit to your care and workmanship.

"Yours ever,

"THOMAS HEYWOOD."

Jaggard, upon the publication of this, appears to have been compelled to do some sort of justice to Heywood, however imperfect. He cancelled the title-page of the edition of The Passionate Pilgrim of 1612, removing the name of Shakspeare, and printing the collection without any author's name. Malone had a copy of the book with both title pages. This transaction naturally throws great discredit on the honesty of the publisher ; and might lead us to suspect that Heywood's was not the only case in which Shakspeare was "much offended with M. Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name." There are other pieces in The Passionate Pilgrim that have been attributed on reasonable grounds to other authors than Shakspeare. It may be well, therefore, that we should run through the whole collection, offering a few brief observations on the authenticity of these poems.

The two first Sonnets in Jaggard's edition of The Passionate Pilgrim, are those which, with some alterations, appear as the 138th and the 144th in the collection of Sonnets published in 1609. The variations of those Sonnets, as they appeared in The Passionate Pilgrim, are given in our foot-notes at pages 89 and 90. The third Sonnet in the collection (the first in our reprint) is found in Love's Labour's Lost. The fourth is one of the four Sonnets on the subject of Venus and Adonis. In Malone's first edition of these poems (1780), he followed the order of the original, as we now do :

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, &c.

but in his posthumous edition, by Boswell, that order is changed, and the four Sonnets on the subject of Venus and Adonis are placed together, the first in the series. Malone's opinion, which he did not subsequently alter, was, that "several of the Sonnets in this collection seem to have been essays of the author when he first conceived the notion of writing a poem on the subject of Venus and Adonis, and before the scheme of his work was completely adjusted." Boswell justly says that some doubt is thrown upon Malone's conjecture by the circumstance that one of these four Sonnets, with some variations, is found in a volume of poems published before *The Passionate Pilgrim*, namely, '*Fillessa more Chaste than Kinde*,' by B. Griffin, 1596. In Griffin's little volume, which has been reprinted, the Sonnet stands as follows:—

"Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade began to woo him;
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the wanton god embrac'd me;
And thus she clasp'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
But he, a wayward boy, refus'd her offer,
And ran away, the beauteous queen neglecting;
Showing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardice detecting.
Oh, that I had my mistress at that bay,
To kiss and clip me till I ran away!"

The variations between this Sonnet and that printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* are very remarkable; but there can be no doubt we should think that the authorship belongs to Griffin. This volume was not published anonymously; and it is dedicated "to Mr. Wm. Essex, of Lambourne, Berks, and to the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court." It is not likely that he would have adopted a Sonnet by Shakspeare floating about in society, and made it his own by these changes.

The fifth poem in Jaggard's collection is Biron's Sonnet in *Love's Labour's Lost*. The seventh, "*Fair is my love*," stands as Shakspeare's, without any rival to impugn Jaggard's authority. The eighth is not so fortunate. It would be pleasant to believe that the Sonnet commencing

"If music and sweet poetry agree"

was written by Shakspeare.* It would be satisfactory that the greatest dramatic poet of the world should pay his homage to that great contemporary from whose exhaustless wells of imagination every real lover of poetry has since drawn waters of "deep delight." But that Sonnet is claimed by another; and we believe that the claim must be admitted. There was another publisher of the name of Jaggard—John Jaggard; and he, in 1598, printed a volume bearing this title:—'*Encomion of Lady Pecunia; or the Praise of Money: the Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberalitie: i. e. The Combat betwene Conscience and Covetousness in the Minde of Man: with Poems in divers Humors*.' The volume bears the name, as author, of Richard Barnfield, graduate of Oxford, who had previously

* We have previously expressed an opinion that it was written by Shakspeare: it has been generally attributed to him; and we had adopted the received opinion, looking chiefly at the character of the Sonnet. See page 125

published a volume entitled '*Cynthia*.' The volume of 1598 contains a Sonnet "addressed to his friend Master R. L., in praise of Music and Poetry." This is the Sonnet that a year after William Jaggard prints with the name of Shakspeare. But Barnfield's volume contains another poem, which the publisher of *The Passionate Pilgrim* also assigns to Shakspeare, amongst the '*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*'—the last in the collection—

"As it fell upon a day"

It is remarkable that, after the publication of Barnfield's volume in 1598, and *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599, a large portion of this poem was, in 1600, printed in '*England's Helicon*,' with the signature of "Ignoto." It there follows the poem which is the 18th in *The Passionate Pilgrim*—

"My flocks feed not."

That poem bears the title of '*The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint*,' and is also signed, in '*England's Helicon*,' "Ignoto." "As it fell upon a day" is entitled '*Another of the same Shepherd's*.' Both the poems in '*England's Helicon*' immediately follow one bearing the signature of "W. Shakspeare," the beautiful Sonnet in *Love's Labour's Lost*—

"On a day, alack the day!"

which is given as one of the Sonnets to Music in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

For the following poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim* no claim of authorship has appeared further to impugn the credibility of W. Jaggard:—

"Sweet rose, fair flower."
"Crabbed age and youth."
"Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good."
"Good night, good rest."
"Lord, how mine eyes."
"It was a lording's daughter."
"Whenas thine eye."

But there is a poem, imperfectly printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (and which we have reprinted, that the reader may have before him what that work originally contained), of a higher reputation than any poem in the collection.

"Live with me, and be my love"

is printed in '*England's Helicon*' with the signature of "Chr. Marlow," and the copy there given is as follows:—

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, &c.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delights each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHR. MARLOW.

In that collection it is immediately succeeded by another poem, almost equally celebrated, bearing the signature of "Ignoto:"—

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

IGNOTO

In our Illustrations of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III., we have already noticed the probable authorship of these poems. Warburton, upon the authority of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, assigns "Come live with me" to Shakspeare. But we fear that Mr. William Jaggard's authority is not quite so much to be relied upon as that of 'England's Helicon:' and, moreover, there was an honest witness living some fifty years after, whose traditionary evidence must go far to settle the point. We cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing dear Izaak Walton's testimony:—"Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; but sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs—some leaping securely in the cool shade, while others sported themselves in the cheerful

sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As thus I sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

'I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possess'd joys not promis'd in my birth.'

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 't was a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her minds with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

"They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us."

We have now gone through all the poems of *The Passionate Pilgrim*; and, taking away the five poems which are undoubtedly Shakspeare's, but which are to be found in the *Sonnets* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, and considering at least as apocryphal those which have been assigned to other authors, there is not a great deal left that posterity may thank Mr. William Jaggard for having rescued from oblivion.

There are two other poems that usually follow *The Passionate Pilgrim*, though they form no part of that collection. The first is the celebrated song of

"Take, O take those lips away."

Our readers are aware that the first stanza is found in *Measure for Measure*, as sung by a boy to Mariana, who says "Break off thy song." The two stanzas are in the tragedy, ascribed to Fletcher, of 'Rollo, Duke of Normandy.' There is no possibility, we apprehend, of deciding the authorship of the second stanza (see *Illustrations of Measure for Measure*, Act IV.). The other poem, beginning

"Let the bird of loudest lay,"

is found with Shakspeare's name in a book printed in 1601, the greater part of which consists of a poem translated from the Italian by Robert Chester, entitled '*Love's Martyr; or Rosalin's Complaint: allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle.*' There is a second title to this volume prefixed to some supplementary verses: 'Hereafter follow diverse Poetical Essays on the former Subject, viz. the Turtle and Phoenix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern Writers, with their Names subscribed to their particular Works. Never before extant.' The name "Wm. Shakspeare" is subscribed to this poem, in the same way that the names of Ben Jonson, Marston, and Chapman are subscribed to other poems.



SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE POEMS.

"If the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather." These are the words which, in relation to the *Venus and Adonis*, Shakspeare addressed, in 1593, to the Earl of Southampton. Are we to accept them literally? Was the *Venus and Adonis* the first production of Shakspeare's imagination? Or did he put out of his view those dramatic performances which he had then unquestionably produced, in deference to the critical opinions which regarded plays as works not belonging to "invention"? We think that he used the words in a literal sense. We regard the *Venus and Adonis* as the production of a very young man, improved, perhaps, considerably in the interval between its first composition and its publication, but distinguished by peculiarities which belong to the wild luxuriance of youthful power,—such power, however, as few besides Shakspeare have ever possessed.

A deep thinker and eloquent writer, Julius Charles Hare, thus describes "the spirit of self-sacrifice," as applied to poetry:—

"The might of the imagination is manifested by its launching forth from the petty creek, where the accidents of birth moored it, into the wide ocean of being,—by its going abroad into the world around, passing into whatever it meets with, animating it, and becoming one with it. This complete union and identification of the poet with his poem,—this suppression of his own individual insulated consciousness, with its narrowness of thought and pettiness of feeling,—is what we admire in the great masters of that which for this reason we justly call classical poetry, as representing that which is symbolical and universal, not that which is merely occasional and peculiar. This gives them that majestic calmness which still breathes upon us from the statues of their gods. This invests their works with that lucid transparent atmosphere wherein every form stands out in perfect definiteness and distinctness, only beautified by the distance which idealizes it. This has delivered those works from the casualties of time and space, and has lifted them up like stars into the pure firmament of thought, so that they do not shine on one spot alone, nor fade like earthly flowers, but journey on from clime to clime, shedding the light of beauty on generation after generation. The same quality, amounting to a total extinction of his own selfish being, so that his spirit became a mighty organ through which Nature gave utterance to the full diapason of her notes, is what we

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wonder at in our own great dramatist, and is the groundwork of all his other powers: for it is only when purged of selfishness that the intellect becomes fitted for receiving the inspirations of genius."*

What Mr. Hare so justly considers as the great moving principle of "classical poetry,"—what he further notes as the pre-eminent characteristic of "our own great dramatist,"—is abundantly found in that great dramatist's earliest work. Coleridge was the first to point out this pervading quality in the *Venus and Adonis*; and he has done this so admirably, that it would be profanation were we to attempt to elucidate the point in any other than his own words:—

"It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement which had resulted from the energetic fervour of his own spirit in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured from these poems, that even then the great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him, prompting him by a series and never-broken chain of imagery, always vivid, and, because unbroken, often minute,—by the highest effort of the picturesque in words of which words are capable, higher perhaps than was ever realized by any other poet, even Dante not excepted,—to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment by tone, look, and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players. His *Venus and Adonis* seem at once the characters themselves, and the whole representation of those characters by the most consummate actors. You seem to be *told* nothing, but to see and hear everything. Hence it is, that, from the perpetual activity of attention required on the part of the reader,—from the rapid flow, the quick change, and the playful nature of the thoughts and images,—and, above all, from the alienation, and, if I may hazard such an expression, the utter *aloofness* of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst,—that though the very subject cannot but detract from the pleasure of a delicate mind, yet never was poem less dangerous on a moral account."†

Coleridge, in the preceding chapter of his 'Literary Life,' says, "During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination." In Coleridge's 'Literary Remains' the *Venus and Adonis* is cited as furnishing a signal example of "that affectionate love of nature and natural objects, without which no man could have observed so steadily, or painted so truly and passionately, the very minutest beauties of the external world." The description of the hare-hunt is there given at length as a specimen of this power. A remarkable proof of the completeness as well as accuracy of Shakspeare's description lately presented itself to our mind, in running through a little volume, full of talent, published in 1825—'Essays and Sketches of Character, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq.' There is a paper on hunting, and especially on hare-hunting. He says—"I am not one of the perfect fox-hunters of these realms; but having been in the way of late of seeing a good deal of various modes of hunting, I would, for the benefit of the uninitiated, set down the results of my observations." In this matter he writes with a perfect unconsciousness that he is describing what any one has described before. But as accurate an observer *had* been before him:—

"She (the hare) generally returns to the seat from which she was put up, running, as all the world knows, in a circle, or something sometimes like it, we had better say, that we may keep on good terms with the mathematical. At starting, she tears away at her utmost speed for a mile or more, and distances the dogs half-way: she then returns, diverging a little to the right or left, that she may not run into the mouths of her enemies—a necessity which accounts for what we call the circularity of her course. Her flight from home is direct and precipitate; but on her way back, when she has gained a little time for consideration and stratagem, she describes a curious labyrinth of short turnings and windings, as if to perplex the dogs by the intricacy of her track."

* 'The Victory of Faith; and other Sermons.' By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. 1840. P. 277.

† 'Biographia Literaria,' 1817, vol. ii., p. 15.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE POEMS.

Compare this with Shakspeare :—

“ And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles :
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.”

Mr. Ayton thus goes on :—

“ The hounds, whom we left in full cry, continue their music without remission as long as they are faithful to the scent ; as a summons, it should seem, like the seaman's cry, to pull together, or keep together, and it is a certain proof to themselves and their followers that they are in the right way. On the instant that they are ‘at fault,’ or lose the scent, they are silent. * * * * * The weather, in its impression on the scent, is the great father of ‘faults ;’ but they may arise from other accidents, even when the day is in every respect favourable. The intervention of ploughed land, on which the scent soon cools or evaporates, is at least perilous ; but sheep-stains, recently left by a flock, are fatal : they cut off the scent irrecoverably—making a gap, as it were, in the clue, in which the dogs have not even a hint for their guidance.”

Compare Shakspeare again :—

“ Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear ;
“ For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.”

One more extract from Mr. Ayton :—

“ Suppose then, after the usual rounds, that you see the hare at last (a sorry mark for so many foes) sorely beleaguered—looking dark and draggled—and limping heavily along ; then stopping to listen—again tottering on a little—and again stopping ; and at every step, and every pause, hearing the death-cry grow nearer and louder.”

One more comparison, and we have exhausted Shakspeare's description :—

“ By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still ;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.
“ Then shalt thou see the dew-debabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way ;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.”

Here, then, be it observed, are not only the same objects, the same accidents, the same movement, in each description, but the very words employed to convey the scene to the mind are often the same in each. It would be easy to say that Mr. Ayton copied Shakspeare. We believe he did not. There is a sturdy ingenuousness about his writings which would have led him to notice the Venus and Adonis if he had had it in his mind. Shakspeare and he had each looked minutely and practically upon the same scene ; and the wonder is, not that Shakspeare was an accurate describer, but that in him the accurate is so thoroughly fused with the poetical, that it is one and the same life.

The celebrated description of the courser in the Venus and Adonis is another remarkable instance of the accuracy of the young Shakspeare's observation. Not the most experienced dealer ever knew the *points* of a horse better. The whole poem indeed is full of evidence that the circumstances by

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE POEMS.

which the writer was surrounded, in a country district, had entered deeply into his mind, and were reproduced in the poetical form. The bird "tangled in a net"—the "di-dapper peering through a wave"—the "blue-veined violets"—the

"Red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field"—

the fisher that forbears the "ungrown fry"—the sheep "gone to fold"—the caterpillars feeding on "the tender leaves"—and, not to weary with examples, that exquisite image,

"Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye"—

all these bespeak a poet who had formed himself upon nature, and not upon books. To understand the value as well as the rarity of this quality in Shakspeare, we should open any contemporary poem. Take Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander' for example. We read line after line, beautiful, gorgeous, running over with a satiating luxuriousness; but we look in vain for a single familiar image. Shakspeare describes what he has seen, throwing over the real the delicious tint of his own imagination. Marlowe looks at Nature herself very rarely; but he knows all the conventional images by which the real is supposed to be elevated into the poetical. His most beautiful things are thus but copies of copies. The mode in which each poet describes the morning will illustrate our meaning—

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

We feel that *this* is true. Compare—

"By this Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the ocean;
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard
But he the day's bright-bearing car prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaming beams mock'd ugly Night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Dang'd down to nell her loathsome carriage."

We are taught that *this* is classical.

Coleridge has observed that, "in the *Venus and Adonis*, the first and most obvious excellence is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant."* This self-controlling power of "varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm" is perhaps one of the most signal instances of Shakspeare's consummate mastery of his art, even as a very young man. He who, at the proper season, knew how to strike the grandest music within the compass of our own powerful and sonorous language, in his early productions breathes out his thoughts

"To the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorder."

The sustained sweetness of the versification is never cloying; and yet there are no violent contrasts, no sudden elevations: all is equable in its infinite variety. The early comedies are full of the same rare beauty. In *Love's Labour's Lost*—The *Comedy of Errors*—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*—we have verses of alternate rhymes formed upon the same model as those of the *Venus and Adonis*, and producing the same feeling of placid delight by their exquisite harmony. The same principles on which he built the versification of the *Venus and Adonis* exhibited to him the grace which these elegiac harmonies would impart to the scenes of repose in the progress of a dramatic action.

We proceed to the *Lucrece*. Of that poem the date of the composition is fixed as accurately as we can desire. In the dedication to the *Venus and Adonis* the poet says—"If your honour seem

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but pleased I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour." In 1594, a year after the *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece* was published, and was dedicated to Lord Southampton. This, then, was undoubtedly the "graver labour;" this was the produce of the "idle hours" of 1593. Shakspeare was then nearly thirty years of age—the period at which it is held by some he first began to produce anything original for the stage. The poet unquestionably intended the "graver labour" for a higher effort than had produced the "first heir" of his invention. He describes the *Venus and Adonis* as "unpolished lines"—lines thrown off with youthful luxuriousness and rapidity. The verses of the *Lucrece* are "untutored lines"—lines formed upon no established model. There is to our mind the difference of eight or even ten years in the aspect of these poems—a difference as manifest as that which exists between *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Coleridge has marked the great distinction between the one poem and the other:—

"The *Venus and Adonis* did not perhaps allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of *Lucretia* seems to favour, and even demand, their intensest workings. And yet we find in *Shakspeare's* management of the tale neither pathos nor any other *dramatic* quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colours, inspired by the same impetuous vigour of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimilative and of the modifying faculties; and with a yet larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection: and, lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often *domination*, over the whole world of language."*

It is in this paragraph that Coleridge has marked the difference—which a critic of the very highest order could alone have pointed out—between the power which Shakspeare's mind possessed of going out of itself in a narrative poem, and the dramatic power. The same mighty, and to most unattainable, power, of utterly subduing the self-conscious to the universal, was essential to the highest excellence of both species of composition,—the poem and the drama. But the exercise of that power was essentially different in each. Coleridge, in another place, says, "in his very first production he projected his mind out of his own particular being, and felt, and made others feel, on subjects no way connected with himself except by force of contemplation, and that sublime faculty by which a great mind becomes that on which it meditates."† But this "sublime faculty" went greatly farther when it became dramatic. In the narrative poems of an ordinary man we perpetually see the narrator. Coleridge, in a passage previously quoted, has shown the essential superiority of Shakspeare's narrative poems, where the whole is placed before our view, the poet unparticipating in the passions. There is a remarkable example of how strictly Shakspeare adhered to this principle in his beautiful poem of *A Lover's Complaint*. There the poet is actually present to the scene:—

"From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sisting vane,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale."

But not one word of comment does he offer upon the revelations of the "fickle maid full pale." The dramatic power, however, as we have said, is many steps beyond this. It dispenses with narrative altogether. It renders a complicated story, or stories, *one* in the action. It makes the characters reveal *themselves*, sometimes by a word. It trusts for everything to the capacity of an audience to appreciate the greatest subtleties, and the nicest shades of passion, *through* the action. It is the very reverse of the oratorical power, which repeats and explains. And how is it able to effect this prodigious mastery over the senses and the understanding? By raising the mind of the spectator, or reader, into such a state of poetical excitement as corresponds in some degree to the excitement of the poet, and thus clears away the mists of our ordinary vision, and irradiates the whole complex moral world in which we for a time live, and move, and have our being, with the brightness of his own intellectual sunlight. Now, it appears to us that, although the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*, do not pretend to be the creations of this wonderful power—their forms did not demand its complete exercise—they could not have been produced by a man who did not possess the power,

* 'Biographia Literaria,' vol. ii., p. 21.

† 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 54.

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and had assiduously cultivated it in its own proper field. In the second poem, more especially, do we think the power has reached a higher development, indicating itself in "a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection."

Malone says, "I have observed that Painter has inserted the story of Lucrece in the first volume of his '*Palace of Pleasure*,' 1567, on which I make no doubt our author formed his poem." Be it so. The story of Lucrece in Painter's novel occupies four pages. The first page describes the circumstances that preceded the unholy visit of Tarquin to Lucrece; nearly the whole of the last two pages detail the events that followed the death of Lucrece. A page and a half at most is given to the tragedy. This is proper enough in a narrative, whose business it is to make all the circumstances intelligible. But the narrative poet, who was also thoroughly master of the dramatic power, concentrates all the interest upon the main circumstances of the story. He places the scene of those circumstances before our eyes at the very opening:—

"From the besieged Ardea æt. in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears," &c.

The preceding circumstances which impel this journey are then rapidly told. Again, after the crowning action of the tragedy, the poet has done. He tells the consequences of it with a brevity and simplicity indicating the most consummate art:

"When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment."

He has thus cleared away all the encumbrances to the progress of the main action. He would have done the same had he made Lucrece the subject of a drama. But he has to tell his painful story and to tell it all: not to exhibit a portion of it, as he would have done had he chosen the subject for a tragedy. The consummate delicacy with which he has accomplished this is beyond all praise, perhaps above all imitation. He puts forth his strength on the accessories of the main incident. He delights to make the chief actors analyse their own thoughts,—reflect, explain, expostulate. All this is essentially undramatic, and he meant it to be so. But then, what pictures does he paint of the progress of the action, which none but a great dramatic poet, who had visions of future Macbeths and Othellos before him, could have painted! Look, for example, at that magnificent scene, when

'No comfortable star did lend his light,"

of Tarquin leaping from his bed, and, softly smiting his falchion on a flint, lighting a torch

"Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye."

Look, again, at the exquisite domestic incident which tells of the quiet and gentle occupation of his devoted victim:—

"By the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies."

The hand to which that glove belongs is described in the very perfection of poetry:—

"Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Shew'd like an April daisy on the grass."

In the chamber of innocence Tarquin is painted with terrific grandeur, which is overpowering by the force of contrast:—

"This said he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade."

The complaint of Lucrece after Tarquin has departed was meant to be undramatic. The action advances not. The character develops not itself in the action. But the poet makes his heroine

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bewail her fate in every variety of lament that his boundless command of imagery could
The letter to Collatine is written;—a letter of the most touching simplicity :—

“Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! Next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me:
So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.”

Again the action languishes, and again Lucrece surrenders herself to her grief. **The**

“Skilful painting, made for Priam’s Troy”

is one of the most elaborate passages of the poem, essentially cast in an undramatic mould. But this is but a prelude to the catastrophe, where, if we mistake not, a strength of passion is put forth which is worthy him who drew the terrible agonies of Lear :—

“Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin’s name: ‘He, he,’ she says,
But more than ‘he’ her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: ‘He, he, fair lords, ’t is he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.”

Malone, in his concluding remarks upon the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, says, “We should do Shakspeare injustice were we to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions, or with our present idea of poetical excellence.” This was written in the year 1780—the period which rejoiced in the “polished productions” of Hayley and Miss Séward, and founded its “idea of poetical excellence” on some standard which, secure in its conventional forms, might depart as far as possible from simplicity and nature, to give us words without thought, arranged in verses without music. It would be injustice indeed to Shakspeare to try the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, by such a standard of “poetical excellence.” But we have outlived that period. By way of apology for Shakspeare, Malone adds, “that few authors rise much above the age in which they live.” He further says, “the poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakspeare’s lifetime.” This is consolatory. In Shakspeare’s lifetime there were a few men that the world has since thought somewhat qualified to establish an “idea of poetical excellence”—Spenser, Drayton, Jonson, Fletcher, Chapman, for example. These were not much valued in Malone’s golden age of “more modern and polished productions;”—but let that pass. We are coming back to the opinions of this obsolete school; and we venture to think the majority of readers now will not require us to make an apology for Shakspeare’s poems.

If Malone thought it necessary to solicit indulgence for the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, he drew even a more timid breath when he ventured to speak of the *Sonnets*. “I do not feel any great propensity to stand forth as the champion of these compositions. However, as it appears to me that they have been somewhat underrated, I think it incumbent on me to do them that justice to which they seem entitled.” No wonder he speaks timidly. The great poetical lawgiver of his time—the greater than Shakspeare, for he undertook to mend him, and refine him, and make him fit to be tolerated by the super-elegant intellects of the days of George III.—had pronounced that the *Sonnets* were too bad even for his genius to make tolerable. He, Steevens, who would take up a play of Shakspeare’s in the condescending spirit with which a clever tutor takes up a smart boy’s verses—altering a word here, piecing out a line there, commending this thought, shaking his head at this false prosody, and acknowledging upon the whole that the thing is pretty well, seeing how much the lad has yet to learn—he sent forth his decree that nothing less than an act of parliament could compel the reading of Shakspeare’s *Sonnets*. For a long time mankind bowed before the oracle; and the *Sonnets* were not read. Wordsworth has told us something about this :—

“There is extant a small volume of miscellaneous poems in which Shakspeare expresses his feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that volume, the *Sonnets*; though there is not a part of

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the writings of this poet where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of these, or any production of Shakspeare, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in those little pieces." *

That ignorance has been removed; and no one has contributed more to its removal, by creating a school of poetry founded upon Truth and Nature, than Wordsworth himself. The critics of the last century have passed away:—

"Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim."

By the operation of what great sustaining principle is it that we have come back to the just appreciation of "the treasures contained in those little pieces?" The poet-critic will answer:—

"There never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the species, survives from age to age; whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly *perishes*; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced, which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty,—with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention. Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the writer, the judgment of the people is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The people have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it is said, above—that, of *good* poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how does it survive but through the people? what preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

'Past and future are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoin'd,
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge.'—MS.

The voice that issues from this spirit is that *vox populi* which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though from a nation! Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE." †

It is this perpetual mistake of the public for the people that has led to the belief that there was a period when Shakspeare was neglected. He was *always* in the heart of the people. There, in that deep, rich soil, have the Sonnets rested during two centuries; and here and there in remote places have the seeds put forth leaves and flowers. All young imaginative minds now rejoice in their hues and their fragrance. But this preference of the fresh and beautiful of poetical life to the *pot-pourri* of the last age must be a regulated love. Those who, seeing the admiration which now prevails for these outpourings of "exquisite feelings felicitously expressed," talk of the Sonnets as equal, if not superior, to the greatest of the poet's mighty dramas, compare things that admit of no comparison. Who would speak in the same breath of the gem of Cupid and Psyche, and the Parthenon? In the Sonnets, exquisite as they are, the poet goes not out of himself (at least in the form of the composition), and he walks, therefore, in a narrow circle of art. In the Venus and Adonis, and the Lucrece, the circle widens. But in the Dramas, the centre is the Human Soul, the circumference the Universe.

* Preface to Poetical Works.

† Ibid.

END OF THE POEMS.

